This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

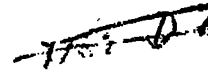
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07608683 8



499 L. 12.

TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

[illegible]

[illegible] the original [illegible] by [illegible]

in the possession of [illegible]

Published by Richard Priestley, High Holborn London

THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE;

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

AND OTHERS.

A NEW EDITION,

COMPLETE IN NINE VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. F. DOVE, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE;

FOR RICHARD PRIESTLEY, HIGH HOLBORN.

MDCCCXXII.

TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Public is here presented with a Complete Edition of the Works of POPE, both in Verse and Prose, accompanied with various Notes and Illustrations. The reason for undertaking it, was the universal complaint, that Dr. Warburton had disfigured and disgraced his Edition, with many forced and far-sought interpretations, totally unsupported by the passages which they were brought to elucidate. If this was only my single opinion, nothing could have induced me to have delivered it with so much freedom; nor to have undertaken this Work after it had passed through the hands of Dr. Warburton. Many, however, of his Notes, that do not fall under this description, are here adopted. To this Edition are now added, several Poems undoubtedly of our Author's hand; and in prose, many Letters to different Correspondents, which, from the circumstances of literary history which they contain, it was thought might be entertaining; together with his Thoughts on Various Subjects; his Account of the Madness of Dennis; the poisoning of Edmund

Curl; the Essay on the Origin of Sciences; the Key to the Rape of the Lock; and that piece of inimitable humour, the Fourteenth Chapter of Scriblerus, on the Double Mistress; all of which were inserted in his own Edition in quarto, 1741. And to these is added also one of the best of his critical compositions, his Postscript to the Odyssey.

If I have sometimes ventured, in the following remarks, to point out any seeming blemishes and imperfections in the Works of this excellent Poet, I beg it may be imputed, not to the "dull, malignant delight," of seeking to find out trivial faults, but merely to guard the Reader from being misled, by the example of a writer, in general, so uniformly elegant and correct.

The Notes to which the letter P. is subjoined, are by Mr. Pope himself; all which are carefully retained. Those marked W. are by Dr. Warburton. For the rest, I am answerable.

JOS. WARTON.

May, 1797.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

	Page
The Life of Alexander Pope, Esq.	i
The Author's Preface	59
Recommendatory Poems	73
A Discourse on Pastoral Poetry	101
Spring; the First Pastoral	111
Summer; the Second Pastoral	123
Autumn; the Third Pastoral	130
Winter; the Fourth Pastoral	137
Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue; in Imitation of Virgil's Pollio	145
Windsor Forest	161
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, 1708	195
Two Choruses to the Tragedy of Brutus	208
Ode on Solitude	217
The Dying Christian to his Soul	220
An Essay on Criticism	223
The Rape of the Lock	325
Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady	385
Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato	390
Epilogue to Mr. Rowe's Jane Shore	395

THIS is the only Portrait that was ever drawn of Mr. POPE *at full length.—It was done without his knowledge, as he was deeply engaged in conversation with* Mr. ALLEN *in the Gallery at* Prior Park, *by* Mr. HOARE, *who sat at the other end of the Gallery.—*POPE *would never have forgiven the Painter had he known it—He was too sensible of the Deformity of his Person to allow the whole of it to be represented.—This Drawing is therefore exceedingly valuable, as it is a Unique of this celebrated Poet.*

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

The Head of Mr. POPE to front the Title Page of the First Volume.

The Portrait of Mr. POPE to front this Page.

Published by Richard Priestley, [illegible]

TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE

LIFE

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

THE

LIFE

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

ALEXANDER POPE was born, according to Mr. Spence, in Lombard-street, London, on May 22d, 1688, in the house of his father, who was so eminent a linen-draper, and traded so successfully, that he gained a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. His mother was daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York, two of whose sons died in the service of Charles the First, and the other became a general officer in Spain.

The feebleness and delicacy of his constitution naturally engaged the attention of his parents and relations; and he was still more endeared to them by the uncommon mildness and sweetness of temper, which he displayed in his childhood: And perhaps his father might say, as did the father of *Boileau*, "This child, if he lives, will never speak ill of any person." His voice, too, was so marvellously melodious, that they used to call him the little nightingale. He was taught to read by an aunt that was particularly fond of him, and learnt to write by copying

printed books, which he did with exquisite skill and dexterity. He was placed, at eight years old, under the care of *Taverner*, a Romish priest (as his father and mother were rigid Catholics), who taught him the rudiments of the Greek and Latin languages at the same time. Perhaps it may be wished that, for the promotion of true taste and literature, Greek was always taught in great schools before Latin, according to a hint of *Erasmus*. Having made considerable improvements under *Taverner*, he was removed to a celebrated seminary of Catholics at *Twyford*, a pleasant village on the banks of the Itchin, near Winchester; a circumstance that used frequently to be mentioned by the scholars of the neighbouring college, in their youthful compositions. Having written a lampoon on his master at Twyford, one of his first efforts in poetry, he was removed from thence to a school kept near Hyde-park-corner. Before this removal, he had been delighted with a perusal of *Ogilby's* Homer, and *Sandys's* Ovid; he frequently spoke, in the latter part of his life, of the exquisite pleasure which the perusal of these two writers gave him. And having now an opportunity of sometimes frequenting the playhouses, our young bard was so delighted with theatrical performances, that he turned the chief events of the Iliad into a kind of drama, made up of a number of speeches from Ogilby's translation, connected with verses of his own. He persuaded some of the upper boys to act this piece, which, as an uncommon curiosity, one would have been glad to have beheld. The master's gardener represented the character of Ajax; and the actors

were dressed after the pictures of his favourite Ogilby; which were indeed designed and engraved by artists of note. At twelve years of age, our young bard retired with his father to Binfield, near Oakingham; who, unwilling to trust the money he had gained in trade to government security, lived on the principal, which gradually was consumed before he was aware. Another private tutor was now sought out for his son; this was another priest, named *Dean;* from whom his pupil deriving very little advantage, he at last determined to study on a plan of his own; which he did with great diligence and perseverance; devouring all books that he could procure, especially poetical works. To indulge this darling passion, he left no calling nor profession, as so many eminent poets and painters appear to have done: He was invariably and solely a poet, from the beginning of his life to the end. And it was now he first perused the writings of *Waller*, of *Spenser*, and of *Dryden*, in the order here mentioned. Spenser is said to have made a poet of Cowley; that Ogilby should give our Author his first poetic pleasures, is a remarkable circumstance. But Dryden soon became his chief favourite, and his model. And as a desire to see eminent men is one of the first marks of a mind eager to excel, he entreated a friend to carry him to Button's coffee-house, which Dryden frequented, that he might gratify himself with the bare sight of a man whom he so much admired.

I have heard, that, among works of prose, he was most fond of the second part of Sir *William Temple's* Miscellanies. How very early he began to

write, cannot now be exactly ascertained; but his father frequently proposed familiar subjects to him, and after many corrections would say, "These are now good rhymes."

Though the *Ode to Solitude*, written at twelve years of age, is said to be his earliest production, yet *Dodsley*, who was honoured with his intimacy, had seen several pieces of a still earlier date. It is remarkable that, precisely at the same age, Voltaire produced his first copy of verses on record. They were written at the request of an old invalid, to be presented, in his name, to the only son of Louis XIV. If it should be urged, that too much is said of the childish performances of these two great men, let it be remembered, that it is amusing to trace the fountain of the Nile.

Cowley and Milton had written pieces of equal value at as early an age, and Tasso still earlier. Milton's Paraphrases of the 114th and 136th Psalms, made when he was only fifteen years old, are very poetical and spirited; and Metastasio was as young when he wrote Giustino, a tragedy.

At fourteen, he employed himself in translating the first book of the Thebais of Statius, and in modernising the January and May of Chaucer; the Prologue of the Wife of Bath; and also in translating the Epistle of Sappho to Phaon, in order to complete the careless version published under the name of Dryden, but very unequally performed. About the same time he gave imitations of many English poets; the best of which was, that of Lord Rochester on Silence; in which might be discovered the strong sense, and

moral turn of thinking, for which he was afterward so justly celebrated. There was no imitation of Milton[1].

After spending a few months in London, to be instructed in the Italian and French languages, he returned to Binfield, and prosecuted with fresh ardour his poetical studies. He wrote a Comedy; a Tragedy on the story of St. Genevieve, copied by Dodsley in his Cleone; and an Epic Poem, called Alcander; all of them attempts that indicated an ardent and eager desire of future fame. If it be said, that these are marks of vanity and self-confidence, let it be remembered, that he who in youth has never grasped in his mind at more than he could perform, will never arrive at eminence and excellence in any art.

At sixteen he wrote his Pastorals; and as the first step in the literary, as well as in the political world is of the utmost consequence, these Pastorals introduced him to the acquaintance, and soon into the friendship, of Sir William Trumbal, who had formerly been much in public life, Ambassador at Constantinople, and Secretary of State; and was then retired into Windsor-Forest, near Binfield. This amiable ex-minister, wearied with the intrigues and bustle of courts, was very naturally pleased to discover in his neighbourhood a youth of such abilities and taste as young Pope; and was therefore happy in his company and conversation.

It was Trumbal who circulated his Pastorals among his friends, and first introduced him to Wy-

[1] Mr. Harte informed me that Dryden gave Pope a shilling for translating, when a boy, the story of *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

cherley and Walsh, and the wits of that time. The Pastorals, though written in 1704, were not published till 1709, in Tonson's sixth Miscellany; which volume opened with the Pastorals of Philips, and ended with those of our Author. As examples of correct and melodious versification, these Pastorals deserve the highest commendation. It has been said, and indeed truly, that they want invention; and it is thought a sufficient answer to observe, that this is to require what was never intended. But this is a confession of the very fault imputed to them. There *ought* to have been invention. The discourse prefixed to them is very elegantly and elaborately written; though most of the observations are taken from Rapin on Pastoral, published a few years before in Creech's Theocritus, from Walsh on Virgil's Eclogues, and from *Fontenelle;* whose dissertation is as full of affected thoughts as his own Eclogues; and whom I wish our young poet had proscribed for his paradoxical doctrines against the ancients, which he first broached in this discourse[2].

It has been my fortune, from my way of life, to have seen many compositions of youths of sixteen years old, far beyond these Pastorals in point of genius and imagination, though not perhaps of correctness. Their excellence, indeed, might be owing to having had such a predecessor as Pope.

[2] But another critical treatise of Fontenelle deserves to be spoken of in very different terms; his *Reflexions sur la Poetique*, annexed to his life of Corneille; for this treatise contains some of the most true and profound remarks on dramatic poetry that can be found in any critic whatever.

About this time old Mr. *Wycherley* courted the friendship, and requested the assistance, of our young Author, to correct his verses, which had all the uncouth harshness and asperity of *Donne:* But Wycherley's vanity was soon disgusted by the honest freedom and true judgment with which Pope executed the task he had unwillingly undertaken; a coolness ensued, which ended in a rupture betwixt them. "A book has been written," said a man of wit, "*De morbis artificum.* Among authors, jealousy and envy are incurable diseases."

When we consider the just taste, the strong sense, the knowledge of men, books, and opinions, that are so predominant in the *Essay on Criticism*, and at the same time recollect that it was written before the Author was twenty years old, we are naturally struck with astonishment; and must readily agree to place him among the first *critics*, though not, as Dr. Johnson says, "among the first *poets*," on this account alone. As a poet, he must rank much higher for his *Eloisa*, and *Rape of the Lock*. This judgment reminds one of what the same critic has said of Dryden's *Religio Laici;* that one might have expected to have found in it, the *effulgence* of his genius; though, as he adds, on an argumentative subject; and therefore improper for a display of genius. As much as I revere and respect the memory of my old acquaintance, Dr. Johnson[3], and as highly as I think of his

[3] The perpetual *pompousness*, and the uninterrupted *elaboration*, of the over-ornamented style of the Rambler, makes one wish that the excellent author had recollected the opinion of Cicero; "Is enim est eloquens, qui et humilia subtiliter, et

abilities, integrity, and virtue, yet must I be pardoned for saying, that I cannot possibly subscribe to many of his critical decisions; particularly to what he has said of the Lycidas, Il Penseroso, and Latin poems of Milton; of the Sixth Book of Paradise Lost; of Tasso's Aminta; of the Rhyming Tragedies, Ode to Killigrew, and the Fables of Dryden; of Chaucer; of the Rehearsal; of Prior; of Congreve's Mourning Bride; of Blackmore; of Yalden; of Pomfret; of Dyer; of Garth; of Lyttelton; of Fielding; of Harris; of Hammond; of Beattie; of Shenstone; of Savage; of Hughes; of Spence; of Akenside; of Collins; of Pope's Essay on Man, and Imitations of Horace; and of the Odes of Gray.

The Essay on Criticism was first advertised at the end of the Spectator, No. 65. May 15, 1711, and was praised by Addison in the December following, in No. 253 of the Spectator. But Pope was not a little displeased at one sentence in this paper, in which Addison said, "I am sorry to find an Author, who is very justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of ill-nature into a very fine poem, which was published some months since, and is a masterpiece of its kind." He adds, "The observations follow one another, like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer."

magna graviter, et mediocria *temperate* potest dicere. Nam qui nihil potest tranquille, nihil leniter, nihil partite, definite, distincte, facete dicere, is, cum non præparatis auribus inflammare rem cœpit, furere apud sanos, et quasi inter sobrios bacchari temulentus videtur."

So that Addison did not perceive that clear order and close connexion, which Warburton strove to discover, in order to give *some* shadow of propriety to a *perpetual Commentary* upon it.

The fierce hostilities of *Dennis* against Pope, began from some passages in this Essay, which this redoubted critic applied to himself, and never forgave; but pursued our Author, through life, in bitter invectives against every work he gradually published. Old Mr. Lewis, the bookseller in Russell-street, who printed the first edition of this Essay in quarto, without Pope's name, informed me, that it lay many days in his shop, unnoticed and unread; and that, piqued with this neglect, the Author came one day, and packed up and directed twenty copies to several great men; among whom he could recollect none but Lord Lansdown and the Duke of Buckingham; and that in consequence of these presents, and his name being known, the book began to be called for. This Essay, it is said, was first written in prose, according to the precept of *Vida*, in his first book, and the practice of *Racine*, who was accustomed to draw out in plain prose, not only the subject of each of the five acts, but of every scene and every speech, that he might see the conduct and coherence of the whole at one view, and would then say, " My Tragedy is finished."

The *Messiah* appeared first in the Spectator, 1712, with a warm recommendation by Steele. Nothing can be added to the just and universal approbation with which it was received and read. It raised the

highest expectations of what the Author was capable of performing.

He was not so happy in his *Ode*[4] *on St. Cecilia's Day;* which, in respect both of subject and execution, is so manifestly inferior to that unrivalled one of his master, Dryden; but which Dr. Johnson, by a strange perversity of judgment, pronounces to contain nothing equal to the first bombast stanza of his *Ode on Killegrew.* Pope's Ode, many years after it was written, was set to music by Dr. Greene, as were the two Choruses to the tragedy of Brutus, by Bononcini, part of which were written by the Duke of Buckingham. Mr. Galliard set to music the Chorus of *Julius Cæsar*, entirely written by His Grace. This appears from a letter now before me, from Mr. Galliard to Mr. Duncombe.

It was at Steele's desire[5] that he wrote that beautiful little Ode, *The dying Christian to his Soul,* to be set to music. But it was not quite candid and open in our Author to tell Steele, that he would see he had not only the verses of *Adrian,* but the fine frag-

[4] Irregular Odes, of which this is one, seem now to be universally exploded: Dr. Brown has, however, remarked, "that the return of the same measure, in the *Strophe,* Antistrophe, and Epode, of the ancient Greek Ode, was the natural consequence of its union with the *Dance.* But this union being irrecoverably lost, the unvaried measure of the Ode becomes, at best, an unmeaning thing; and indeed is an absurd one, as it deprives the Poet of that variety of measure, which often gives a great energy to the composition, by the incidental and sudden intervention of an *abrupt* or *lengthened* versification."

[5] In general, our Author's subjects, which is a happy circumstance for a poet, were chosen by himself.

ment of *Sappho*, in his head; and totally to suppress the name of *Flatman*, whose Ode he not only imitated, but copied some lines of it verbatim.

If we knew the history of that most unfortunate Lady, who is the subject of the sweet and pathetic Elegy, and could relate it at large, it might give us an opportunity of enlivening these Memoirs, with what the Life of a retired Poet must unavoidably want, some interesting event. No such does the Life of our Author afford, who was in no public station nor employment, as were Milton, Prior, and Addison; and who spent most of his time among his papers and books. All that can now be learnt of this Lady, is to be found in the notes on this Elegy; and is therefore not repeated in this place. A very different scene, and a Lady in another sort of situation, appeared in his next poem, where all was gaiety and gallantry. Lord Petre, in a frolic, carried rather beyond the bounds of delicacy and good-breeding, having cut off a favourite lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair, his rudeness, as it was called, was resented, and occasioned a serious rupture betwixt the two families. Mr. Caryl, a friend to both parties, desired Mr. Pope to write a piece of raillery on this inviting subject, which might appease their resentment. *The Rape of the Lock*, therefore, that most delicious poem, in which SATIRE wears the cestus of VENUS, was produced in a fortnight, and appeared, 1711, in only two cantos, in a Miscellany of Lintot. Finding it received with just and universal applause, he in the next year enlarged it into five cantos; and, by the happiest art and judgment imaginable, enriched it with the beau-

tiful machinery of the *Sylphs*, a set of invisible beings whom he accidentally saw mentioned, as constant attendants, and as interested agents, in the affairs of the Ladies, not only in the Comte de Gabalis, but also in some of Madame de Sevigné's Letters. Into what a mass of exquisite poetry has he raised and expanded so slight a hint! and placed the Rape of the Lock, by this happy insertion and addition, above all other Mock Heroic Poems whatever! Addison, to whom he communicated his intention of introducing this new species of machinery, did not certainly conceive the felicity and the propriety with which it would be executed; and for that reason, and not from envy and jealousy, may be candidly supposed to have dissuaded him from the attempt. It would have been as unfortunate for him to have followed the advice of Addison on this occasion, as it would have been for La Fontaine and Boileau to have listened to Patru, when he persuaded the one not to attempt to write his Fables, and the other his Art of Poetry. Dennis, some years after, attacked this invulnerable composition, with equal impotence and ill-nature, endeavouring to shew that the intertexture of the machinery was superfluous. It is remarkable, that he had introduced guardian spirits as attendants on the favourites of heaven, in his *Temple of Fame*, as he informs Steele in a letter on this subject; which spirits he afterward judiciously omitted. It appears by this letter to Steele, dated November 16, 1712, that he first communicated to him at that time, *The Temple of Fame*, though he had written it two years before. Steele assures him, it contained "a thousand thou-

sand beauties;" many of which are specified in the notes of this edition, and therefore need not be here repeated. The descriptive powers of Pope are much more visible and strong in this poem, than in the next that is to be mentioned in the order of time—the *Windsor-Forest*[6]; the first part of which was written, indeed, 1704, but the whole was not finished and published till 1713: a poem evidently written in imitation of *Cooper's-Hill*, and as evidently superior to it. Denham is a writer that has been extolled far beyond his merits. Nothing can be colder and more prosaic, for instance, than the manner in which he has spoken of the distant prospect of London and St. Paul's, and also of Edward the Third; both fine subjects for poetry. The *Claremont* of *Garth* was also another imitation of Cooper's-Hill, and unworthy the author of the *Dispensary;* it contains an unnatural mixture of wit, pleasantry, and satire, with rural description. But Thomson has carried descriptive poetry to its height; and being a *true son of Nature*, has delineated all her most striking objects, with a *force* and *distinctness* hitherto unparalleled.

The silence, the solitude, the gloomy solemnity, the pleasing melancholy, impressed on our minds by the conventual scenes of *Eloisa* and *Abelard*, by the ideas of long-sounding *isles*, and *cells*, and *lamps*, and *altars*, and *graves;* induce and allure the reader to forget the inherent indelicacy of the story of these two unfortunate lovers. For though the " high-embowed

[6] I have a peculiar pleasure in mentioning another excellent descriptive piece, *The Needwood-Forest of Mr. Mundy.*

roof," "storied windows," "studious cloisters," and "pealing organ," had been mentioned by Milton, yet this sort of scenery had never before been exhibited as the *chief* and *leading* object and foundation of any poem in our language. Pope was fully sensible of the indelicate circumstances above-mentioned, that attended his subject, and did not therefore much relish the manner in which Prior had said, that these circumstances were concealed with dexterity and skill, in the following elegant lines:

> He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
> Such artful folds of sacred lawn;
> That Love with equal grief and pride
> Shall see the crime he strives to hide;
> And softly drawing back the veil,
> The god shall to his votaries tell,
> Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
> That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.—ALMA, p. 101.

Savage related that Pope attempted this composition in rivalship to Prior's *Nut-brown Maid.* It is not true that these very unhappy lovers "found quiet and consolation in retirement and piety." The whole tenor of their letters contradicts this supposition. These curious letters were published in London by Dr. Rawlinson, 1718, with an extraordinary motto prefixed from Claudian, relative to Abelard's punishment, too gross to be here inserted.

After arriving at such eminence by so many capital compositions, our Author, with that just self-confidence that ought to actuate every man of real genius and ability, meditated a higher effort; something that might improve and advance his fortune as well as his

fame; a translation[7] of Homer, which Milton is said once to have thought of executing.

This translation he proposed to print by subscription, in six volumes in quarto, for the sum of six guineas: And to the eternal honour of our country, in encouraging a work of such superlative and uncommon merit, the subscription was larger than any before known. Every man of every party, that had any, or pretended to have any, taste or love of literature, sent his name; and the number of subscribers were five hundred and seventy-five; but as some subscribed for more than one copy, the copies delivered to subscribers were six hundred and fifty-four. These copies Lintot, who became proprietor of the work, engaged to supply at his own expense, and also to give the Author two hundred pounds for each volume; so that Pope obtained, on the whole, the sum of five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds four shillings. With this money, so very honourably obtained, he immediately and prudently purchased several annuities, and particularly one of five hundred pounds a year, from the Duke of Buckingham. The work was enriched by many judicious notes by Pope himself, as well as by Broome, who also was employed to make extracts from Eustathius, as was also a man of much greater learning, the celebrated Dr. Jortin,

[7] A clamour was raised at the time, that he had not sufficient learning for such an undertaking; Dr. Johnson says, that considering his irregular education, and course of life, "it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek." Perhaps our most eminent poets may be ranked, with respect to their learning, in the following order: Milton, Spenser, Cowley, Butler, Donne, Jonson, Akenside, Gray, Dryden, Addison.

who gives the following account of the matter in his Adversaria:

"What passed between Mr. Pope and me, I will endeavour to recollect as well as I can, for it happened many years ago, and I never made any memorandum of it.

"When I was a soph at Cambridge, Pope was about his Translation of Homer's Ilias, and had published part of it.

"He employed some person (I know not who he was) to make extracts for him from Eustathius, which he inserted in his notes. At that time there was no Latin translation of that commentator. *Alexander Politi* (if I remember right) began that work some years afterward, but never proceeded far in it. The person employed by Mr. Pope was not at leisure to go on with the work; and Mr. Pope (by his bookseller, I suppose,) sent to Jefferies, a bookseller at Cambridge, to find out a student who would undertake the task. Jefferies applied to Dr. Thirlby, who was my tutor, and who pitched upon me. I would have declined the work, having, as I told my tutor, other studies to pursue, to fit me for taking my degree. But he—*qui quicquid volebat valde volebat*, —would not hear of any excuse. So I complied. I cannot recollect what Mr. Pope allowed for each book of Homer; I have a notion that it was three or four guineas. I took as much care as I could to perform the task to his satisfaction; but I was ashamed to desire my tutor to give himself the trouble of overlooking my operations; and he, who always used to think and speak too favourably of me, said, that I

did not want his help. He never perused one line of it before it was printed, nor perhaps afterward.

"When I had gone through some books (I forget how many), Mr. Jefferies let us know that Mr. Pope had a friend to do the rest, and that we might give over.

"When I sent my papers to Jefferies, to be conveyed to Mr. Pope, I inserted, as I remember, some remarks on a passage, where Mr. Pope, in my opinion, had made a mistake. But, as I was not directly employed by him, but by a bookseller, I did not inform him who I was, or set my name to my papers.

"When that part of Homer came out in which I had been concerned, I was eager, as it may be supposed, to see how things stood; and much pleased to find that he had not only used almost all my notes, but had hardly made any alteration in the expressions. I observed also, that, in a subsequent edition, he corrected the place to which I had made objections.

"I was in some hopes, in those days (for I was young), that Mr. Pope would make inquiry about his *coadjutor*, and take some civil notice of him. But he did not; and I had no notion of obtruding myself upon him.—I never saw his face."

The first four books[8] were published 1715, and the largeness of the subscription enabled him also to purchase the house at Twickenham, besides the

[8] Dr. Johnson says, the first considerable work published by subscription was Dryden's Virgil; but the folio edition of Paradise Lost was so published some years before.

annuities above-mentioned; to which he removed, having persuaded his father to sell his little property at Binfield.

But now the pleasure he took in the success of his great undertaking, was diminished and interrupted by an unforeseen accident. At the very time when the First Volume of Pope's Iliad was published, a Translation of the First Book appeared under the name of *Tickell;* and though Addison lived in terms of friendship with Pope, and had warmly encouraged him to undertake this work, yet Pope had reason to think that this First Book was the work of Addison himself, and not of Tickell. The reasons of this suspicion, and of a conduct so unaccountable in a man of Addison's character, are given by Pope himself in the following words, faithfully transcribed by me from *Spence's* Anecdotes.

"There had been a coldness between Mr. Addison and me for some time; and we had not been in company together, for a good while, any where but at Button's coffee-house, where I used to see him almost every day. On his meeting me there one day in particular, he took me aside, and said he should be glad to dine with me at such a tavern, if I stayed till those people were gone (Budget and Philips). We went accordingly; and after dinner Mr. Addison said, 'That he had wanted for some time to talk with me; that his friend Tickell had formerly, whilst at Oxford, translated the First Book of the Iliad; that he designed to print it, and had desired him to look it over; that he must therefore beg that I would not desire him to look over my First Book, because, if he did, it would

have the air of double-dealing.' I assured him that I did not at all take it ill of Mr. Tickell that he was going to publish his Translation; that he certainly had as much right to translate any Author as myself; and that publishing both was entering on a fair stage. I then added, that I would not desire him to look over my First Book of the Iliad, because he had looked over Mr. Tickell's; but could wish to have the benefit of his observations on my Second, which I had then finished, and which Mr. Tickell had not touched upon. Accordingly I sent him the Second Book the next morning; and Mr. Addison a few days after returned it with very high commendations. Soon after it was generally known that Mr. Tickell was publishing the First Book of the Iliad, I met Dr. Young in the street; and, upon our falling into that subject, the Doctor expressed a great deal of surprise at Tickell's having had such a Translation so long by him. He said, that it was inconceivable to him, and that there must be some mistake in the matter; that each used to communicate to the other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things; that Tickell could not have been busied in so long a work there, without his knowing something of the matter; and that he had never heard a single word of it till on this occasion. This surprise of Dr. Young, together with what Steele has said against Tickell in relation to this affair, makes it highly probable that there was some underhand dealing in that business; and indeed Tickell himself, who is a very fair worthy man, has since, in a manner, as good as owned it to me."

Great and just was Pope's indignation on this oc-

casion, especially when Addison declared at Button's, that both versions were good; but that Tickell had more of Homer. "I appeal," said Pope, "to the people as my rightful judges, and while they are not inclined to condemn me, shall not fear the high-fliers at Button's."

At one time he intended to print together all the four versions that had been given of this First Book, by *Dryden*, *Maynwaring*, *himself*, and *Tickell*[9]; at another, to make a close, and minute, and rigorous criticism on every passage of the last that seemed defective. In the collection of his Letters, in this edition, many particulars of this unhappy quarrel, and the sentiments of his friends, may be found, which are not therefore here detailed. Every candid reader must wish that the charge against so amiable a man as was Addison, could be totally refuted. It most certainly is not, though it was expected it would have been done effectually in what has been lately said on the subject by the learned Author of *Warburton's Life*, who is of opinion, that Tickell might have begun and finished his First Book of Homer four years before Lord Halifax's death, though known to Lord Halifax only four months before his death, and might intended to have dedicated the work to this Lord. Well convinced of the rashness and uncertainty of judging merely by different *styles*, I hardly venture to say, that the *style* of this version is

[9] Mr. Watts the printer, a man of integrity, assured a friend of Mr. Nicols, that the translation of the First Book of the Iliad was in Tickell's hand-writing, but much corrected and interlined by Addison.

apparently very unlike *Tickell's* way of writing. With his usual frankness and good-nature, Steele once endeavoured to reconcile these two great angry rivals; but, in the interview he procured, they so bitterly upbraided each other with envy, arrogance, and ingratitude, that they parted with increased aversion and ill-will. Pope was chiefly irritated at the calm and contemptuous unconcern with which Addison affected to address him in this conversation.

With respect to Pope's Translation, in general, it is certainly very spirited and splendid throughout; an unwearied fire, ἀκάματον πῦρ, pervades the whole work; but it must be allowed to be too full of antithesis, hyperbole, and exaggeration; every part and every object is equally ornamented; "the naked nature," "is covered with gold and jewels." No two things can be so unlike, as the Iliad of Homer, and the Iliad of Pope; "to colour the images;" "to point the sentences;" "to lavish Ovidian graces," on the simple Grecian, is to put a bag-wig on Mr. TOWNLEY's fine busto of the venerable old bard.

Pope had now leisure and ability to gratify his favourite passion of laying out grounds, which he displayed with taste and judgment, at his pleasant villa, close to the banks of the Thames; where, by a happy contrivance to join two pieces of ground together, he built a beauty on necessity, and turned a subterraneous passage into a romantic grotto, which he adorned with valuable ores, spars, and minerals; many of which were presented to him by Mr. *Borlase*, the celebrated antiquary and historian of *Cornwall*. The spot was visited and admired by the first men of this

country, and frequently by *Frederic* Prince of Wales, who was happy to contribute to its beauty and ornament, as will be seen by the Letter here annexed[1].

His father did not live long to behold and to enjoy the prosperity and reputation of his son, but died at Twickenham, 1717, suddenly, "and without a groan," in his seventy-fifth year; and was celebrated with equal elegance, tenderness, and gratitude, in the Epistle to Arbuthnot. In this year also he collected all his Poems, and published them, with a very judicious preface, in a beautiful edition, in folio, and in quarto.

In the year 1720, when the publication of the Iliad was completed, which he began 1712, he became one of the infatuated adventurers in the famous and fatal South-Sea scheme, and luckily withdrew the sum of money he had hazarded, without being a great loser.

As the eras of a mere author's life can be marked only by the series of his publications, which however shew the progress of his genius and labours, I proceed to observe, that, in 1721, he published the exquisite Poems of his friend Parnell, to which he prefixed the fine Epistle to Lord Oxford; and in the same year engaged with Tonson to give an edition

[1] "Dear Sir,

"Since my last, I have received His Royal Highness's commands, to let you know, that he has a mind to present you with some urns, or vases, for your garden; and desires you would write me word, what number, and size, will suit you best. You may have six small ones for your laurel circus, or two large ones to terminate points, as you like best. He wants to have your answer soon.—Adieu."

of Shakspeare, in six quarto volumes; for which he received the sum of two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve shillings. For this edition he was justly attacked by Theobald, first in *Shakspeare Restored*, and afterward in a formal edition, to which Warburton contributed many remarks; and by Theobald many deficiencies, errors, and mistakes, were pointed out. Pope was so mortified by this failure, that from this time, it is said, he became an enemy to collators, commentators, and verbal critics, hinting that he miscarried in this undertaking, for which he was not qualified, by having a mind too great for such minute employment[2].

Soon afterward he gave out Proposals for a Translation of the *Odyssey;* and took for his coadjutors, Fenton and Broome; the former of whom, both from his genius and learning, was eminently qualified for the task. He, himself, translated only twelve books; and at the end of the notes, which were compiled by Broome[3], a false statement was given of their respective shares; but it is now ascertained by Spence's papers, that Fenton translated the first, fourth, nine-

[2] On this occasion Mallet addressed to him an Epistle on *Verbal Criticism;* full of affected contempt for a sort of learning with which Mallet, as well as Pope, was unacquainted. This Epistle procured him the friendship of Pope, who commends it in his Letters, though Mallet was afterward the person that Bolingbroke employed to revile the memory of Pope, for publishing the idea of a Patriot King: The most unmeaning of all Bolingbroke's Treatises, and which, as said Count Powniatowski, the late unhappy King of Poland, proves nothing at all.

[3] But the postscript to the notes was written by Pope himself, and is so fine a piece of criticism, that it is inserted in this edition, among his prose pieces.

teenth, and twentieth Books; and Broome the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third Books. Lintot agreed to pay Pope one hundred pounds for each volume; the number of subscribers was five hundred and seventy-four; and of copies eight hundred and nineteen. He is said to have given to Fenton for his assistance, three hundred pounds; and to Broome five hundred.

About this time he was full of grief and anxiety, on account of the impeachment of his friend Bishop Atterbury, for whom he seems to have felt the greatest affection and regard. And being summoned before the Lords at the trial, to give some account of Atterbury's domestic life and employments, not being used to speak in a large assembly, he made several blunders in the few words he had to utter.

In 1726, Mr. Joseph Spence, Fellow of New College in Oxford, but not yet Professor of Poetry, as Dr. Johnson imagined him to be (my father holding that office at the time), published an *Essay on the Odyssey*, in a dialogue betwixt *Philypsus* and *Antiphaus*, after the manner of Bouhours and Dryden on the Drama, in which its beauties and blemishes were minutely considered. The candour, the politeness, the true taste, and judgment, with which this criticism was conducted, were so very acceptable and pleasing to Pope, that he immediately courted the acquaintance of the ingenious Author, who, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's invidious assertion, was an excellent scholar, and earnestly invited him to spend some time with him at Twickenham; and I have now before me a Letter which Spence wrote from thence,

to his intimate friend Mr. Pitt, the translator of *Vida* and *Virgil*, describing to him the uncommonly kind and friendly manner in which he was received and treated. By the favour of Dr. Lowth, the late excellent Bishop of London[4], I have seen a copy of this *Essay on the Odyssey*, with marginal observations written in Pope's own hand, and generally acknowledging the justness of Spence's observations; and in a few instances pleading, humorously enough, that some favourite lines might be spared. I speak from experience, when I say, that I know no critical treatise better calculated to form the taste of young men of genius, than this *Essay on the Odyssey*. And lest it should be thought that this opinion arises from my partiality to a friend with whom I lived so many years in the happiest intimacy; I will add, that this also was the opinion of three persons, from whose judgment there can be no appeal, Dr. Akenside, Bishop Lowth, and Mr. James Harris. The two valuable preferments which Spence obtained, the Prebend of Durham, and the Professorship of Modern History in Oxford, were owing to the interest which Pope, among some of his powerful friends, exerted in his favour. And it was upon Pope's recommendation that he travelled with Lord Middlesex, which was the foundation of his future good fortune.

To this learned and amiable man, on whose friendship I set the greatest value, am I indebted for most

[4] Who transmitted an account of his friend Spence's life to Dr. Kippis, to be inserted in the Biographia Britannica, which I have read with great pleasure, and which I presume is among the papers left by that learned and candid compiler.

of the anecdotes relating to Pope mentioned in this edition, which he communicated to me when I was making him a visit, 1754, at Byfleet in Surrey; a pleasant villa which had been presented to him by Lord Lincoln.

The only bad accident Pope, in the course of his life, ever met with, was at the close of this year, when he was overturned in a deep water, and was with difficulty snatched out of his coach by the postilion, with a force that broke the glass, and cut two of his fingers so desperately, that, though he was attended by St. André, a skilful and eminent surgeon, he lost the use of them. On which occasion Voltaire wrote to him a letter, which, as a specimen of his English, is here inserted in a note[5].

[5] "Sir,

"I hear this moment of your sad adventure. That water you fell in, was not Hippocrene's water, otherwise it would have respected you. Indeed, I am concerned beyond expression for the danger you have been in, and more for your wounds. Is it possible that those fingers which have written the Rape of the Lock, and the Criticism, which have dressed Homer so becomingly in an English coat, should have been so barbarously treated? Let the hand of Dennis, or of your poetasters, be cut off, yours is sacred. I hope, Sir, you are now perfectly recovered; really your accident concerns me as much as all the disasters of a master ought to affect his scholar. I am sincerely, Sir, with the admiration which you deserve,

"Your most humble servant,

"In my Lord Bolingbroke's house, "VOLTAIRE.
Friday at noon, Nov. 16, 1726."

N. B. If Voltaire is frequently quoted in the following sheets, it is because he was a man of wit and penetration, though an unbeliever; which, however, never appears in his tragedies; because he was the most celebrated of all our Author's contemporary poets; because he was an admirer and acquaintance of Pope; because they wrote on similar subjects; because he had made

Swift, coming to England, 1727, joined with Pope in publishing, in four volumes octavo, their Miscellaneous Pieces, in prose and verse; to which Pope wrote a Preface, complaining, among other instances, of the ill usage he had received from booksellers, and of the liberty Curll had taken in publishing his juvenile Letters, purchased from a Mrs. Thomas, a mistress of Mr. Cromwell. The two most remarkable passages in this Preface are, where they say, "That in several parts of our lives, we have written some things which we may wish never to have thought on:" And when they also say, "In regard to two persons only, we wish our raillery, though ever so tender, or resentment ever so just, had not been indulged. We speak of Sir T. Vanbrugh, who was a man of wit and of honour; and of Mr. Addison, whose name deserves all respect from every lover of learning."

And now, in the year 1728, too much exasperated by the rude attacks of impotent scribblers, and forgetting what he had said in the before-mentioned

particular remarks on many of our Author's pieces; and because both of them were patronized by Bolingbroke. I have been always as ready to censure his inconsistencies as to praise his talents. At this time he was supported and caressed by the British court and nobility, and particularly by Queen Caroline, to whom he dedicated the quarto edition of his Henriade, published by subscription in London. The Marquis d'Argenson, his intimate friend, says of him, 1736: "Plaise au ciel que la magie de son style n'accrédite pas des fausses opinions et des idées dangereuses, qu'il ne deshonore pas ce style charmant en prose et en vers, en le faisant servir à des ouvrages dont les sujets soient indignes et du peintre et du coloris; et qu'il ne devienne pas le chef d'une secte à qui il arrivera, comme à bien d'autres, que les sectateurs se tromperont sur les intentions de leur Patriarche!"

Preface, "that it is to be lamented that Virgil let pass a line which told posterity he had two enemies called Bavius and Mævius," he determined to crush his adversaries in a mass, by one strong and decisive blow, and wrote his *Dunciad:* The history of which, is so very minutely related by Pope himself, in a Dedication which he wrote to Lord Middlesex, under the name of *Savage*, who, by the way, assisted Pope in finding out many particulars of these Scribblers' lives, that it ought to be inserted in this place.

"I will relate the war of the *Dunces* (for so it has been commonly called), which began in the year 1727, and ended in 1730.

"When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought it proper, for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies, to publish such little pieces of theirs, as had casually got abroad, there was added to them the *Treatise of the Bathos*, or the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*. It happened, that in one Chapter of this Piece the several species of bad Poets were ranged in classes, to which were prefixed almost all the Letters of the Alphabet (the greatest part of them at random); but such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself: All fell into so violent a fury, that, for half a year or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise. A liberty no way to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that for so many years, during the uncontrolled licence of the press, had

aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure.

"This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting, and bringing into light, these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that, by manifesting the dulness of those, who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the *Dunciad;* and he thought it a happiness, that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to this design.

"On the 12th of May 1729, at St. James's, that poem was presented to the King and Queen (who had before been pleased to read it) by the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole: and some days after the whole impression was taken and dispersed by several noblemen and persons of the first distinction.

"It is certainly a true observation, that no people are so impatient of censure as those who are the greatest slanderers, which was wonderfully exemplified on this occasion. On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop; entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay, cries of treason, were all employed to hinder the

coming out of the *Dunciad:* on the other side, the booksellers and hawkers made as great an effort to procure it. What could a few poor authors do against so great a majority as the public? There was no stopping a torrent with a finger, so out it came.

" Many ludicrous circumstances attended it. The *Dunces* (for by this name they were called) held weekly clubs, to consult of hostilities against the author: one wrote a Letter to a great Minister, assuring him, Mr. Pope was the greatest enemy the government had: and another bought his image in clay, to execute him in effigy; with which sort of satisfaction the gentlemen were a little comforted.

" Some false editions of the book having an owl in their frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in its stead an ass laden with authors. Then another surreptitious one being printed with the same ass, the new edition in octavo returned for distinction to the owl again. Hence arose a great contest of booksellers against booksellers, and advertisements against advertisements; some recommended the edition of the owl, and others the edition of the ass; by which names they came to be distinguished, to the great honour also of the gentlemen of the *Dunciad.*"

The complete edition of the Dunciad was elegantly printed in quarto, by Dodd, 1729, with large Notes, and an Appendix, under the name of *Cleland*, but written by Pope himself. As to the conduct of this poem, the awkward additions made to it, and the many unhappy alterations it underwent, we must refer to the remarks in the Fifth Volume of this Edition.

After enjoying for two years a complete triumph over *Horneck*, and *Rome*, and *Gildon*, and *Concanen*, and *Oldmixon*, and the nameless fabricators of the *Popiad*, and *Martiniad*, he printed, in folio, 1731 (for this was the original title), "An Epistle to Richard Earl of Burlington, occasioned by his publishing Palladio's Designs of the Baths, Arches, Theatres, &c. of Ancient Rome."

The gang of scribblers immediately rose up together, and accused him of malevolence and ingratitude, in having ridiculed the house, gardens, chapel, and dinners, of the Duke of Chandos at *Canons* (who had lately, as they affirmed, been his benefactor), under the name of *Timon*. He peremptorily and positively denied the charge, and wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, with the asseverations of which letter, as the last Duke of Chandos told me, his ancestor was not perfectly satisfied.

It ought to be added, that the many respectable authors, who have, since this Epistle, treated of the art of laying out grounds and gardens, have acknowledged the justness and propriety of the rules and precepts delivered by Pope, in this highly-finished piece. What relates to architecture is shorter, and perhaps not equal to the rest.

Adhering to the chronological order in which the *Ethic Epistles* were published, I am next to observe, that there appeared, in 1732[6], "Of the Use of Riches, an Epistle to the Right Hon. Allen Lord Bathurst,"

[6] In the Epistles to Lord Burlington and Lord Bathurst, says Johnson, Warburton has endeavoured to find a train of thought which was never in the writer's head.

folio; which he has treated in so masterly a way, as to have almost exhausted the subject. I never saw this very amiable old nobleman, whose wit, vivacity, sense, and integrity are well known; but he repeatedly expressed his disgust, and his surprise, at finding, in later editions, this *Epistle* awkwardly converted into a *Dialogue*, in which he has but little to say. And I remember he once remarked, "that this line,

"P. But you are tir'd. I'll tell a tale. B. Agreed;—

was insupportably insipid and flat." Pope almost annually visited, and frequently praised, his fine improvements, and many plantations, at Cirencester.

It was in this year also, 1732[7], that, determined to wait in secret the opinion of the public, he published, what he had for eight years at least been revolving in his mind, the First Epistle of his *Essay on Man;* the Second followed in the same year; the Third in 1733; and the Fourth in 1734.

He enjoyed in private the various suspicious[8] surmises of those who pretended to point out the right author, and once punished the vanity and petulance of *Mallet*, who, being asked by him what new publication there was, answered, "Only an insignificant

[7] About this time died *Gay*, for whom he appears to have felt the truest tenderness and affection. And Swift was so affected at the news of Gay's death, that he delayed to open a letter, which he thought contained the affecting intelligence, for many days.

[8] In the edition in 12mo. 1735, by Dodsley, they were called, Ethic Epistles, the First Book; and not Essay on Man; and the four Epistles to Lord Burlington, &c. were called, Ethic Epistles, the Second Book.

thing, called, An Essay on Man;" on which Pope struck him dumb, and filled him with confusion, by saying, "I wrote it." The nature, the merits, the tendency of this work, are so much enlarged upon in the Notes to this Edition[1], that to them the reader must be referred; observing only, that up and down were scattered so many splendid and striking sentiments of religion and virtue, that for many years it was not, till Crousaz[2] attacked it, suspected to contain tenets hostile to the Christian revelation, though not to natural religion. That Pope himself, some years afterward, wished it might be otherwise inter-

[1] After the noble panegyric our Poet has bestowed on his guide Bolingbroke at the end of this *Essay*, his conduct in clandestinely printing the Patriot King may seem indefensible. On considering coolly and impartially the circumstances that attended this improper Publication, I am inclined to think, that he did not print 1500 copies of that Treatise from avarice or treachery; but from too eager a desire to spread, as he thought, the reputation of his friend, whom he idolized.

[2] *Warburton*, who, in the early part of his life, was a censurer of Pope, and had said, in a letter to *Concanen*, with whom he was intimate, that Pope borrowed by necessity, and who had assisted Theobald in his Notes on Shakspeare, now stepped forth with a vigorous defence of the Doctrines of the Essay on Man, against the objections of *Crousaz;* which defence was first published in a Monthly Literary Journal, but was afterward collected into a volume, and dedicated to Mr. Allen of Bath; with remarks on Fate and Free-will, of which poor *Allen* could understand little. With this vindication Pope was so delighted that he eagerly sought the acquaintance of Warburton, and told him, he understood his opinions better than he did himself; which acquaintance made the fortune of Warburton, and ultimately got him a wife and a bishoprick. Bolingbroke reproached Pope with this new connexion, and said, "You have at your elbow a foul-mouthed and dogmatical critic." It is asserted, that, some years before, Warburton, in a literary club held at Newark, produced and read a dissertation *against* the Doctrines of the Essay on Man.

preted, may appear, from a curious Letter to Racine the Son, who had accused him of infidelity, here inserted.

LETTRE

DE M. POPE À M. RACINE.

"J'AUROIS eu l'honneur, Monsieur, de répondre plutôt à votre lettre, si je n'avois pas toujours attendu le beau présent dont vous m'avez honoré. J'ai reçu enfin votre Poëme sur la Religion. Le plaisir que me causa cette lecture eût été sans mélange, si je n'avois eu le chagrin de voir que vous m'imputiez des principes que j'abhorre. Je ne m'en suis consolé qu'en lisant l'endroit de votre avertissement ou vous déclarez que n'entendant pas l'original Anglois vous ne pouvez pas juger de l'*Essai sur l'Homme* par vous même ; et que vous n'attaque pas mes principes, mais les fausses conséquences qu'on en a tirées, et les dangereuses maximes que quelques personnes ont cru y trouver. Cet aveu est une preuve éclatante de votre candeur, de votre prudence, et de votre charité.

"Je puis vous assurer, Monsieur, que votre entière ignorance de notre Langue, m'a été beaucoup moins fatale que la connoissance imparfaite qu'en avoient mes traducteurs, qui les a empêché de penétrer mes véritables sentimens. Toutes les beautés de la versification de M. D. R . . . ont été moins honorables à mon Poëme, que ses méprises continuelles sur mes raisonnemens et sur ma doctrine ne lui ont été préjudiciables. Vous verrez ces méprises relevées et réfutées dans l'ouvrage Anglois que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer. Cet ouvrage est un commentaire cri-

tique et philosophique par le sçavant Auteur *de la Divine Légation de Moise.*

"Je me flatte que le Chevalier de Ramsay, rempli comme l'est d'un zele ardent pour la vérité, voudra bien vous en expliquer le contenu. Alors je m'en rapporterai à votre justice, et je me flatte que tous vos soupçons seront dissipés.

"En attendant ces éclaircissemens, je ne sçaurois me refuser le plaisir de répondre nettement à ce que vous desirez sçavoir de moi.

"Je déclare donc hautement et très-sincèrement, que mes sentimens sont diamétralement opposés à ceux de Spinoza et même à ceux de Leibnitz, puisqu'ils sont parfaitement conformés à ceux de M. Pascal et de M. l'Archevêque de Fenelon, et que je serois gloire d'imiter la docilité du dernier, en soumettant toujours toutes mes opinions particulières aux décisions de l'Eglise.

"Je suis, avec, &c.

"A Londres,
"le 1 Septembre 1742."

Voltaire has affirmed, "that Pope, to his knowledge, had not skill enough in the French language to have been able to have written this Letter to Racine; and that if he really wrote it, he must suddenly have been blessed with a gift of tongues, as a reward for writing so admirable a work as the *Essay on Man.*"

"If you would read," says Metastasio, "this poem without scruple, I recommend to you the excellent translation in *terza rima*, lately published, 1770, by Count Gius. Ferrero di Lauriano. In the judicious, Christian, and learned notes with which he has illus-

trated the work, you will see the innocence of the original evidently proved. You will find in Pope a great poet and a deep philosopher; but not such axioms as are necessary to support his own system."

Few pieces can be found that, for depth of thought, and penetration into the human mind and heart, excel the Epistle to Lord Cobham, first published 1733. This nobleman appears to have been much courted by the wits and writers of his time. Congreve addressed two Epistles in a pleasing and flowing style to him, and in a manner very Horatian. The most laboured of the two ends with a thought much censured by Swift; "that men have been always the same:"

> "That virtue now is neither more nor less,
> And vice is only varied in the dress;
> Believe it, men have always been the same,
> And Ovid's Golden Age is but a dream."

Among the many inscriptions at *Stowe*, that to the memory[3] of *Congreve* is expressed with a particular warmth of affection. *Cobham* being dismissed from the command of his regiment, by a pretty violent act of the Minister, against whose measures he had voted, particularly on the excise bill, became a popular character among the patriots. To him *Glover* inscribed his *Leonidas*, a poem much read and celebrated at its first publication; as to a person highly distinguished by his disinterested zeal, and unshaken

[3] Dr. Young once expressed himself to me in very harsh terms, of what he termed the vanity of Congreve, in bequeathing by his will ten thousand pounds to the Dutchess of Marlborough, and nothing to Mrs. Bracegirdle, who had been long his favourite, and to whom he had many obligations.

fidelity to his country, not less in civil life than in the field; and Dr. King introduced him, in his *Templum Libertatis*, as a principal figure, under the name of *Varius;* a long and languid work, that certainly leaned more to Republicanism than to Jacobitism, though *King* was commonly, and as I think, from my knowledge of him at that period of his life, falsely reckoned a Jacobite; for he was for ever ridiculing, as I well remember, the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance. But it was the cant of that time, and the art of the Minister and his adherents, to stigmatize every man that dared to oppose his measures with that odious and contemptible name.

Cobham, in his retirement from the court and business, employed himself in making and beautifying the celebrated gardens at Stowe, of which Lord Peterborough says to Pope, on his visiting them, "I went thither to see what I had seen, and was sure to like. I had the idea of those gardens so fixed in my imagination by many descriptions, that nothing surprised me; immensity and Vanbrugh appear in the whole, and in every part. I confess the stately *Sacharissa* at Stowe; but am content with my little *Amoret*:" meaning *Bevis Mount*, near Southampton.

Lord Cobham wrote two Letters to Pope on occasion of this Epistle, which are so full of good sense, that they ought to be brought forward, and inserted in this place, as they are not found in the collection of our Author's Letters.

"Stowe, Nov. 1, 1733.

"THOUGH I have not modesty enough not to be pleased with your extraordinary compliment, I have

wit enough to know how little I deserve it. You know all mankind are putting themselves upon the world for more than they are worth, and their friends are daily helping the deceit. But I am afraid I shall not pass for an absolute patriot; however, I have the honour of having received a public testimony of your esteem and friendship, and am as proud of it as I could be of any advantage which could happen to me. As I remember, when I saw the Brouillion of this Epistle, it was perplexed; you have now made it the contrary, and, I think, it is the clearest and the cleanest of all you have wrote. Don't you think you have bestowed too many lines on the old Letcher? The instance itself is but ordinary, and I think should be shortened or changed. Thank you; and believe me to be most sincerely yours,

"COBHAM."

"Stowe, Nov. 8, 1733.

"I LIKE your Letcher better now 'tis shorter; and the Glutton is a very good Epigram. But they are both appetites, that from nature we indulge, as well for her ends as our pleasure. A Cardinal, in his way of pleasure, would have been a better instance. What do you think of an old Lady dressing her silver locks with pink, and ordering her coffin to be lined with white quilted satin, with gold fringes? Or Counsellor Vernon, retiring to enjoy himself with five thousand a year which he had got, and returning back to Chancery to get a little more, when he could not speak so loud as to be heard? or a Judge turned out coming again to the bar?—I mean that a passion

or habit, that has not a natural foundation, falls in better with your subject, than any of our natural wants; which in some degree we cannot avoid pursuing to the last; and if a man has spirits or appetite enough to take a bit of either kind at parting, you may condemn him, but you would be proud to imitate him.

"I congratulate you upon the fine weather. 'Tis a strange thing that people of condition, and men of parts, must enjoy it in common with the rest of the world. But now I think on't, their pursuits are generally after points of so great importance, that they do not enjoy it at all. I won't trouble you any longer, but with the assurance of what I hope you are perfectly convinced of, that I am most sincerely yours,

"COBHAM."

The first specimen of our Author's happy and judicious Imitations of Horace, was given, 1733, folio, with this title, "The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace, imitated in a Dialogue between Alexander Pope of Twickenham, in Comm. Midd. Esq. on the one part, and his learned Council on the other." A minute detail of the beauties and blemishes of this Imitation is given in the succeeding Notes of this Edition. And I will only observe, that, perhaps, it may deserve consideration, whether the best manner of imitating the Satires and Epistles of Horace, which approach so near to comedy and to common conversation, would not be to adopt the *familiar* blank verse, which my lamented friend, Mr. Col-

man, has so very successfully employed in his *Terence;* a sort of verse no more resembling that of Milton, than the Hexameters of *Homer* resemble those of *Theocritus.* I cannot forbear adding, that Mr. Christopher Pitt has imitated the Seventh Satire of Horace, Book II. the Nineteenth Epistle of Book II. the Fourth Epistle, Book I. and the Tenth and Eighteenth of Book I. with a *freedom* and a facility of versification truly Horatian.

A death of such consequence as that of a fond mother to so affectionate a son as was our Author, must not be omitted to be here mentioned; which happened this year. Nothing can be more interesting and affecting than the request he made to his friend Mr. Richardson, the painter, to come to Twickenham, and take a sketch of his mother just after she was dead, June 20, 1733: "It would afford," says he, "the finest image of a Saint expired, that ever painting drew."

It was in the year 1734, that the fine Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot was, according to the first edition in folio, first printed. Afterward it underwent two material alterations; it was entitled, improperly and fantastically enough, *A Prologue to the Satires;* and its form was changed into that of a *Dialogue,* in which a man possessed of so much wit, humour, literature, science, and taste, as was Arbuthnot, makes a very indifferent figure, and says little indeed. Pope in this *Epistle,* for so I shall continue to call it, has succeeded in what Cowley calls a nice and difficult task, to speak of himself with dignity and grace.

It is evident he had Boileau in his eye, who has given an interesting picture of his father, family, and fortunes, and even of his own person and manners.

> Libre dans ses discours, mais pourtant toujours sage,
> Assez foible de corps, assez doux de visage;
> Ni petit, ni trop grand, tres-peu voluptueux,
> Ami de la vertu plutôt que vertueux.—EPITRE x. 89.

But no passage in Boileau equals the pathetic tenderness with which our Author speaks of his attention to his aged mother.

This was succeeded, 1735, by the Epistle on the *Characters of Women*, in an Advertisement to which, he asserted, but in truth was not believed, that no *one character* was drawn from the life. Here again he may claim a manifest superiority over the Tenth Satire of Boileau, on the same subject: a subject that had been handled by Young, eight years before, and though not indeed in a style so close, correct, and nervous as that of our Author, but with many playful and truly Horatian strokes of a delicate raillery and ridicule, gently touching the foibles of the sex, with a more cautious and tender hand. As general and vague criticism is useless, I shall venture to hint, that the portraits in Young, of *Zantippe;* of *Delia*, the chariot-driver; of *Daphne*, the critic; of *Lemira*, the sick lady; of the *Female Philosopher;* of the *Theologist;* of the *Languid Lady;* of *Thalestris*, the swearer; of *Lyce*, the old beauty; of *Alicia*, the sloven; of the *Female Atheist;* and the *Female Gamester;* are all of them drawn with truth and spirit, and will not suffer by being compared with the portraits exhibited by Pope. And the Introductions to these Satires, par-

ticularly the Address to the Incomparable Lady *Betty Germain*, are, perhaps, as elegant and well-turned as any thing in our language. After reading these Pieces, so full of a knowledge of the world, and discriminations of characters, one is totally at a loss to know what Pope could mean by saying, that though Young was a man of genius, yet that he wanted common sense.

There was always a friendship betwixt our Author and Young; though Harte assured me, that Pope took amiss the pressing Letter Young conscientiously wrote to him; which Letter Harte had seen, urging Pope to write something on the side of Revelation, in order to take off the impressions of those doctrines which the Essay on Man seemed to convey. To this Young alludes in the conclusion of his First *Night Thoughts*, a work in which, says Johnson, "he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions, a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and every odour. In the whole, there is a magnificence, like that ascribed to Chinese Plantations; the magnificence of vast extent, and endless diversity." This eloquent eulogium makes amends for the unfriendly and uncandid Life prefixed to it. Johnson adds, "He had forgotten to mention the *Revenge*, till a friend *reminded him of it*." So little did he value dramatic poetry.

Though he did not put his name to the loose Imitation of the Second Satire of Horace, entitled, "Sober Advice from Horace to the Young Gentlemen about Town," printed 1736, yet was he indisputably the

Author of it; and suffered his friend Dodsley to publish it as such, in one edition in 12mo.; and is in plain terms charged with it by Bolingbroke, in one of his Letters.

No less than four of his Imitations of Horace appeared 1737, which, by the artful accommodations of modern sentiments to ancient, by judicious applications of similar characters, and happy parallels, are become some of the most pleasing and popular of all his Works, especially to readers of years and experience. These are, the Sixth Epistle of the First Book of Horace to Mr. Murray (to whom he also addressed an Imitation of the Ode to Venus); the Second Satire of the Second Book to Mr. Bethel; the First Epistle of the First Book of Epistles to Lord Bolingbroke; the First Epistle of the Second Book to the King; the Second Epistle of this Book to Colonel Dormer. Of these Imitations, that to the King, Lord Bolingbroke, and Mr. Murray afterward Lord Mansfield, are the best; and that to Mr. Bethel the feeblest. The Epistle to Augustus, at first read and understood, by some superficial courtiers, as a compliment to George II. as soon as the bitter and sarcastic irony in it was discovered, gave great offence.

Mr. Allen of Bath, having long desired our Author to publish a Collection of his Letters, from which, he said, a perfect system of morals might be extracted, offered to be at the cost of a publication of them. Pope refused this offer; but in the year 1737, published an edition of them in quarto, by a large subscription; and a second volume, with the Memoirs of Scriblerus, 1741. I think it proper to give an ac-

count of the manner in which this correspondence was procured, in the words of Dr. Johnson.

" One of the passages of Pope's Life, which seems to deserve some inquiry, was a publication of Letters between him and his friends, which falling into the hands of Curll, a rapacious bookseller of no good fame, were by him printed and sold. This volume containing some Letters from Noblemen, Pope incited a prosecution against him in the House of Lords for breach of privilege, and attended himself to stimulate the resentment of his friends. Curll appeared at the bar, and, knowing himself in no great danger, spoke of Pope with very little reverence. *He has*, said Curll, *a knack of versifying, but in prose I think myself a match for him.* When the orders of the House were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed; Curll went away triumphant, and Pope was left to seek some other remedy.

" Curll's account was, that one evening a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered to sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's Epistolary Correspondence; that he asked no name, and was told none; but gave the price demanded, and thought himself authorized to use this purchase to his own advantage.

" That Curll gave a true account of the transaction, it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected; and when some years afterward I mentioned it to Lintot, the son of Bernard, he declared his opinion to be, that Pope knew better than any body else how Curll obtained the copies, because

another parcel was at the same time sent to himself, for which no price had ever been demanded, as he made known his resolution not to pay a porter, and consequently not to deal with a nameless agent.

" Such care had been taken to make them public, that they were sent at once to two booksellers; to Curll, who was likely to seize them as a prey; and to Lintot, who might be expected to give Pope information of the seeming injury. Lintot, I believe, did nothing, and Curll did what was expected. That to make them public was the only purpose, may be reasonably supposed, because the numbers offered to sale by the private messengers, shewed that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression.

" It seems that Pope, being desirous of printing his Letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this country been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of compulsion; that when he could complain his Letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself.

" Pope's private correspondence, thus promulgated, filled the nation with praise of his candour, tenderness, and benevolence, the purity of his purpose, and the fidelity of his friendship. There were some Letters which a very good, or a very wise man would wish suppressed; but, as they had been already exposed, it was impossible now to retract them."

In the various sorts of composition in which the English have excelled, we have perhaps the least

claim to excellence in the article of Letters of our celebrated countrymen. The best in this Collection, are of Swift and Arbuthnot, of Peterborough and Trumbal, as written from the heart, and in an easy, familiar style. Those of Bolingbroke are in the form of dissertations; and those of Pope himself, like the elegant and studied Epistles of Pliny and Balsac. All of them are over-crowded with professions of integrity and disinterestedness, with trite reflections on contentment and retirement; a disdain of greatness and courts; a contempt of fame; and an affected strain of common-place morality. They seem to be chiefly valuable for some literary particulars incidentally mentioned.

Being now, in the year 1738, closely connected with the most able opposers of the Ministry and the Court, he wrote the Two Dialogues that took their title from the year in which they were composed, and which are, perhaps, all things considered, some of the strongest Satires ever written in any age or any country. Every species of sarcasm and mode of style are here alternately employed; ridicule, reasoning, irony, mirth, seriousness, lamentation, laughter, familiar imagery, and high poetical painting. Many persons in power were highly provoked, but the name of Pope prevented a prosecution, for what Paxton wished to have called a libel. But about the same time, Paul Whitehead, a very inferior poet, publishing *Manners*, gave an opportunity for repressing what was thought too great a liberty of the press. He left in his poem a very unguarded line,

"And Sherlock's shop and Henley's are the same."

For this line, the Bishop of Salisbury summoned Whitehead to appear before the House of Lords. As he could not be found, his printer, Dodsley, was taken and conveyed, as he himself informed me, to a spunging-house in the Butcher-row, under the custody of a messenger, which cost him seventy pounds. The next morning the neighbouring street was crowded with the carriages of some of the first noblemen and gentlemen, who came to offer him their services, and to be his bail. Among the rest, he told me, were Lord Chesterfield, Lord Marchmont, Lord Granville, Lord Bathurst, Lord Essex, Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Pulteney, &c. &c. His prosecution was intended as a hint to Pope, and he understood it as such; and did not publish a *Third* Dialogue, which he certainly had designed to do; part of it now first appears in this edition[4].

Ceasing from politics, Pope amused himself, in 1740, in republishing *Selecta Carmina Italorum;* but he took no notice of the edition from which he borrowed his collection, called, *Anthologia*, printed in

[4] About this time he was honoured with the favour and friendship of Frederic Prince of Wales, who was then in opposition to the Court. And Mr. Glover told me, that being with Mr. Pope at Twickenham, soon after he had published Leonidas, the Prince, attended by Mr. Lyttelton, one evening paid them a visit; the latter privately desired Pope and Glover, that they would join with him in dissuading the Prince to ride a vicious horse he was fond of; and among other things urged on the subject, Pope said with earnestness to the Prince, "I hope, Sir, the people of England will not be made miserable by a *second* horse!" alluding to the accident that befel King William. "I think," added Pope, whispering afterward to Mr. Glover, "this speech was pretty well for me!"

London in 12mo. 1684, with a most judicious preface, and one of the best pieces of modern latinity, falsely ascribed to Atterbury; which he omitted, I think, very improperly. What he added was a very indifferent Poem of *Aonius Palearius, De Immortalitate Animi*[5], in Three Books; when he might have enriched his Collection by many more Pieces of *Vida, Ant. Flaminius, Cotta, Sannazarius, Politianus, Molza,* and the *Strozzi,* and a number of more exquisite morsels than those which he has inserted, if he had consulted the ten volumes of the *Carmina Illustrium Poetarum,* printed at Florence 1720, and *Carmina Quinque Poetarum,* Flor. 1720.

In the year 1742, he was unfortunately persuaded, by Dr. Warburton, to write the Fourth Book of the Dunciad[6]; which I cannot forbear considering as an injudicious and incongruous addition to that Poem, for reasons assigned in the notes to it; as I also do the degrading *Tibbald,* 1743, from being the Hero of that Poem, and substituting *Cibber* in his place, for reasons also there assigned. What provocations he might have received from Cibber, is a thing entirely out of the question; the matter to be considered is, whether Cibber was a Hero *proper,* or not, for the Dunciad. It is to be lamented, that, in this instance, our Author's *indignation* got the better of what he possessed in an eminent degree, his judg-

[5] Very inferior to Mr. Hawkins Brown's Latin Poem on this subject. A. Palearius was burnt as a heretic.

[6] The Fourth Book of the Dunciad, said Shenstone, is doubtless Mr. Pope's dotage, τοῦ Διὸς ἐνύπνια; flat in the whole, and including, with several tolerable lines, a number of weak, obscure, and even punning ones. Letter 13.

ment; and that the last effort of his genius, which might have been employed on subjects so much higher, and more important, should be wasted in expressing this resentment. After all, the chief fault of the Dunciad, in its last state, is the violence and the vehemence of its satire, and the excessive height to which it is carried; and which may, therefore, be justly compared to that marvellous column of boiling water near *Mount Hecla*, thrown upwards, above ninety feet, by the force of a subterraneous fire.

Pope is said to have planned, at different times, *three* Works that he did not finish. *One* was, a Translation of Passages of Greek Poets of different *Ages*, as Specimens of their different *Manners*. *Another*, was the History of the Rise and Progress of Poetry in England, which he divided into six different Schools: 1. The School of Provence; 2. of Chaucer; 3. of Petrarch; 4. of Dante; 5. of Spenser, and Translators from Italian; 6. of Donne. The *other* and third Work, was no less than an *Epic* Poem, the subject of which was *Brutus*, grandson of *Æneas*; who, after many adventures and obstacles, establishes a form of government of the best kind imaginable, in Great Britain. Brutus was to be assisted by Guardian Angels in his attempt, and opposed by a set of Evil Beings. The Plan which he had drawn up for this work, will be given at length in a subsequent Volume. He intended to have written it in Blank Verse; a circumstance worth the consideration of the defenders of rhyme. It is remarkable, that the very first Poem, any thing like an Epic Poem, that appeared in France, was on this identical subject

of Brutus arriving in England. It was written by Eustache, or rather Wace, in the reign of Louis the Seventh, who ascended the throne 1137, the husband of Eleanora, married, after a divorce, to our Henry the Second. The Author called it, *Le Roman de Brut*. Every piece of poetry was, at that time, denominated a Romance. The Latin language ceased to be commonly spoken in France about the ninth century; and was succeeded by what was called the Romance-tongue, a mixture of the language of the Franks and of bad Latin.

And now, about the year 1744, his health and strength began visibly to decline. Besides his constant headachs, and severe rheumatic pains, he had been afflicted, for five years, with an asthma, which was suspected to be occasioned by a dropsy on the breast, and which, not the skill of the many able physicians, who were always ready and eager to attend him, could relieve. In the month of May 1744, he evidently grew worse and more infirm. He had frequent deliriums; and as Dodsley told me, with tears in his eyes, Pope asked him one day, as he sat by his bed-side, "What great arm is that I see coming out of the wall?" Recovering another day from one of these deliriums, he said to Spence, "I am so certain of the Soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me, as it were by intuition." Mrs. Martha Blount[7] unfeelingly neglected him in

[7] Mr. Swinburne, the traveller, who was her relation, informs me, that she died in 1762, at her house in Berkeley-square, Piccadilly, where he frequently visited her, and much gratified him by promising to leave him all the MSS. she had in her possession,

his last illness, and coming one day to his house, inquired of the amiable Lord Marchmont, who had constantly attended him with friendship and affection, "What, is he not dead yet?" Very different was the behaviour of Bolingbroke, who, as Spence related to me, standing, in one of his last interviews with Pope, behind his chair, and looking earnestly down upon him, repeated several times, interrupted with sobs, "O great God, what is man! I never knew a person that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a warmer benevolence for all mankind!" It was Mr. Hooke, a bigoted papist, a quietist, a friend[s] of Ramsay, and disciple of Fenelon, who persuaded Pope to be attended by a priest, that he might die like his father and mother; an argument that had much weight with so dutiful a son. And such was the fervour of his devotion, that, as Chiselden, the surgeon, who was present, related to Dr. Hoadly, he exerted all his strength to throw himself out of his bed, that he might receive the last sacraments kneeling on the floor. A few hours after the priest retired, Bolingbroke came over from Battersea, and expressed great indignation at this transaction. It was in the evening of the thirtieth day of May 1744,

but she died without a will, and the MSS. were never recovered. He tells me, she was a little, neat, fair, prim, old woman, easy and gay in her manner and conversation, but seemed not to possess any extraordinary talents. Her eldest sister Teresa had uncommon wit and abilities.

[s] When Mr. Hooke asked him, Whether he would not die as his father and mother had done, and whether he should not send for a priest? he answered, "I do not suppose it to be essential, but it will look right, and I thank you for putting me in mind of it."

that he had the happiness of dying with the greatest tranquillity, aged fifty-six years.

He was interred at Twickenham, near his father and mother; and the Bishop of Gloucester erected a monument to his memory, with the following inscription:

" ALEXANDRO POPE, H. M.
GUL. *Episcopus Glocestriensis,*
Amicitiæ Causa,
Fac. cur. 1761.
Poeta loquitur.

" For one, who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey:

" Heroes and Kings, your distance keep,
In peace let one poor Poet sleep;
Who never flattered folks like you,
Let Virgil blush, and Horace too!"

His death, though it might have been expected, was not lamented by any of his contemporary Poets, till Mr. Mason made amends by his Musæus.

Considering the debility, deformity, and distortion of his bodily frame, it is rather wonderful he lived so long. He was protuberant both before and behind; and he compared himself, in his humorous account of the club of little men, to a spider. He was so very feeble and weak, as not to be able to dress or undress himself without assistance; and so susceptible of cold, that he was not only wrapped up in fur and flannel, but was also obliged to wear boddice made of stiff canvass, closely laced about him. We must not wonder, or be disgusted, that he had much of the irritability,

peevishness, and fretfulness of a constant valetudinarian.

In the intervals of sickness and headach, with which he was so frequently afflicted, he too much indulged his appetite, and was too fond of a variety of dishes highly seasoned, and of the most poignant flavour; with which, when his stomach was oppressed, he had recourse to strong liquors and drams. His conversation was not remarkably brilliant or pleasant, and no sallies of his wit or humour are recorded. It is observable, that he never was seen to laugh heartily. It is unpleasant to hear it said, that, in the common intercourse of life, he delighted in petty stratagems and idle artifices, in procuring what he wanted, without plainly and directly mentioning the thing. So that "he played the politician," said Lady Bolingbroke, "about cabbages and turnips."

But whatever might be the imperfections of our great Poet's person or temper, yet the vigour, force, and activity of his mind were almost unparalleled. His whole life, and every hour of it, in sickness and in health, was devoted solely, and with unremitting diligence, to cultivate that one art in which he had determined to excel. Many other Poets have been unavoidably immersed in business, in wars, in politics, and diverted from their favourite bias and pursuits. Of Pope it might truly and solely be said, *Versus amat, hoc studet unum.* His whole thoughts, time, and talents, were spent on his Works alone: which Works, if we dispassionately and carefully review, we shall find, that the largest portion of them, for he attempted nothing of the epic or dramatic, is

of the didactic, moral, and satiric kind; and, consequently, not of the most poetic species of Poetry. There is nothing in so sublime a style as the Bard of Gray. This is a matter of *fact*, not of *reasoning*; and means to point out, what Pope *has actually done*, not what, if he had put out his full strength, he was *capable* of *doing*. No man can possibly think, or can hint, that the Author of the *Rape of the Lock*, and the *Eloisa*, wanted *imagination*, or *sensibility*, or *pathetic*; but he certainly did not so often indulge and exert those talents, nor give so many proofs of them, as he did of strong sense and judgment. This turn of mind led him to admire French models; he studied *Boileau* attentively; formed himself upon *him*, as Milton formed himself upon the Grecian and Italian Sons of *Fancy*. He stuck to describing *modern manners*; but these *manners*, because they are *familiar*, *uniform*, *artificial*, and *polished*, are, for these *four* reasons, in their very nature *unfit* for any lofty effort of the Muse. He gradually became one of the most correct, even, and exact Poets that ever wrote; but yet with force and spirit, finishing his pieces with a patience, a care, and assiduity, that no business nor avocation ever interrupted; so that if he does not frequently ravish and transport his reader, like his Master *Dryden*, yet he does not so often disgust him, like Dryden, with unexpected inequalities and absurd improprieties. He is never above or below his subject. Whatever poetical enthusiasm he actually possessed, he withheld and suppressed. The perusal of him, in most of his pieces, affects not our minds with such strong emo-

tions as we feel from *Homer* and *Milton*; so that no man, of a true poetical spirit, is master of himself while he reads them. Hence he is a writer fit for universal perusal, and of general utility; adapted to all ages and all stations; for the old and for the young; the man of business and the scholar. He who would think, and there are many such, the *Fairy Queen*, *Palamon and Arcite*, the *Tempest*, or *Comus*, childish and romantic, may relish Pope. Surely it is no narrow, nor invidious, nor niggardly encomium to say, he is the great Poet of Reason; the *First* of *Ethical* Authors in Verse; which he was by choice, not necessity. And this species of writing is, after all, the surest road to an extensive and immediate reputation. It lies more level to the general capacities of men, than the higher flights of more exalted and genuine poetry. *Waller* was more applauded than the *Paradise Lost*; and we all remember when *Churchill* was more in vogue than *Gray*.

We live in a reasoning and prosaic age. The forests of Fairy-land have been rooted up and destroyed; the castles and the palaces of Fancy are in ruins; the magic wand of Prospero is broken and buried many fathoms in the earth. *Telemachus* was so universally read and admired in France, not so much on account of the poetical images and the fine imitations of Homer which it contained, but for the many artful and satirical allusions to the profligate court of Louis XIV. scattered up and down. He that treats of fashionable follies, and the topics of the day, that describes present persons and recent events, as

Dryden did in his Absalom and Achitophel, finds many readers, whose understandings and whose passions he gratifies, and who love politics far more than poetry.

The name of *Chesterfield* on one hand, and of *Walpole* on the other, failed not to make a Poem bought up, and talked of. And it cannot be doubted, that the Odes of Horace which celebrated, and the Satires which ridiculed, well-known and real characters at Rome, were more eagerly read, and more frequently cited, than the Æneid and the Georgic of Virgil. Malignant and insensible must be the critic, who should impotently dare to assert, that *Pope* wanted *genius* and *imagination*; but perhaps it may safely be affirmed, that his *peculiar* and *characteristical* excellences were good sense and judgment. And this was the opinion of Atterbury and Bolingbroke; and it was also his own opinion. See in Volume Ninth, the Fifth and the Nineteenth Letters; particularly what he said to Warburton at the end of the latter.

If we consider him as a man, and examine his moral character impartially, we shall find that his predominant virtues seem to have been filial piety, and constancy in his friendships; an ardent love of liberty and of his country, and what seemed to be its true interest; a manly detestation of court-flatterers and servility; a frugality, and economy, and order, in his house, and at his table; at the same time that his private charities were many and great; of which *Dodsley*, whom he honoured with his friendship, and who partook of his beneficence, gave me several

instances. His revenue was about eight hundred pounds a year.

As to his religious opinions, though he would not publicly renounce the tenets of his family, from the fear of being reckoned an interested convert, yet he had too clear and solid an understanding, not to discern the gross absurdities, and glaring impieties of Popish superstition; and once owned to Dr. Warburton, that he was convinced the Church of Rome had all the marks and signs of that Antichristian Power and Apostacy, so strongly painted and predicted in the New Testament. Which opinion Dr. Warburton himself was so zealous in establishing, that he founded a Lecture for Sermons to be annually preached at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, on this very subject; persuaded, like his excellent friend Dr. Balguy, that "Popery is indeed nothing better than a refined species of Paganism; and that, so far as this extends, the Gospel has failed of its genuine effect, and left men as it found them, Polytheists and Idolaters." The approaching destruction of the Church of Rome, especially in a neighbouring kingdom, was thus remarkably foretold by the King of Prussia, 1777: "Le Pape et les moines finiront sans doute; leur chute ne sera pas l'ouvrage de la raison; mais ils périront à mesure que les *Finances* des grandes potentates se dérangeront. En *France*, quand on aura epuisé tous les expédiens pour avoir des espèces, on sera forcé de seculariser des Abbayes et des Convens. Cet example sera imité, et le nombre des *Cuculati* reduit à peu de chose."

Through the whole course of his life, Pope was

firmly and unvariably convinced of the Being of a God, a Providence, and the Immortality of the Soul. Though perhaps, when he was writing under the guidance of Bolingbroke, he entertained some unhappy and ill-founded doubts concerning the truth of the Christian Dispensation.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE[1].

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under

[1] The clearness, the closeness, and the elegance of style with which this preface is written, render it one of the best pieces of prose in our language. It abounds in strong good sense, and profound knowledge of life. It is written with such simplicity that scarcely a single metaphor is to be found in it. Atterbury was so delighted with it, that he tells our Author he had read it over twice with pleasure, and desired him not to balance a moment about printing it; "always provided there is nothing said there that you may have occasion to unsay hereafter." These words are remarkable. This preface far excels those of Pelisson, Vaugelas, and D'Ablancourt, of which the French boast so highly. May I be allowed just to add, that the finest prefaces ever written, were, perhaps, that of Thuanus to his History, of Calvin to his Institutes, and of Casaubon to his Polybius.

equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments[2].

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a Critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to

[2] In the former editions it was thus—*For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation.*—But the Author altered it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted. W.

be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself), he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the

poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances; for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him: a hundred honest Gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company;

and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors[3], he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about Fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore: since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces[4], biassed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consi-

[3] This fate and these dangers have been the subject of an ingenious epistle by the amiable Mr. Whitehead, The Danger of writing Verse; one of the happiest imitations of our Author's didactic manner; in which are many particulars suggested or borrowed from this preface.

[4] As was the practice of his master Dryden, who is severely lashed for this in the Tale of a Tub, and of as great a Genius P. Corneille, whose pieces of base adulation are a disgrace to Poetry and Literature. Our Author was accustomed to mention Locke's Dedication to Lord Pembroke with strong marks of disapprobation.

deration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published because I was told, I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short[5] not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: Though if we took the same care, we should still lie under a farther misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A

[5] Il n'y a presque aucun de mes ouvrages dont je sois content, et il y en a quelques uns que je voudrois n'avoir jamais faits, says Voltaire.

mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us[6] is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients; and it will be

[6] I have frequently heard Dr. Young speak with great disapprobation of the doctrine contained in this passage; with a view to which he wrote his discourse on *Original Composition:* in which he says, "Would not Pope have succeeded better in an *original* attempt? Talents untried are talents unknown. All that I know, is, that, contrary to these sentiments, he was not only an avowed professor of imitation, but a zealous recommender of it also. Nor could he recommend any thing better, except emulation, to those who write. One of these, all writers must call to their aid; but aids they are of unequal repute. Imitation is inferiority confessed; emulation is superiority contested or denied; imitation is servile, emulation generous; that fetters, this fires; that may give a name, this, a name immortal. This made Athens to succeeding ages the rule of taste, and the standard of perfection. Her men of genius struck fire against each other; and kindled, by conflict, into glories, which no time shall extinguish. We thank Eschylus for Sophocles, and Parrhasius for Zeuxis; *emulation* for both. That bids us fly the general fault of *imitators;* bids us not be struck with the loud report of former fame, as with a knell, which damps the spirits; but, as with a trumpet, which inspires ardour to rival the renowned. Emulation exhorts us, instead of learning our discipline for ever, like raw troops, under ancient leaders in composition, to put those laureled veterans in some hazard of losing their superior posts in glory. Such is Emulation's high-spirited advice, such her immortalizing call. Pope would not hear, preengaged with imitation, which blessed him with all her charms. He chose rather, with his namesake of Greece, to triumph in the old world, than to look out for a new. His taste partook the error of his religion: it denied not worship to saints and angels; that is, to writers, who, canonized for ages, have received their apotheosis from established and universal fame." It might, perhaps, have been replied to Young,—You, indeed, have given us a considerable number of original thoughts in your works, but they would have been more chaste and correct if you had imi-

gratification of public prejudices, or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty: so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary[7] with ill language; or, when

[7] This was written in 1716; did our Author recollect this sentiment in 1729?

I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports against his Morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a Memento mori to some of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general[8].

Nov. 10, 1716.

VARIATIONS IN THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT PREFACE.

AFTER p. 63. l. 4. it followed thus—For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll[9] therefore make this preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself as it is in the power of any other to ex-

[8] I cannot forbear adding, how excellently well written is Cowley's preface to his works, folio, 1656; and how much superior it is to Sprat's Life of that amiable author. Both Cowley and Spenser wrote prose excellently.

[9] Johnson was angry at this abbreviation for *I will.*

pose them. In the first place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry[1]; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet). 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are amicæ omnium horarum; and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world[2] as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I cannot but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would

[1] But at the conclusion of his translation of the Iliad, he contradicts this sentiment, by applying to himself a passage of M. Antoninus.

[2] Johnson thought "*in the world*" a vulgarism, and always avoided the expression.

take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct: besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 66. l. 13.—In the first place I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies: and that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years may be ashamed to emply thirty in measuring syllables and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old, and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.

ON MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS,

BY HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what Ease requir'd;
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
And from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidst advent'rous Rovers of the Pen:
And after so much undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.
  Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd!
But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.
  And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing
As the great ILIAD, scarce could make me sing;

Ver. 11.] This is the common-place cant of men tired with business and courts.

" This is mere moral babble." Comus, p. 806.

Except I justly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all desert in Sciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praise.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

In these more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A Muse sincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found
Art strengthening Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound.
Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song;
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull:
So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
As smoothest speech is most deceitful found,
The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too:
Your strains are regularly bold, and please
With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease,

With proper thoughts, and lively images:
Such as by Nature to the Ancients shewn,
Fancy improves and judgment makes your own:
For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
Atho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall;
Like some fair Shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse
Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce;
And the true measure of the Shepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:
Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common swains be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the Players dress,
In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess;
Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.
Your rural Muse appears to justify
The long lost graces of Simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our sense
With virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her Modesty those charms conceal'd,
'Till by Men's envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits industrious to their troubles seem,
And needs will envy what they must esteem.
Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight;

Ver. 28. *Sylvan Muse*] From Boileau's Art of Poetry, Chant. 2. l. 1. Pope seems to have corrected these lines.

So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise,
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL, sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shewn,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
And China's earth was cast on common sand:
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay,
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treasures next arriv'd: and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give.
Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!

Ver. 16. *Where'er we dip*] There are several lines in this copy of verses, which would not be endured in a common monthly magazine. So much is the public ear and public taste improved!

The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half so true the fair Lodona shews
The sylvan state that on her border grows,
While she the wand'ring shepherd entertains
With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains;
Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
The living scene is in the Muse's glass,
Nor sweeter notes the echoing forest cheer,
When Philomela sits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.
With vast variety thy pages shine;
A new creation starts in ev'ry line.
How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.
Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields, inspire!
Thrice happy thou! and worthy best to dwell
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.

I in a cold and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Western beach attempt to chime.
O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!
Snatch me, ye gods! from these *Atlantic* shores,
And shelter me in *Windsor's* fragrant bow'rs;
Or to my much lov'd *Isis'* walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green:
Where sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the classic store,
And made that Music which was noise before.
There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the soft abode.
The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd.
That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.
Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string:
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?
Rous'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
I rise and wander through the field or plain;
Led by thy Muse from sport to sport I run,
Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.

Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy
On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie;
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And every feather shines and varies there.
Nor can I pass the generous courser by,
But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly
O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.
Oh could thy *Virgil* from his orb look down,
He'd view a courser that might match his own!
Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chase,
Lodona's murmers stop me in the race.
Who can refuse *Lodona's* melting tale?
The soft complaint shall over time prevail;
The tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
The nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.
Nor shall thy song, old *Thames!* forbear to shine,
At once the subject and the song divine.
Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n Britons more
Than all their shouts for victory before.
Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy stream,
The world should tremble at her awful name:
From various springs divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a different tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmer and enrich the Isle;
A while distinct through many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

TO MR. POPE,

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM ON HOMER.

WHEN *Phœbus* and the nine harmonious maids,
Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the God; "Your loftiest notes employ,
To sing young *Peleus* and the fall of *Troy*."
The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse;
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse?
He answer'd with a frown; "I now reveal
A truth, that envy bids me not conceal:
Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,
Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring *Greek* and blind,
Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
And fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
From me, the God of Wit, usurp'd the bays.
"But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
Yet when my Arts shall triumph in the West,
And the white Isle with female pow'r is blest;

Ver. 1. *When Phœbus*] By far the most elegant and best turned compliment of all addressed to our Author; happily borrowed from that fine Greek epigram in the Anthologia, p. 30, and most gracefully applied;

Ἤειδον μὲν Ἐγὼν, ἐχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος Ὅμηρος.

Fenton was the best Greek scholar of all our Author's poetical friends. Boileau also imitated this epigram.

Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
And the Translator's Palm to me transfer.
With less regret my claim I now decline,
The World will think his *English Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

TO MR. POPE.

To praise, and still with just respect to praise
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The Learn'd to shew, the Sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the Province of the Friend;
What life, what vigour, must the lines require?
What Music tune them, what Affection fire?
O might thy Genius in my bosom shine;
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine;
The brightest Ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.
Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the Critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame
Whom Windsor-Forest sees a gliding stream:
On silver feet, with annual Osier crown'd,
She runs for ever through Poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,
Made by thy Muse the envy of the Fair?
Less shone the tresses Egypt's Princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
Belles war with Beaux, and Whims descend for Gods.

The new Machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the Chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart.
The Graces stand in sight; a Satire-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.
  In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldest wits
Enshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits;
And sits in measures such as Virgil's Muse
To place thee near him might be fond to choose.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wise,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deservs't the Prize!
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head!
Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,
Thy aspins quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring,
Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.
  In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He shines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
And flames with every sense of great delight.
Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;

Ver. 50. *And flames*] A very poor and unmeaning line, and unworthy the sensible and elegant Parnell!

In all the Majesty of Greek retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,
When chok'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And Shepherds only say, *The mines were here:*
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs!
How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines!
Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle, blest,
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my Friend—and when a friend inspires,
My silent harp its master's hand requires;
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee.
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;

Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
A Friend delight me, and an Author please;
Ev'n here I sing, when POPE supplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame.

T. PARNELL.

TO MR. POPE.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic Feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals; subject to death's total sway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart, to grave thy praise,
A monument which Worth alone can raise:
Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust:
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
Then sink together in the world's last fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.
If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead,
Shakspeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;

Ver. 17. *thy page*] This was a compliment our Author could not take much pleasure in reading; for he could not value himself on his edition of Shakspeare.

Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvas fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towr's o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the Hero burns;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores,
Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play;
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise;
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;

And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
Sink without grov'ling, without rashness rise.
  Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious string,
Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing.
How long[3] that hero, by unskilful hands,
Stripp'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eyeball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb unfold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a god he moves.
  Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire:
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like theirs, our friendship! and I boast my name
To thine united—for thy friendship's fame.
  This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing,
While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,
To hear from earth such heartfelt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the Skies:
Or nobler rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws:

[3] Odyssey, lib. xvi.

Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend:
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

TO MR. POPE,

ON THE PUBLISHING HIS WORKS.

He comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his Car.
Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,
First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God.
But hark, what shouts, what gath'ring crowds rejoice!
Unstain'd their praise by any venal Voice,
Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
When prostitutes, or needy flatt'rers, sue.
And see the Chief! before him laurels born;
Trophies from undeserving temples torn;
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,

Ver. 89. *when Orpheus*] These three last verses are trite and feeble enough!

Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty.
But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The GRACES these; and see how they contend,
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.
The Chariot now the painful steep ascends,
The Pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou choose,
What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
Tho' ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine
(From the proud Epic, down to those that shade
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid),
Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
"Sweet to the World, and grateful to the skies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

TO MR. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;

Preserved, our drooping Genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient Wit:
For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost:
From Tyrants, and from Priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
Nor Baiae now, nor Umbria's plain, they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where cheer'd with summer rays
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's unauspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worse severity of Fate:
Not that Barbarian hands her Fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her Cities desert, and her fields unsown;
But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the source of Science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And Poets, who those Chiefs sublimely prais'd!
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb fresh Flowers I strow'd
While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the Poet's awful Form arise:
Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his Master bear:
"Great Bard! whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner Satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler Bays;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the nine.

Ver. 60. *Address the least*] It is to be wished that Pope had attended to this advice, and employed his great genius in the higher species of poetry. The noble and ingenious author of

Of thee more worthy were the task to raise
A lasting Column to thy Country's Praise,
To sing the Land, which yet alone can boast
That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid;
And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's shade.
Such was the Theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the People whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
With diff'rent Bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
Dauntless opposers of Tyrannic Sway,
But pleas'd, a mild AUGUSTUS to obey."
If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lays,
And join the Patriots with the Poet's Praise.

GEORGE LYTTELTON.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

'Tis true, what fam'd Pythagoras maintain'd,
That souls departed in new bodies reign'd:

this useful admonition, who honoured me with his friendship, told me, that he frequently, in many conversations, pressed it on Pope. He that could write these excellent lines, deserved more praise than Dr. Johnson thought proper to give him in the Lives of the Poets.

We must approve the doctrine, since we see
The soul of godlike Homer breathe in thee.
Old Ennius first, then Virgil felt her fires;
But now a British poet she inspires.
  To you, O Pope, the lineal right extends,
To you th' hereditary muse descends.
At a vast distance we of Homer heard,
Till you brought in, and nat'raliz'd the Bard;
Bade him our English rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air, the same.
Now in the mighty stranger we rejoice,
And Britain thanks thee, with a public voice.
See! too, the Poet, a majestic shade,
Lifts up in awful pomp his laurel'd head,
To thank his Successor, who sets him free
From the vile hands of Hobbs and Ogilby;
Who vext his venerable Ashes more,
Than his ungrateful Greece, the living Bard before.
  While Homer's thoughts in thy bold lines are shewn,
Tho' worlds contend, we claim him for our own;
Our blooming boys proud Ilion's fate bewail;
Our lisping babes repeat the dreadful tale,
Ev'n in their slumbers they pursue the theme,
Start, and enjoy a fight in every dream.
By turns the Chief and Bard their souls inflame,
And every little bosom beats for fame.
Thus shall they learn (as future times will see)
From Him to conquer, or to write from Thee.
  In every hand we see the glorious song,
And Homer is the Theme of every tongue.

Parties in State poetic schemes employ,
And Whig and Tory side with Greece and Troy;
Neglect their feuds: and seem more zealous grown
To push those countries' Interests, than their own.
Our busiest Politicians have forgot
How Sommers counsel'd, and how Marlbro' fought;
But o'er their settling coffee gravely tell,
What Nestor spoke, and how brave Hector fell.
Our softest Beaux and Coxcombs you inspire,
With Glacus' courage, and Achilles' fire.
Now they resent affronts which once they bore,
And draw those swords that ne'er were drawn before;
Nay ev'n our Belles inform'd how Homer writ,
Learn thence to criticise on modern Wit.

Let the mad Critics to their side engage
The envy, pride, and dulness, of the age:
In vain they curse, in vain they pine and mourn,
Back on themselves their arrows will return;
Whoe'er would thy establish'd fame deface,
Are but immortaliz'd to their disgrace,
Live, and enjoy their spite, and share their fate,
Which would, if Homer liv'd, on Homer wait.

And lo! his second labour claims thy care,
Ulysses' toils succeed Achilles' war.
Haste to the work; the ladies long to see
The pious frauds of chaste Penelope.
Helen they long have seen, whose guilty charms,
For ten whole years engag'd the world in Arms,
Then, as thy Fame shall see a length of days,
Some future Bard shall thus record thy Praise;
"In those blest times when smiling Heav'n and Fate,
Had rais'd Britannia to her happiest state,

When wide around she saw the World submit,
And own her Sons supreme in Arts and Wit;
Then Pope and Dryden brought in triumph home,
The Pride of Greece, and Ornament of Rome;
To the great task each bold translator came,
With Virgil's Judgment, and with Homer's Flame.
Here the pleas'd Mantuan swan was taught to soar,
Where scarce the Roman eagles tower'd before:
And Greece no more was Homer's native earth,
Tho' her sev'n rival cities claim'd his birth;
On her sev'n cities he look'd down with scorn,
And own'd with pride he was in Britain born."

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

VOLTAIRE AU ROI DE PRUSSE.

——— Horace avec Boileau:
Vous y cherchez le vrai, vous y goutez le beau;
Quelques traits échappés d'une utile morale,
Dans leurs piquans écrits brillent par intervalle;
Mais Pope approfondit ce qu'ils ont effleuré;
D'un esprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus assuré,
Il porta le flambeau dans l'abime de l'etre,
Et l'homme avec lui seul apprit à se connoître.
L'Art quelquefois frivole, et quelquefois divin,
L'Art des vers est dans Pope utile au genre humain.

At Stowe in Buckinghamshire, the seat of Earl Temple, is a building called The Temple of British Worthies, designed by Kent. One of the niches has a bust of Pope with the following inscription:

Alexander Pope,

Who uniting the correctness of judgment to the fire of Genius,
by the melody and power of his numbers,
gave sweetness to sense, and grace to philosophy.
He employed the pointed brilliancy of wit to chastise the vices,
and the eloquence of poetry to exalt the virtues of human nature;
and being without a rival in his own age,
imitated and translated, with a spirit equal to the originals,
the best poets of Antiquity.

TO MR. POPE.

To move the springs of nature as we please,
To think with spirit, but to write with ease:
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art,
For this the Grecian soar'd in Epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton strung his heav'nly lyre.
'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
The pow'rs of language, harmony, and grace;
How nature's self with living lustre shines;
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines;

How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame:
To charm us more thro' negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the strains:
Led by some law, whose pow'rful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides:
Some fairer image of perfection given
T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heav'n.
  O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise;
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays!
Add that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine:
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets, prove unjust:
And are they blam'd who sin because they must?
  Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays;
I cannot rival——and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.
  So seems some Picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength and sweetness join:
Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living colour glows;
Soft without weakness, without labour fair;
Wrought up at once with happiness and care!
  How blest the man that from the world removes
To joys that MORDAUNT, or his POPE approves;

Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er:
Who free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Move calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee!
  Nor deem this verse, tho' humble, thy disgrace;
All are not born the glory of their race:
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.
The Muse who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A Muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd:
Unbiass'd, or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

WALTER HARTE.

PASTORALS,

WITH

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCIV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius!—VIRG.

A

DISCOURSE

ON

PASTORAL POETRY[1].

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem; and it is my design to comprise in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations that Critics have made on the

[1] Written at sixteen years of age. P.

This sensible and judicious discourse, written at so early an age, is a more extraordinary production, than the pastorals that follow it: in which, I hope, it will not be deemed an injurious criticism to say, there is scarcely a single rural image to be found that is new. The ideas of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, are indeed here exhibited in language equally mellifluous and pure; but the descriptions and sentiments are trite and common. To this assertion, formerly made, Dr. Johnson answered; "That no invention was intended:" he therefore allows the fact, and the charge. Our author has chiefly drawn his observations from Rapin, Fontenelle, and the preface to Dryden's Virgil. A translation of Rapin's Discourse had been some years before prefixed to Creech's Translation of Theocritus, and is no extraordinary piece of criticism. And though Hume highly praises the Discourse of Fontenelle, yet Dr. Hurd thinks it only rather more tolerable than his Pastorals. I much wonder our author did not allude to the elegant lines on Pastoral Poetry at the beginning

subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably *pastoral*[2]. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was

of the second canto of Boileau's Art of Poetry. The best dissertations on this subject seem to be those in the IId and Vth volumes of the Memoirs of the French Academy, that which is prefixed to Heyne's excellent edition of Virgil's Eclogues, and that which is prefixed to the Oxford edition of Theocritus, in two volumes 4to. 1776; in which the reader will find a particular account of the three distinct characters and personages introduced by Theocritus, namely, the Keepers of Oxen, the Keepers of Sheep, and of Goats; to which distinction even Virgil did not attend: and in which he also will find such reasons for preferring the pastorals of Theocritus to those of Virgil, as will serve for a complete confutation of Dr. Johnson's opinion on this subject, delivered with a surprising want of taste and judgment, in the Life of that great man, vol. ii. p. 329. The truly learned Heyne goes so far as to say, that if Virgil had written only his Bucolics, vix eum in censum principum poetarum venturum fuisse arbitror. So competent and able a judge as the sweet and pathetic Racine, assured M. de Longepierre, that he thought the second Idyllium of Theocritus was one of the most exquisite pieces that antiquity had left us, and that it contained the most striking and forcible descriptions of the passion of love he had ever seen.

[2] Fontenelle's Disc. on Pastorals. P.

invented, and afterward improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that Character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both[3]: the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity[4], brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age[5]. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this

[3] Heinsius in Theocr. P.

[4] Rapin de Carm. Past. p. 2. P.

[5] Avoiding, what a sensible writer calls, les sentimens quintessencies, les douceurs metaphysiques. Gesner's Pastorals are exquisite; and abound in new situations, images, and sentiments.

day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet farther, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronony, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connexion should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short[6], and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is discovered[7]. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries[8]. Nor is it enough to introduce shep-

[6] Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art. Poet. d'Arist. part ii. refl. xxvii. P.
[7] Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg. P.
[8] Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals. P.

herds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety[1]. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be delivered from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus[2] excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers[3] and fishermen as well as shep-

[1] See the forementioned Preface. P.

[2] Stesichorus, it is said, wrote pastorals also.

[3] ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyll. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyll. xxi. P.

herds[4]. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But 'tis enough that all others learnt their excellences from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil[5], who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to[6]. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Ge-

[4] The 10th and 21st Idyll. here alluded to, contain some of the most exquisite strokes of nature and true poetry any where to be met with, as does the beautiful description of the carving on the cup; which, indeed, is not a cup, but a very large pastoral vessel or caldron. Vas pastoritium amplissimum.

[5] He refines indeed so much as to make him, on this very account, much inferior to the beautiful simplicity of his original.

[6] Rapin, Refl. on Arist. part ii. refl. xxvii.—Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg. P.

nius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso[7] in his Aminta has as far excelled all the Pastoral writers, as in his Gierusalemme he has outdone the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil[8]. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His Eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His stanza is

[7] The Aminta of Tasso is here erroneously mentioned by Pope as the very first pastoral comedy that appeared in Italy: and Dr. Hurd also fell into the same mistake. But it is certain that Il Sacrificio of Agostino Beccari was the first, who boasts of it in his prologue, and who died very old in 1590; which drama was acted in the palace of Francesco of Este. Such a mistake is very pardonable in so young an author, and very different from the gross and unscholar-like blunder of Trapp, who tells us in his fourteenth Lecture, that all the eclogues of Calphurnius and Nemesian, who flourished under Diocletian, were entirely lost.

I will just add, that the famous critic, Jason de Nores, who wrote so well on Horace's Art of Poetry, condemned the Pastoral Drama: and that the above-mentioned Il Sacrificio was acted at Ferrara 1550, and the Aminta 1573, and the Pastor Fido before Cardinal Borghese 1590. It is observable, that Pope does not mention the Comus of Milton, the most exquisite of all pastoral dramas.

[8] Dedication to Virg. Ecl. P.

not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; tho', notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their Titles to distin-

guish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.[9]

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: that in order to add to this variety, the

[9] The superiority of Milton's Lycidas to all pastoral poems in our language is, I should hope, acknowledged by every man of true classical judgment; and Dr. Johnson's strange animadversions on it have been thus effectually answered. "Lycidas (says he) is filled with the heathen deities; and a long train of mythological imagery, such as a college easily supplies.—But it is also such as even the court itself could now have easily supplied. The public diversions, and books of all sorts, and from all sorts of writers, more especially compositions in poetry, were at this time overrun with classical pedantries. But what writer, of the same period, has made these obsolete fictions the vehicle of so much fancy and poetical description? How beautifully has he applied this sort of allusion to the druidical rocks of Denbighshire, to Mona, and the fabulous banks of Deva! It is objected, that its pastoral form is disgusting. But this was the age of pastoral: and yet Lycidas has but little of the bucolic cant, now so fashionable. The satyrs and fauns are but just mentioned. If any trite rural topics occur, how are they heightened!

> "Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
> Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
> We drove afield, and both together heard
> What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
> Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night.

"Here the day-break is described by the faint appearance of the upland lawns under the first gleams of light: the sun-set, by the buzzing of the chaffer: and the night sheds her fresh dews on their flocks. We cannot blame pastoral imagery and pastoral allegory, which carry with them so much natural painting. In

several times of the day are observ'd the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passons proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

this piece there is perhaps more poetry than sorrow. But let us read it for its poetry. It is true, that passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, no calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of rough satyrs with cloven heel. But poetry does this; and, in the hands of Milton, does it with a peculiar and irresistible charm. Subordinate poets exercise no invention, when they tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must feed his flocks alone, without any judge of his skill in piping: but Milton dignifies and adorns these common artificial incidents with unexpected touches of picturesque beauty, with the graces of sentiment, and with the novelties of original genius. It is said, 'here is no art, for there is nothing new.' But this objection will vanish, if we consider the imagery which Milton has raised from local circumstances. Not to repeat the use he has made of the mountains of Wales, the Isle of Man, and the river Dee, near which Lycidas was shipwrecked; let us recollect the introduction of the romantic superstition of Saint Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, which overlooks the Irish seas, the fatal scene of his friend's disaster.

"But the poetry is not always unconnected with passion. The poet lavishly describes an ancient sepulchral rite, but it is made preparatory to a stroke of tenderness. He calls for a variety of flowers to decorate his friend's hearse, supposing that his body was present, and forgetting for a while he was drowned; it was some consolation that he was to receive the decencies of burial. This is a pleasing deception: it is natural and pathetic. But the real catastrophe recurs. And this circumstance again opens a new vein of imagination."

Poems of Milton, second edition, Robinson, 1791, p. 35.

SPRING:

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

OR,

DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;

REMARKS.

These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville, afterward Lord Lansdown, Sir William Trumbal, Dr. Garth, Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Mainwaring, and others. All these gave our Author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. Walsh, whom Mr. Dryden, in his Postscript to Virgil, calls the best Critic of his age. "The Author (says he) seems to have a particular genius for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the Ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs, is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say, that Virgil had written nothing so good at his Age. His preface is very judicious and learned." Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Ap. 1705. The Lord Lansdown about the same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. Wycherley), "that if he goes on as he hath begun in the Pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English poetry vie with the

Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!

REMARKS.

Roman," &c. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the Author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. Walsh about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English poem, except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709. P.

Sir William Trumbal.] Our Author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years; he was under sixteen, but Sir William above sixty, and had lately resigned his employment of Secretary of State to King William. P.

Ver. 7. *You, that too wise.*] This amiable old man, who had been a fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and Doctor of Civil Law, was sent, by Charles II., Judge-Advocate to Tangier, and afterward in a public character to Florence, to Turin, to Paris; and by James II., Ambassador to Constantinople; to which city he went through the continent on foot. He was afterward a Lord of the Treasury, and Secretary of State with the Duke of Shrewsbury, which office he resigned 1697, and retiring to East Hampstead, died there in December 1716, aged seventy-seven. Nothing of his writing remains but an elegant character of Archbishop Dolben.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. " Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu
Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare, Thalia."

This is the general exordium and opening of the Pastorals, in imitation of the sixth of Virgil, which some have therefore not improbably thought to have been the first originally. In the beginnings of the other three Pastorals, he imitates expressly

O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,

REMARKS.

Ver. 12. *In your native shades*] Sir W. Trumbal was born in Windsor-Forest, to which he retreated, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State of King William III. P.

Ver. 13. *So when the Nightingale*] This is surely a mistake, for the nightingale does not sing till other birds are at rest.

IMITATIONS.

those which now stand first* of the three chief Poets in this kind, Spenser, Virgil, Theocritus.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)—
Beneath the shade a spreading beach displays,—
Thyrsis, the Music of that murm'ring Spring,—

are manifestly imitations of

" —A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)"
" —Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi."
" —Ἀδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἁ πίτυς, αἰπόλε, τήνα." P.

Ver. 9. *And carrying*, &c.]

Happy is he that from the world retires,
And carries with him what the world admires.
Waller. Maid's Tragedy altered.

* The learned and accurate Heyne, after much investigation, is of opinion, that the following is the order in which the Eclogues of Virgil were written: what is now usually called the second was first; the third, second; the fifth, third; the first, fourth; the ninth, fifth; the sixth, as it was called, to be the sixth still; the fourth, seventh; the eighth still the eighth; the seventh the ninth; the tenth and last, as it was called, still the tenth. Vol. I. 205.

The collection of passages imitated from the Classics, marked in the margin with the letter P, was made by the accurate and learned Mr. Bowyer the Printer, and given to Pope at his desire, as appears from MSS. notes of Bowyer now before me.

But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry blooming spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow,
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.

REMARKS.

Ver. 17, &c.] The Scene of this Pastoral a Valley, the time the Morning. It stood originally thus,

Daphnis and Strephon to the shades retir'd,
Both warm'd by love, and by the Muse inspir'd,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

Ver. 28. From Spenser's Muipotmos.

Purple year?] Gray has adopted the expression of the purple year, in the first stanza of his exquisite Ode on Spring.

I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 34. The first reading was,

And his own image from the bank surveys. W.

Ver. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines. P.

REMARKS.

Ver. 38. *The various seasons*] The subject of these Pastorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. W.

My friend Mr. William Collins, Author of the Persian Eclogues and Odes, assured me that Thomson informed him, that he took the first hint and idea of writing his Seasons, from the titles of Pope's four Pastorals. So that these Pastorals have not had only the merit of setting a pattern for correct and musical Versification, but have given rise to some of the truest poetry in our language. Mr. Collins wrote his Eclogues when he was about seventeen years old, at Winchester school, and, as I well remember, had been just reading that volume of Salmon's Modern History, which described Persia; which determined him to lay the scene of these pieces, as being productive of new images and sentiments. In his maturer years he was accustomed to speak very contemptuously of them, calling them his Irish

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35, 36.

" Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis
Diffusos edera vestit pallente corymbos." Virg. P.

The Shepherd's hesitation at the name of the Zodiac imitates that in Virgil,

" Et quis fuit alter,
Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?" P.

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white Bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

REMARKS.

Eclogues, and saying they had not in them one spark of Orientalism; and desiring me to erase a motto he had prefixed to them in a copy he gave me;

——quos primus equis oriens afflavit anhelis. Virg.

He was greatly mortified that they found more readers and admirers than his Odes.

Ver. 41. *sing by turns,*] Amabœan Verses, and the custom of vying in extempore verses, by turns, was a custom derived from the old Sicilian shepherds, and spread over all Italy; and is, as Mr. Spence observes, exactly like the practice of the Improvisatori at present in Italy. They are surprisingly ready in their answers, and go on octave for octave, and speech for speech alternately, for a considerable time. At Florence they have even had Improviso Comedies. It is remarkable, that the celebrated Trissino, Leonardi du Vinci, Bramante, and the charming dramatic poet Metastasio, were all Improvisatori.

Ver. 46. *Granville*—] George Granville, afterward Lord Lansdown, known for his Poems, most of which he composed very young, and proposed Waller as his model. P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 41. *Then sing by turns,*] Literally from Virgil,

" Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camœnæ.—
Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus." P.

Ver. 47. *A milk-white Bull*] Virg.—" Pascite taurum,
Jam cornu petat, et pedibus qui spargat arenam." P.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
But if I conquer and augment my fold,
Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold. W.

REMARKS.

Ver. 60. *How much at variance*] A very trifling and false conceit, and too witty for the occasion.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 58. *She runs, but hopes*] Imitation of Virgil,

" Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella;
Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri." P.

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bright Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 61. It stood thus at first,
Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
Blest Thames's shores, &c. P.

Ver. 61. Originally thus in the MS.
Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her Beauties shew;
Then die; and dying teach the lovely Maid
How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song;
To heav'n arising then her notes convey,
For heav'n alone is worthy such a lay. W.

Ver. 69, &c. These verses were thus at first:
All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing. P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 69. *All nature mourns,*]
" Aret ager; vitio moriens sitit aëris herba;" &c.
" Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit." Virg. P.

If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wondrous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears;
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

REMARKS.

Ver. 86. *A wondrous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears;*] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle at Worcester. P.

This is one of the most trifling and puerile conceits in any of our author's works; except what follows of the Thistle and the Lily.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
Blest swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
And trees with twining branches shade your head. P.

REMARKS.

Ver. 93. *Cease to contend,*] An author of strong sense, but not of equal taste and feeling, and who preferred the dungeons of the Strand to the valleys of Arcadia, says, "That every intelligent reader sickens at the mention of the crook and the pipe, the sheep and the kids." This appears to be an unjust and harsh condemnation of all Pastoral Poetry. And the same author depreciates and despises the Amynta of Tasso, and the Pastor Fido of Guarini, two pieces of exquisite poetry, and which have gained a lasting applause.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 90. *The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields:*] Alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thistle worn by Queen

Anne; and to the arms of France, the Fleur-de-lis. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. iii.

" Dic, quibus in terris inscripti nomina *Regum*
Nascantur *Flores;* et Phyllida solus habeto." P.

A mixture of British and Grecian ideas may justly be deemed a blemish in these Pastorals: and propriety is certainly violated, when he couples Pactolus with Thames, and Windsor with Hybla. Complaints of immoderate heat, and wishes to be conveyed to cooling caverns, when uttered by the inhabitants of Greece, have a decorum and consistency, which they totally lose in the character of a British shepherd: and Theocritus, during the ardours of Sirius, must have heard the murmurings of a brook, and the whispers of a pine, with more home-felt pleasure, than Pope could possibly experience upon the same occasion. We can never completely relish, or adequately understand, any author, especially any ancient, except we keep in our eye, his climate, his country, and his age. Pope himself informs us, in a note, that he judiciously omitted the following verse,

And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear,

on account of the absurdity, which Spenser overlooked, of introducing wolves into England. But on this principle, which is certainly a just one, may it not be asked why he should speak, the scene lying in Windsor-Forest, of the sultry Sirius, of the grateful clusters of *grapes*, of a *pipe of reeds*, the antique fistula, of *thanking Ceres for a plentiful harvest*, of *the sacrifice of lambs*, with many other instances that might be adduced to this purpose. That Pope however was sensible of the importance of adapting images to the scene of action, is obvious from the following example of his judgment; for in translating

Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere Lauros,

he has dexterously dropt the *laurels* appropriated to Eurotas, as he is speaking of the river Thames, and has rendered it,

Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his *Willows* learn the moving song.

In the passages which Pope has imitated from Theocritus, and from his Latin Translator Virgil, he has merited but little applause. It may not be unentertaining to see how coldly and unpoetically Pope has copied the subsequent appeal to the Nymphs

on the death of Daphnis, in comparison of Milton on Lycidas, one of his juvenile, but one of his most exquisite pieces.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids lie;
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.

LYCIDAS.

The mention of places remarkably romantic, the supposed habitations of Druids, Bards, and Wizards, is far more pleasing to the imagination, than the obvious introduction of Cam and Isis, as seats of the Muses.

SUMMER:

THE SECOND PASTORAL[1].

OR,

ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion shew,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, were thus printed in the first edition:

A faithful swain, whom love had taught to sing,
Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;
Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads. P.

Ver. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove. W.

REMARKS.

[1] It is unfortunate that this second pastoral, the worst of the four, should be inscribed to the best judge of all his four other friends to whom they were addressed.

Ver. 2. *Thame,*] An inaccurate word, instead of Thames.

Ver. 3. The Scene of this Pastoral by the river-side, suitable to the heat of the season; the Time, noon. P.

The Naïads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.
Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring,
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?

REMARKS.

Ver. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of our Poet, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death. P.

He was a man of the sweetest disposition, amiable manners, and universal benevolence. All parties, at a time when party violence was at a great height, joined in praising and loving him. I hope I may be pardoned from speaking of his character *con amore*, from my near connexion with one of his descendants; and yet I trust I shall not be accused of an improper partiality. One of the most exquisite pieces of wit ever written by Addison, is a defence of Garth against the Examiner, 1710.

Ver. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring,*] Is a line out of Spenser's Epithalamion. P.

Ver. 18. *Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?*] A line unworthy our Author, containing a false and trivial thought; as is also the 22d line.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. *And Jove consented*]
"Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri." Virg. P.

Ver. 15. *nor to the deaf I sing,*]
"Non canimus surdis: respondent omnia sylvæ." Virg. P.

The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 27. Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
I shun, &c. P.

REMARKS.

Ver. 27. *As in the*] This is one of those passages in which Virgil, by too closely copying Theocritus, has violated propriety; and not attended to the different characters of Cyclops and Corydon. The sea, which is a proper looking-glass for the gigantic son of Neptune, who also constantly dwelt on the shore, was certainly not equally adapted to the face of the little Land-shepherd. The same may be said of the cheese and milk, and numerous herds of Polypheme, exactly suited to his Sicilian situation, and the rude and savage state of the speaker, whose character is admirably supported through the whole eleventh Idyllium of Theocritus.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23. *Where stray ye, Muses,* &c.]

" Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ
Naïdes, indigno quum Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnasi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonie Aganippe."
Virg. out of Theocr. P.

Ver. 27. Virgil again, from the Cyclops of Theocritus,
" nuper me in litore vidi,
Quum placidum ventis staret mare; non ego Daphnin,
Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago." P.

But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:

REMARKS.

Ver. 35, 36. *care,*] The only faulty rhymes, *care* and *sheer*, perhaps in these poems, where versification is in general so exact and correct.

Ver. 39. *Colin*] The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda. P.

Ver. 42. *Rosalinda's*] This is the lady with whom Spenser fell violently in love, as soon as he left Cambridge and went into the north; it is uncertain into what family, and in what capacity. Her name is an Anagram, and the letters of which it is composed will make out her true name; for Spenser (says the learned and ingenious Mr. Upton, his best Editor) is an Anagrammatist in many of his names: thus *Algrind* transposed is Archbishop *Grindal*; and *Morrel* is Bishop *Elmer*. He is supposed to hint at the cruelty and coquetry of his Rosalind in B. 6. of the Fairy Queen, in the character of Mirabella.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 40. *bequeath'd in death,* &c.] Virg. Ecl. ii.

" Est mihi dispositis septem compacta cicutis
Fistula, Damœtas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum." P.

But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The Nymphs forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains their fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 60. *Descending Gods have found Elysium here.*] "—— habitarunt Dî quoque sylvas"—Virg.
"Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis." Idem. P.

This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
O deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
O! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,

Ver. 67, 68.] I think these two lines would not have passed without animadversion in any of our great schools.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written. But the Author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which Spenser himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England. P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 80. *And winds shall waft*, &c.]

" Partem aliquam, venti, divûm referatis ad aures!"
Virg. P.

To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay. P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 88. *Ye gods!* &c.]

"Me tamen urit amor; quis enim modus adsit amori?"
Idem. P.

Virgil, in his Epic, attempted to paint those manners which he had never seen; and in his Pastora, those rustic manners which he was little acquainted with.

AUTUMN:

THE THIRD PASTORAL[1].

OR,

HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY[2].

BENEATH the shade a spreading Beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the Grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring; 5
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

REMARKS.

[1] This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the viiith of Virgil: The Scene, a Hill; the Time, at Sunset. P.

[2] His intrigues with the Dutchess of Cleveland, his marriage with the Countess of Drogheda, Charles the Second's displeasure on this marriage, his debts and distresses, and other particulars of his life, are well related by Dennis in a letter to Major Pack, 1720. In Dennis's collection of Letters, published in two volumes, 1721, to which Mr. Pope subscribed, Lord Lansdown has drawn his character, as a writer, in an elegant manner; chiefly with a view of shewing the impropriety of an epithet given to him by Lord Rochester, who called him slow Wycherley; for that, notwithstanding his pointed wit, and forcible expression, he composed with facility and haste.

Thou, whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of Swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

REMARKS.

Ver. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine,*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of Comedies; of which the most celebrated were the *Plain-Dealer* and *Country Wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was, that he had too much. However, he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve; though with a little more correctness. P.

Surely with much more correctness, taste, and judgment.

Ver. 8. *The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;*] This line alludes to that famous character given of Terence, by Cæsar:

" Tu quoque, tu in summis, *ô dimidiate Menander*,
Poneris, et merito, puri sermonis amator:
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret *vis Comica*."

So that the judicious critic sees he should have said—*with Menander's fire*. For what the poet meant, was, that his friend had joined to Terence's art, what Cæsar thought wanting in Terence, namely, the *vis comica* of Menander. Besides,—*and Menander's fire*, is making that the Characteristic of Menander which was not. He was distinguished for having art and *comic spirit* in conjunction, and Terence having only the first part, is called the *half of Menander*. W.

Ver. 9. *Whose sense instructs us,*] He was always very careful in his encomiums not to fall into ridicule, the deserved fate of weak and prostitute flatterers, and which they rarely escape. For *sense*, he would willingly have said *moral*; propriety required it. But this dramatic Poet's moral was remarkably faulty. His plays are all shamefully profligate both in the Dialogue and Action. W.

Ver. 11. *Oh, skill'd*] Few writers have less nature in them than Wycherley.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she,—
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;

REMARKS.

Ver. 25.] This rich assemblage of very pleasing pastoral images, is yet excelled by Shenstone's beautiful Pastoral Ballad in four parts.

Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, nor sun-shine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

REMARKS.

Ver. 43. *Not bubbling*] The turn of these four lines is evidently borrowed from Drummond of Hawthwarden, a charming but neglected Poet. He was born 1585, and died 1649. His verses are as smooth as Waller's, whom he preceded many years, having written a poem to King James, 1617; whereas Waller's first composition was to Charles I. 1625. His Sonnets are exquisitely beautiful and correct. He was one of our first and best imitators of the Italian Poets, and Milton had certainly read and admired him, as appears by many passages that might be quoted for that purpose. The four lines mentioned above follow;

To virgins flow'rs, to sun-burnt earth the rain,
To mariners fair winds amid the main,
Cool shades to pilgrims, whom hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.

And afterward again our author borrows in Abelard;

The grief was common, common were the cries.

I will just add, that Drayton's Pastorals, and his Nymphidia, do not seem to be attended to so much as they deserve.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 37. "Aurea duræ
Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus;
Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ."
Virg. Ecl. viii. P.

Ver. 43, &c.]
"Quale, sopor fessis in gramine; quale, per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo."
Ecl. v. P.

Go gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day:
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him through Lybia's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow;
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 52. "An, qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?"
Id. viii. P.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey"—
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep.
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains,
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

REMARKS.

Ver. 82. *dart?*] It should be *darted;* the present tense is used for the sake of the rhyme.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 82. *Or what ill eyes*]

" Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos." P.

Ver. 89.

" Nunc scio, quid sit Amor: duris in cotibus illum" &c. P.

This from Virgil is much inferior to the passage in Theocritus, from whence it is taken.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.

REMARKS.

Ver. 97. *Thus sung*] Among the multitude of English Poets who wrote pastorals, Fairfax, to whom our versification is thought to be so much indebted, ought to be mentioned. He wrote ten or twelve Eclogues after the accession of James I. They were like those of Mantuan and Spenser, allegorical, and alluded to the manners and characters of the times, and contained many satirical strokes against the King and his Court. They were lost in the fire that consumed the banqueting house at Whitehall; but it is said that Mr. W. Fairfax, his son, recovered them from his father's papers; the fourth of them was published by Mrs. Cooper in the Muses' Library, 1737.

Ver. 98. 100.] There is a little inaccuracy here; the first line makes the time after sunset; the second, before. W.

Ver. 100. *And the low sun*] Mr. Gray's Evening, described in the two first stanzas of his excellent Elegy, is far more picturesque and poetical. I would propose to read the two first lines of his elegy with a new punctuation, as follows:

The curfew tolls! the knell of parting day!

WINTER:

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

OR,

DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

REMARKS.

WINTER.] This was the poet's favourite Pastoral.

Mrs. Tempest.] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend, Mr. Walsh,* who having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his Letters,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Thyrsis, the music,* &c.] Ἀδύ τι, &c. Theocr. Id. i.

---

* On lately reading Mr. Walsh's Preface to Dryden's translation of Virgil's Eclogues, I was convinced he had a greater share of learning than he is usually allowed to possess. His strictures on the French language and manners, and on Fontenelle's affected and unnatural Eclogues, as well as on his vain attempt to depreciate the ancients, are very solid and judicious. To what he has said of Virgil may be added, that one of the most natural strokes in all his Eclogues, is the shepherd's reckoning his years by the succession of his loves;

Postquam nos Amaryllis habet———

This pastoral chronology is much in character.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

REMARKS.

dated Sept. 9, 1706. "Your last Eclogue being on the same subject with mine, on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this Eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the Pastoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight. P.

I do not find any lines that allude to the great storm of which the Poet speaks.

Ver. 9. *shine with silver frost,*] The image is a fine one, but improperly placed. The idea he would raise is the *deformity* of Winter, as appears by the following line; but this imagery contradicts it. It should have been—*glare with hoary frost*, or some such expression: the same inaccuracy in ver. 31, where he uses *pearls*, when he should have said *tears*. W.

The alteration here proposed by Warburton, seems to be very injudicious and inelegant; and much resembles an alteration he wished to make in Love's Labour Lost; which was, to read—

——to paint the meadows *much bedight*,

instead of the present reading,

——to paint the meadows with delight.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 13. *Thames heard*, &c.]

"Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros." Virg. P.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
"Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 29. Originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd since you are gone;
Behold the clouds have put their mourning on. W.

Which are very bad lines indeed.

REMARKS.

Ver. 29. *'Tis done,*] Thomson uses these very words at the end of his Winter. *'Tis done!* &c.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23, 24, 25.] "Inducite fontibus umbras——
Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen." P.

Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!
No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall list'ning in mid-air suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!
Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;

REMARKS.

Ver. 41. *sweet echo*] This expression of *sweet echo* is taken from Comus; as is another expression, *loose traces*, Third Past. v. 62. And he recommends these poems in high terms to Sir W. Trumball (see the Letters) so early as the year 1704.

The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!
But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.

REMARKS.

Ver. 70. *Above the clouds,*] In Spenser's November, and in Milton's Lycidas, is the same beautiful change of circumstances: in the latter most exquisite, from line 165.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more—
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the inexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 69, 70. " miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis." Virg. P.

Ver. 81. " illius aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus." Virg. P.

While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise, shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves,
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,
Thy honour, name, and praise, shall never end.

REMARKS.

Ver. 85. *Unwholesome dews;*] Observe how the melody of those four verses is improved, by the pure iambic foot at the end of each line, except the second,

——unwholesomĕ dēws
—— dĕcāy
—— ŏbēy.

Ver. 87.] If, according to some critics, pleasing images alone are proper to be exhibited in pastoral poetry, it must be unsuitable, to the intent of this sort of poetry, to lay the scene in the severities of winter.

Ver. 89, &c.] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularized before in each. P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 86. "solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra;
Juniperi gravis umbra." Virg. P.

Ver. 88. *Time conquers all,* &c.]

"Omnia vincit amor; et nos cedamus amori."

Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. et Spenser's Calendar.

The sycophancy of A. Phillips, who had prejudiced Mr. Addison against Pope, occasioned those papers in the Guardian, written by the latter, in which there is an ironical preference given to the Pastorals of Phillips, above his own; in order to support the profound judgment of those who could not distinguish between the rural and the rustic; and, on that account, condemned the Pastorals of Pope for wanting simplicity. These papers were sent by an unknown hand to Steele, and the irony escaping him, he communicated them to Mr. Pope, declaring he would never publish any paper, where one of the Club was complimented at the expense of another. Pope told him he was too delicate, and insisted that the papers should be published in the Guardian. They were so. And the pleasantry escaped all but Addison: who, taking Pope aside, said to him in his agreeable manner; You have put your friends here in a very ridiculous light, as will be seen when it is understood, as it must soon be, that you was only laughing at the admirers of Phillips.

But this ill conduct of Phillips occasioned a more open ridicule of his Pastorals, in the mock poem called the *Shepherd's Week*, written by Gay. But though more open, the object of it was ill understood by those who were strangers to the quarrel. These mistook the *Shepherd's Week* for a Burlesque of *Virgil's Pastorals*. How far this goes towards a vindication of Phillips's simple painting, let others judge. W.

Upon the whole, the principal merit of these pastorals consists, in their musical and correct versification; musical, to a degree of which rhyme could hardly be thought capable; and in giving the truest specimen of that harmony in English verse, which is now become indispensably necessary; and which has so forcibly and universally influenced the public ear, as to have obliged every moderate rhymer to be at least melodious. Ten pastorals written by Dr. Evans, the friend of Pope, are inserted in the Eighth Volume of Nichols's Poems, never before printed, and as early as our Author's. Some of them in the rustic style and manner of Gay. In the same volume, page 208, are fourteen Piscatory Eclogues, entitled Nereides, by Diaper, who was patronized by Swift, and who dedicates them to Congreve.

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE:

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretel the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that man ner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation[1]. P.

[1] As Pope made use of the old translation of Isaiah in the passages which he subjoined, it was thought proper to use the same, and not have recourse to the more accurate and more animated version of Bishop Lowth.

The spuriousness of those Sibylline verses which have been applied to our Saviour, has been so fully demonstrated by many able and judicious critics, that, I imagine, they will not be again

adduced as proofs of the truth of the Christian Religion by any sound and conclusive reasoner. The learned Heyne has discussed this point in his notes on the second Eclogue of Virgil, pag. 73. v. 1.; [in his Argument to the fourth Eclogue. W. S. D.] and he adds an opinion about prophecy in general, too remarkable to be omitted, but of too delicate a nature to be quoted in any words but his own. " Scilicet inter omnes populos, magna imprimis aliqua calamitate oppressos, Vaticinia circumferri assolent, quæ sive graviora minari sive lætiora solent polliceri, eaque, necessaria rerum vicissitudine, melioribus aliquando succedentibus temporibus, fere semper eventum habent. Nullo tamen tempore vaticiniorum insanius fuit studium, quam sub extrema Reipublicæ Romanæ tempora, primosque Imperatores; cum bellorum civilium calamitates hominum animos terroribus omnis generis agitatos ad varia portentorum, prodigiorum, et vaticiniorum ludibria convertissent.—Quascunque autem in hoc genere descriptiones novæ felicitatis habemus, sive in Orientis sive in Græcis ac Romanis poetis, omnes inter se similes sunt: bestiæ ac feræ cicures, serpentes innocui, fruges nullo cultu enatæ, mare placidum, dii præsentes in terris, aliaque ejusmodi in omnibus memorantur." In contradiction to this opinion the reader is desired to turn to as remarkable a passage at the end of the twenty-first of Bishop Lowth's excellent Lectures on the Hebrew Poetry.

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

Ye Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes, sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. *A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

"Jam redit et Virgo: redeunt Saturnia regna[1];
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.——
Te duce, si qua manent, sceleris vestigia nostri
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras——
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem."

"Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever relics of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father."

Isaiah, Ch. vii. v. 14.—"Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son."——Ch. ix. v. 6, 7. "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever." P.

[1] Dante says, that Statius was made a Christian by reading this passage in Virgil. See L. Gyraldus, p. 534.

From [2] Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' Ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye [3] heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!

REMARKS.

Ver. 10. *with fragrance fills*] Badly translated by Dr. Johnson;

—— mulcentesque æthera flores
Cælestes lambunt animæ——

Ver. 13. *Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour, And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!*] His original says, "Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness: let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together."—This is a very noble description of divine grace shed abroad in the hearts of the faithful under the Gospel dispensation. And the poet understood all its force, as appears from the two lines preceding these,—*Th' Ethereal Spirit, &c.* The prophet describes this under the image of *rain*, which chiefly fits the *first age* of the Gospel: The poet, under the idea of *dew*, which extends it to *every age*. And it was his purpose it should be so understood, as appears from his expression of *soft silence*, which agrees with the *common*, not the *extraordinary* effusions of the Holy Spirit. The figurative term is wonderfully happy. He who would moralize the ancient Mythology in the manner of Bacon, would say, that by the poetical *nectar*, is meant the *grace* of the Theologists. W.

This interpretation of the words *rain* and *dew*, and of the *common* and the *extraordinary* effusions of the Holy Spirit, is to the last degree forced, and fanciful, and far-fetched. Warburton, it must be confessed, frequently disgraced his acuteness and great talents, by endeavouring to find out and extort new meanings in the authors whom he undertook to criticise. This interpretation is near akin to that marvellous one which he has given to a speech in the second act of Hamlet, where he contends, that the words, "if the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog, being a God, kissing carrion," point out the supreme cause diffusing its blessing on mankind, who is, as it were, a dead carrion, dead in

[2] Isai. xi. v. 1. [3] Ch. xlv. v. 8.

The [4] sick and weak the healing plant shall aid!
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning [5] justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:

REMARKS.

original sin, man, instead of a proper return of duty, should breed only corruption and vices. Are these sort of interpretations a jot less ridiculous than that of Father Harduin's on the twentieth ode of the second book of Horace, who tells us, this ode is a prosopopeia of Christ triumphing and addressing the Jews after his resurrection? That biformis vates alludes to his being in forma dei, and in forma servi. That the second part of the allegory points to the Dominicans, who should preach and diffuse his gospel to distant nations; that alitem album, meant their white garments; and residunt pelles cruribus asperæ, their boots.

Ver. 17. *ancient fraud*] *i. e.* the fraud of the serpent. W.

Ver. 23. *See Nature*] Perhaps the dignity, the energy, and the simplicity, of the original, are in a few passages weakened and diminished by florid epithets, and useless circumlocutions.

See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:

are lines which have too much prettiness, and too modern an

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23. *See Nature hastes, &c.*]

Virg. Ecl. iv. v. 18.

" At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes ederas passim cum baccare, tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho——
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores."

[4] Isai. xxv. v. 4. [5] Ch. ix. v. 7.

See lofty Lebanon [6] his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the [7] way! a God, a God appears:

REMARKS.

air. The judicious addition of circumstances and adjuncts is what renders poesy a more lively imitation of nature than prose. Pope has been happy in introducing the following circumstance: the prophet says, "The parched ground shall become a pool;" our Author expresses this idea by saying, that the shepherd

—— shall start amid the thirsty wild to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear[8].

A striking example of a similar beauty may be added from Thomson. Melisander, in the Tragedy of Agamemnon, after telling us he was conveyed in a vessel, at midnight, to the wildest of the Cyclades, adds, when the pitiless mariners had left him in that dreadful solitude,

———————— I never heard
A sound so dismal as their parting oars!

IMITATIONS.

"For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with *Baccar*, and *Colocasia* with smiling *Acanthus*. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee."

Isaiah, Ch. xxxv. v. 1. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."—Ch. lx. v. 13. "The glory of *Lebanon* shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary." P.

Ver. 29. *Hark! a glad voice, &c.*]
Virg. Ecl. iv. v. 48.

"Aggredere o magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores,
Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—

[6] Isai. xxxv. v. 2. [7] Ch. xl. v. 3, 4.
[8] Mess. v. 70.

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!

REMARKS.

On the other hand, the prophet has been sometimes particular, when Pope has been only general. "Lift up thine eyes round about, and see; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee:——The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah: all they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense, and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord. All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee; the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee[9]." In imitating this passage, Pope has omitted the different beasts that in so picturesque a manner characterize the different countries which were to be gathered together on this important event; and says, only in undistinguishing terms,

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings;
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs[1].

Ver. 26.] An improper and burlesque image!

Ver. 35. *With heads declin'd,*] All is here uniformly solemn and majestic; not debased by any of those mean images that Cowley has so unaccountably introduced into his imitation of the 34th chapter of this sublime prophet. The sword of God is

IMITATIONS.

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes; ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta: Deus, Deus ille, Menalca!"
Ecl. v. ver. 62.

"Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the

[9] Isaiah, ch. lx. v. 4, 6, 7. [1] Mess. v. 94.

The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him, [8] ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:

REMARKS.

called the Scarlet Glutton. And see the marvellous burlesque in the following lines;

The lion then shall to the leopard say,
Brother leopard come away!
The vultures shall find the bus'ness done!
Th' unbury'd ghosts shall sadly moan,
The satyrs laugh to hear them groan!

Ver. 39. *He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,*] The sense and language shew, that by *visual ray*, the poet meant the *sight*, or, as Milton calls it, indeed something less boldly, though more exactly, *the visual nerve*. However, no critic would quarrel with the figure which calls the *instrument* of vision by the name of the *cause*. But though the term be noble and sublime, yet the expression of *thick films* is faulty; and he fell into it by a common neglect of the following rule of good writing, "That when a figurative word is used, whatsoever is predicated of it ought not only to agree in terms to the thing to which the figure is applied, but likewise to that from which the figure is taken." *Thick films* agree only with the thing to which it is applied, namely, to the *sight* or eye; and not to that from which it is taken, namely, a *ray of light* coming to the eye. He should have said *thick clouds*, which would have agreed with both. But these inaccuracies are not to be found in his later poems. W.

IMITATIONS.

very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God!"

Isaiah, ch. xl. v. 3, 4. "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight in the desert a high way for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain." Ch. iv. v. 23. "Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel." P.

[8] Isai. xliii. v. 18. Ch. xxxv. v. 5, 6.

'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In [1] adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd [2] tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd [3] father of the future age.
No more shall [4] nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

REMARKS.

It is remarkable, that this observation bears a close resemblance to what Concanen says of this passage, p. 23. of his Supplement to the Profund. 1728.

Ver. 46. This line was thus altered by Steele.

Ver. 53. He, is redundant.

Ver. 56. *The promis'd father of the future age.*] In Isaiah ix. it is the everlasting Father; which the LXX render, *The father of the world to come;* agreeably to the style of the New Testament, in which the kingdom of the Messiah is called the age of the world to come; Mr. Pope, therefore, has, with great judgment, adopted the sense of the LXX, which, it is strange, his commentator, who is a divine, has not observed.

[1] Isai. xxv. v. 8.
[2] Ch. xl. v. 11.
[3] Ch. ix. v. 6.
[4] Ch. ii. v. 4.

Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful [5] Son
Shall finish what his short liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren [6] deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy [7] valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapeless box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 67, *The swain in barren deserts*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

"Molli paullatim flavescet campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella."

"The fields shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distil honey like dew."

Isaiah, Ch. xxxv. v. 7. "The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty lands springs of water: In the habitation where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds and rushes."—Ch. lv. v. 13. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree." P.

[5] Isai. lxv. v. 21, 22. [6] Ch. xxxv. v. 1, 7.
[7] Ch. xli. v. 19. and Ch. lv. v. 13.

The [8] lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry banks the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless [9] serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial [1] Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 77. *The lambs with wolves*, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

" Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera; nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet."—

" The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk; nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die."

Isaiah, Ch. xi. v. 16, &c. " The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together: and a little child shall lead them.—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of a cockatrice." P.

Ver. 80. From the words occidet & serpens, it was idly concluded the old serpent, Satan, was meant.

Ver. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!*] The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his Pollio.

" Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!
—toto surget gens aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menses!
Adspice, venturo lætantur ut omnia sæclo!"

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited. P.

[8] Isai. xi. v. 6, 7, 8. [9] Ch. lvi. v. 25. [1] Ch. lx. v. 1.

See, a long [2] race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous [3] nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of [4] Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising [5] Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The [5] seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

REMARKS.

Ver. 87. See the very animated prophecy of Joad, in the seventh scene of Racine's Athaliah, perhaps the most sublime piece of poetry in the French language, and a chief ornament of that which is one of the best of their tragedies. In speaking of these paraphrases from the sacred Scriptures, I cannot forbear mentioning Dr. Young's nervous and noble paraphrase of the book of Job, and Mr. Pitt's of the third and twenty-fifth chapters of the same book, and also of the fifteenth chapter of Exodus.

Ver. 100. Cynthia is an improper because a classical word.

[2] Isai. lx. v. 4. [3] Ch. lx. v. 3. [4] Ch. lx. v. 6.
[5] Ch. lx. 19, 20.

This is certainly the most animated and sublime of all our Author's compositions, and it is manifestly owing to the great original which he copied. Isaiah abounds in striking and magnificent imagery. See Mr. Mason's paraphrase of the 14th chapter of this exalted prophet. Dr. Johnson, in his youth, gave a translation of this piece, which has been praised and magnified beyond its merits. It may justly be said (with all due respect to the great talents of this writer), that in this translation of the Messiah are many hard and unclassical expressions, a great want of harmony, and many unequal and Un-virgilian lines. I was once present at a dispute, on this subject, betwixt a person of great political talents, and a scholar who had spent his life among the Greek and Roman classics. Both were intimate friends of Johnson. The former, after many objections had been made to this translation by the latter, quoted a line which he thought equal to any he ever had read.

——juncique tremit variabilis umbra.
The green reed trembles——

The Scholar (Pedant if you will) said, there is no such word as *variabilis* in any classical writer. Surely, said the other, in Virgil; variabile semper femina.——You forget, said the opponent, it is varium et mutabile.

In two men of superior talents it was certainly no disgrace to the one not to have written pure Virgilian verses, nor to the other to have misquoted a line of the Æneid. They only who are such idolaters of the Rambler, as to think he could do every thing equally well, can alone be mortified at hearing that the following lines in his Messiah are reprehensible;

——Cœlum mihi carminis alta materies——
——dignos accende furores——
Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes—
Ille cutim spissam visus hebetare vetabit—
——furat horrida membris—
——juncique tremit variabilis umbra—
——buxique sequaces
Artificis frondent dextræ—
——fessa colubri
Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.

Boileau despised the writers of modern Latin poetry. Jortin said he was no extraordinary classical scholar, and that he translated Longinus from the Latin. Of all the celebrated French

writers Racine appears to be the best, if not the only Greek scholar, except Fenelon. The rest, Corneille, Moliere, La Motte, Fontenelle, Crebillon, Voltaire, knew little of that language.

I find and feel it impossible to conclude these remarks on Pope's Messiah, without mentioning another poem taken also from Isaiah, the noble and magnificent ode on the Destruction of Babylon, which Dr. Lowth hath given us in the thirteenth of his Prelections on the Poetry of the Hebrews; and which, the scene, the actors, the sentiments, and diction, all contribute to place in the first rank of the sublime; these Prelections, abounding in remarks entirely new, delivered in the purest and most expressive language, have been received and read with almost universal approbation, both at home and abroad, as being the richest augmentation literature has in our times received, and as tending to illustrate and recommend the Holy Scriptures in an uncommon degree. It has been constantly a matter of surprise to hear an eminent prelate pronouncing lately, with a dogmatical air, that these Prelections, "are in a vein of criticism not above the common." Notwithstanding which decision, it may safely be affirmed, that they will long survive, after the commentaries on Horace's Art of Poetry, and on the Essay on Man, are lost and forgotten.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano: Te nostræ, *Vare*, myricæ,
Te *Nemus* omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ *Vari* præscripsit pagina nomen.—VIRG.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN[1].

THY forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 3, &c. Originally thus, (and indeed much better;)

Chaste Goddess of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naïads of the floods,
Lead me through arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades,
Unlock your springs— P.

NOTES.

This Poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals; the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published. P.

[1] Notwithstanding the many praises lavished on this celebrated nobleman as a poet, by Dryden, by Addison, by Bolingbroke, by our Author, and others, yet candid criticism must oblige us to confess, that he was but a feeble imitator of the feeblest parts of Waller. In his tragedy of Heroic Love, he seems not to have had a true relish for Homer whom he copied; and in the British Enchanters, very little fancy is to be found in a subject fruitful of romantic imagery. It was fortunate for him, says Mr. Walpole in his Anecdotes, that in an age when persecution raged so fiercely against lukewarm authors, that he had an intimacy with the Inquisitor General; how else would such lines as these escape the Bathos; they are in his Heroic Love;

—— Why thy Gods
Enlighten thee to speak their *dark* decrees.

His Progress of Beauty, and his Essay on Unnatural Flights in

GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing? 6
The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:

NOTES.

Poetry, seem to be the best of his pieces; in the latter are many good critical remarks and precepts, and it is accompanied with notes that contain much agreeable instruction. For it may be added, his prose is better than his verse. Witness a Letter to a Young Man on his taking Orders, his Observations on Burnet, and his Defence of his relation Sir Richard Grenville, and a Translation of some parts of Demosthenes, and a Letter to his Father on the Revolution, written in October 1688. After having been Secretary at War 1710, Controller and Treasurer to the Household, and of her Majesty's Privy Council, and created a Peer 1711, he was seized as a suspected person, at the accession of King George the First, and confined in the Tower, in the very chamber that had before been occupied by Sir Robert Walpole. But whatever may be thought of Lord Lansdown as a poet, his character as a man, was highly valuable. His conversation was most pleasing and polite; his affability, and universal benevolence and gentleness, captivating; he was a firm friend, and a sincere lover of his country. This is the character I received of him from his near relation, and descendant, the late excellent Mrs. Delany; who was herself a true judge of merit and worth; of which she possessed so great a degree. Lord Lansdown was frequently the subject of those entertaining conversations at which I had the honour and advantage of being sometimes present, both in London and Windsor; in both which places, she was enabled to pass the remainder of a most well-spent life, with great ease and comfort, by the kindness of royal munificence, bestowed on her with equal delicacy and generosity.

Ver. 7. A feeble and niggardly encomium on the Paradise Lost, which in truth was not much read when our young poet wrote this passage. There is an inaccuracy in the ninth line, in making the flame equal to a grove. It might have been Milton's flame. In a great writer we can pardon nothing, least his blemishes should be copied.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 6. "neget quis carmina Gallo?" Virg.

These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend:
There wrapt in clouds the bluest hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dies,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 25. Originally thus;

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
While through fresh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath? P.

NOTES.

Ver. 15.] Evidently from Cooper's Hill;

Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, thro' the universe.

Ver. 19.] It is a false thought, and gives, as it were, sentiment to the groves.

While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Tho' gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.
  Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they;

NOTES.

Ver. 33. *Not proud Olympus, &c.*] Sir J. Denham, in his Cooper's Hill, had said,

"Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres."

The comparison is childish, as the taking it from fabulous history destroys the compliment. Our Poet has shewn more judgment: he has made a manly use of as fabulous a circumstance by the artful application of the mythology,

"Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear," &c.

Making the nobility of the hills of Windsor-forest to consist in supporting the inhabitants in plenty. W.

This appears an idle play on the word "supporting."

Ver. 37.] The word *crown'd* is exceptionable; it makes Pan crowned with flocks.

Ver. 45. *savage laws*] The Forest Laws. See the account

Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves)
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a Tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for sportive Tyrants bled,
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran
(For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man.)

Ver. 57, &c.

No wonder savages or subjects slain——
But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word "savages" is not properly applied to beasts, but to men; which occasioned the alteration. P.

NOTES.

of them in Blackstone's excellent Lectures; the killing a deer, boar, or hare, was punished with the loss of the delinquent's eyes.

The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 72. And wolves with howling fill, &c.]
The author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror. P.

NOTES.

Ver. 65. *The fields are ravish'd, &c.*] Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there by William I. P.

I have the authority of three or four of our best antiquarians to say, that the common tradition of villages and parishes, within the compass of thirty miles, being destroyed, in the New Forest, is absolutely groundless, no traces or vestiges of such being to be discovered, nor any other parish named in Doomsday Book, but what now remains. Of late years, some minute inquiries have been made on this subject, by accurate and well-inform'd judges, who are clearly of this opinion. The President Henault has given us a more amiable idea of our Norman Conqueror than is here exhibited.

Ver. 71.] This image of the fox is in the poems ascribed to Ossian.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 65. *The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,*
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:]
Translated from

" Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,"

an old monkish writer, I forget who. P.

In Camden's Britannia, first edition, in the account of Somersetshire it is said of Edgar,

Templa Deo, Templis Monachos, Monachis dedit agros.

Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man, who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey:

NOTES.

Ver. 74.] A fine remain of ancient art and ancient customs, a piece of tapestry, said to be the work of Queen Matilda, is annually exhibited in the cathedral church of Bayeux, in Normandy, representing the expedition of William the Conqueror, and containing a most minute picture of every part of that event, from his landing in England to the battle of Hastings. An engraving of it is given in the tenth volume of the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres.

Ver. 80.] In St. Foix's entertaining historical Essays on Paris, it is related, p. 95. tom. 5. that just as the body of William I. was going to be put into the grave, a voice cried aloud, "I forbid his interment. When William was only Duke of Normandy, he seized this piece of Land from my father, on which he built this abbey of St. Stephen, without making me a recompense, which I now demand." Prince Henry, who was present, called out the man, who was only a common farrier, and agreed to give him a hundred crowns for this burial place. Except the former conquest of England by the Saxons, (says Hume, vol. i.) who were induced, by peculiar circumstances, to proceed even to the extermination of the natives, it would be difficult to find in all history, a revolution more destructive, or attended with a more complete subjection of the ancient inhabitants.

Ver. 81. *second hope*] Richard, second son of William the Conqueror. W.

Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise:
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forest wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 91.

O may no more a foreign master's rage,
With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs.
P.

NOTES.

Ver. 83. The moment Walter Tyrrel had shot him, without speaking of the accident, he instantly hastened to the sea-shore and embarked for France, and from thence hurried to Jerusalem to do penance for his involuntary crime. The body of Rufus was found in the forest by a countryman, whose family are still said to be living near the spot, and was buried, without any pomp, before the altar of Winchester cathedral, where the monument still remains. Though the Monkish historians, who hated him, may perhaps have exaggerated his vices, yet he seems really to have been a violent, prodigal, proud, perfidious, ungenerous, and tyrannical prince. There was however something of magnificence in his building the Tower, Westminster-hall, and London-bridge.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 89. "Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma." Virg.

Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 97.

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And into wine the purple harvest bleeds*,
The partridge feeding in the new-shorn fields,
Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasures yields.

Ver. 107. It stood thus in the first Editions:

Pleas'd in the Gen'ral's sight, the host lie down
Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

NOTES.

Ver. 93.] These rural sports of setting, shooting, and fishing, are not, it must be allowed, sufficiently appropriated, and are suited as much to any other place as to the forest of Windsor. The stag chase is by no means so full, so animated, and so circumstantial, as that of Somerville.

* Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to describe the season by a circumstance not proper to our climate, the vintage. P.

Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dies,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With slaught'ring guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.
This is a better line.

NOTES.

Ver. 115.] In the art of inserting reflections, moral or pathetic, in descriptive poems, no writer has excelled Gray, in his enchanting Elegy written in a country church-yard; one of the chief beauties in any piece of local poetry, when such reflections naturally rise out of the scene and subject before us.

Ver. 124. The philosophy, and the sentiment, and the expressions of this line, and of line 50, *beasts were backward to be slaves*, are all blamable.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 115. "nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula texit." Virg. W.
Certainly not an imitation of this passage in Virgil.

Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian die,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high. P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 134. "Præcipites alta vitam sub nube relinquunt." Virg.

Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal hunters, and her virgin train;
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the Main.
Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;

NOTES.

Ver. 162. Queen Anne.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 151. *Th' impatient courser, &c.*] Translated from Statius,

" Stare adeo miserum est, pereunt vestigia mille
Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum."

These lines Mr. Dryden, in his preface to his translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, calls *wonderfully fine*, and says, "they would cost him an hour, if he had the leisure, to translate them, there is so much of beauty in the original;" which was the reason, I suppose, why Mr. P. tried his strength with them. W.

The second line in Statius, says Jortin, is bombastic.

Ver. 158. *And earth rolls back*] He has improved his original,

" terræque urbesque recedunt." Virg. W.

But no imitation of Virgil was here intended.

Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.

NOTES.

Ver. 171.] Dr. Johnson seems to have passed too severe a censure on this episode of Lodona. A tale in a descriptive poet has certainly a good effect. See Thomson's Lavinia; and the many beautiful tales interwoven in the Loves of the Plants.

Ver. 179.] From the fourth book of Virgil, who copied it from Homer's beautiful figure of Apollo. Iliad, b. i. v. 76. But, as Dr. Clark finely and acutely observes, even Virgil has lost the beauty and the propriety of the original. Homer says, the arrows sounded in the quiver, because the step of the God was hasty and irregular, as of an angry person. Irati describitur incessus, paulo utique inæquebilior.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 175.

" Nec positu variare comas; ubi fibula vestem,
Vitta coercuerat neglectos alba capillos." Ovid.

Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Nor half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God more furious, urg'd the chase.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
" Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 185, 186.

" Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbæ,
Ut solet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas." Ovid.

Ver. 193, 196.

" Sol erat a tergo: vidi præcedere longam
Ante pedes umbram; nisi si timor illa videbat.
Sed certe sonituque pedum terrebar; et ingens
Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris."

Most of the circumstances in this tale are from Ovid.

Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies.
The wat'ry landskip of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green,
Through the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.
Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:

NOTES.

Ver. 207. *Still bears the name*] The River Loddon.

Ver. 211. *Oft in her glass, &c.*] These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem. P.

And in truth they are but puerile and redundant.

Ver. 227.] Very ill expressed; especially the river's filling the lays.

Nor all his stars above a lustre shew,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires:
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields:
With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 233. It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,
To change Olympus, &c.

Ver. 235.

Happy the man, who to these shades retires,
But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires!
Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please;
But far more blest, who study joins with ease. P.

NOTES.

Ver. 236.] All this passage clearly resembles one in Philips's Cider, Book i. towards the end.

T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature and regard his end;
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.

NOTES.

Ver. 251. *T' observe a mean,*] This is marked as an imitation of Lucretius in the first, and all editions of Warburton; but erroneously; the passage is in the second book of Lucan, v. 381.

Ver. 259.] "Here, you cannot but be sensible (says the ingenious Mr. Webb) how the enthusiasm is tamed by the precision of the couplet, and the consequent littleness of the scenery. How different from Milton!

"———Yet not the more
Cease I to wander," &c. Par. Lost. 3d B.

The following four lines, v. 267, are far more poetical, but these again must yield to an enchanting passage in Thomson's Summer, p. 39, of the first edition, and which is altered for the worse in the later editions.

Ver. 263.] Denham, says Dr. Johnson, seems to have been, at least among us, the author of a species of composition that may be denominated *Local Poetry*, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection, or incidental meditation. Cooper's Hill, if it be maliciously inspected, will not be found without its faults; the digressions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the

(On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow)
I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By God-like Poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY'S tongue.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 267. It stood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
And hear your music echoing through the grove:
With transport visit each inspiring shade,
By God-like Poets venerable made.

NOTES.

sentiments such as will not bear a rigorous inquiry. It was first printed at Oxford, in 1633.

Ver. 271. *majestic Denham*] In the Memoirs of Count Grammont, 4to edition, p. 200, Sir John Denham is charged with the atrocious crime of poisoning his young and beautiful wife. The populace in his neighbourhood said they would tear him in pieces for this abominable act, as soon as he should come abroad. In the year 1667 he appeared to have been disordered in his intellects. And in Temple's Works a very depreciating account of his behaviour is given, vol. i. p. 484. In Butler's Posthumous Works is a satire, entitled, A Panegyric on Denham's Recovery from Madness.

Ver. 272. *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*] Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey on the borders of the Forest, and was from thence conveyed to Westminster. P.

Disgusted with the business and bustle of the world, and the intrigues of courts, Cowley thought to have found an exemption of all cares in retiring to Chertsey. Dr. Johnson wrote a Rambler to ridicule his wish to retire to America, and has published a Letter, vol. i. of his Lives, p. 29, which he recommends to the perusal of all who pant for solitude. His House at Chertsey now belongs to Mr. Alderman Clarke.

O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
Since fate relentless stop'd their heavn'ly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY strung
His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE sings!
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies!
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 275.

What sighs, what murmurs, fill'd the vocal shore!
His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more. P.

Ver. 290. *Her silver star.*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the conclusion, were these,

My humble Muse in unambitious strains
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains;

NOTES.

Ver. 280.] *Living* is from Cowley.

Ver. 282.] The Mira of Granville was the Countess of Newburgh. Towards the end of her life Dr. King, of Oxford, wrote a very severe satire against her, in three books, 4to. called The Toast.

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

VARIATIONS.

Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,
Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains. P.

NOTES.

Ver. 291. *Here noble Surrey*] Henry Howard Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry; who flourished in the time of Henry VIII. P.

Ver. 297. *Fair Geraldine*] "The Fair Geraldine, (says Mr. Warton in his Hist. of English Poetry, vol. iii.) the general object of Lord Surrey's passionate sonnets, is commonly said to have lived at Florence, and to have been of the family of the Geraldi of that city. This is a misapprehension of an expression in one of our poet's odes, and a passage in Drayton's Heroic Epistles. She was, undoubtedly, one of the daughters of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare.

"It is not precisely known at what period the Earl of Surrey began his travels. They have the air of a romance. He made the tour of Europe in the true spirit of chivalry, and with the ideas of an Amadis; proclaiming the unparalleled charms of his mistress, and prepared to defend the cause of her beauty with the weapons of knight-errantry; nor was this adventurous journey performed without the intervention of an enchanter. The first city in Italy which he proposed to visit was Florence, the capital of Tuscany, and the original seat of the ancestors of his Geraldine. In his way thither, he passed a few days at the Emperor's court; where he became acquainted with Cornelius Agrippa, a celebrated adept in natural magic. This visionary philosopher shewed our hero, in a mirror of glass, a living image of Geraldine, re-

O would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!

NOTES.

clining on a couch, sick, and reading one of his most tender sonnets by a waxen taper. His imagination, which wanted not the flattering representations and artificial incentives of illusion, was heated anew by this interesting and affecting spectacle. Inflamed with every enthusiasm of the most romantic passion, he hastened to Florence; and, on his arrival, immediately published a defiance against any person who could handle a lance and was in love, whether Christian, Jew, Turk, Saracen, or Canibal, who should presume to dispute the superiority of Geraldine's beauty. As the lady was pretended to be of Tuscan extraction, the pride of the Florentines was flattered on this occasion: and the Grand Duke of Tuscany permitted a general and unmolested ingress into his dominions of the combatants of all countries, till this important trial should be decided. The challenge was accepted, and the Earl victorious. The shield which he presented to the Duke before the tournament began, is exhibited in Vertue's valuable plate of the Arundel family, and was actually in the possession of the late Duke of Norfolk.

"These heroic vanities did not, however, so totally engross the time which Surrey spent in Italy, as to alienate his mind from letters: he studied, with the greatest success, a critical knowledge of the Italian tongue; and, that he might give new lustre to the name of Geraldine, attained a just taste for the peculiar graces of the Italian poetry.

"He was recalled to England for some idle reason by the King, much sooner than he expected: and he returned home, the most elegant traveller, the most polite lover, the most learned nobleman, and the most accomplished gentleman, of his age. Dexterity in tilting, and gracefulness in managing a horse under arms, were excellences now viewed with a critical eye, and practised with a high degree of emulation. In 1540, at a tournament held in presence of the court at Westminster, and in which the principal of the nobility were engaged, Surrey was

With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through ev'ry age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 307. Originally thus in the MS.
When Brass decays, when Trophies lie o'erthrown,
And mould'ring into dust *drops the proud stone.*

NOTES.

distinguished above the rest for his address in the use and exercise of arms."

In the History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 12. is a poem of the elegiac kind, in which he laments his imprisonment in Windsor Castle.

Ver. 303. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here. P.

In what an exquisite strain does Gray speak of this monarch! and his son!

Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye,
Afford a tear to grace his obsequies.

Which is followed by that striking question,—

Is the sable warrior fled?——
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born,
Gone to salute the rising morn.

THE BARD, strophe 2.

I have sometimes wondered that Pope did not mention the building of Windsor Castle by Edward III. His architect was William of Wykeham, whose name, it must not be wondered at, if I seize every opportunity of mentioning with veneration and gratitude. Yet, perhaps, he was rather the supervisor and comptroller of the work, than the actual architect, as he had singular talents for business, activity, and management of affairs.

Ver. 307.] "Without much invention, (says Mr. Walpole,

Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where e'en the Great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest;
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone)

NOTES.

vol. iii. 59.) and with less taste, Verrio's exuberant pencil was ready at pouring out gods, goddesses, kings, emperors, and triumphs, over those public surfaces, on which the eye never rests long enough to criticise, and where one should be sorry to place the works of a better master, I mean, ceilings and staircases. He received, in all, for his various works, the sum of £.6,845.

Ver. 311. *Henry mourn,*] Henry VI. P.

How could he here omit the mention of Eton College, founded by this unfortunate King, and the Chapel of King's College in Cambridge. But Gray has made ample amends for this omission, by his most beautiful ode on the prospect of this neighbouring college, from which so many ornaments and supports of state and church have proceeded.

Ver. 314. *once-fear'd Edward sleeps:*] Edward IV. P.

Ver. 316.] See an account of Belerium, so called from Bellerus a Cornish giant, that part of Cornwall called the Lands End, in Warton's edition of Milton's Poems, p. 28.

Ver. 319. *Make sacred Charles's*] Vigneal-Marville, v. 1. p. 152. relates a fact concerning this unhappy Monarch that I do not find mentioned in any history; which, he says, Lord Clarendon used to mention when he retired to Rouen in Normandy; that

Oh fact accurst! what tears has Albion shed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She saw her sons with purple death expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.
At length great ANNA said—"Let discord cease!"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was Peace!
In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 321. Originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurst! oh sacrilegious brood,
Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood!
Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed,
Gods! what new wounds, &c.

Ver. 327. Thus in the MS.

Till Anna rose and bade the Furies cease;
Let there be peace—she said, and all was *Peace*.

NOTES.

one of the first circumstances that gave disgust to the people of England, and to some of the nobility, was a hint thrown out by Charles I. at the beginning of his reign, that he thought all the ecclesiastical revenues that had been seized and distributed by Henry VIII. ought to be restored to the church.

Ver. 322.] To say that the plague in London, and its consumption by fire, were judgments inflicted by Heaven for the murder of Charles I. is a very extraordinary stretch of Tory principles indeed.

Ver. 329.] It may gratify a curious reader to see an extract of a letter of Prior to Lord Bolingbroke, written from Paris, May 18, 1713, concerning a medal that was to be struck on the Peace of Utrecht, so highly celebrated in this passage: communicated to me by the favour of the late Dutchess Dowager of Portland.

His tresses drop'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood:
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis and the fruitful Thame:
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Lodden slow, with verdant alders crown'd;

VARIATIONS.

Between Verse 330 and 331, originally stood these lines,

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
With sparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave shone,
Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.
He saw, and gently rose above the stream;
His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam:
With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was drest,
The tributes of the distant East and West. P.

NOTES.

"I dislike your medal, with the motto,

——COMPOSITIS VENERANTUR ARMIS——

I will have one of my own design; the Queen's bust surrounded with laurel, and with this motto,

ANNÆ AUG.
FELICI, PACIFICÆ:

Peace in a triumphal car, and the words,

PAX MISSA PER ORBEM.

This is ancient, this is simple, this is sense.

Rosier shall execute it, in a manner not seen in England since Simonds's time."

Ver. 337.] He has copied, and equalled, the Rivers of Spenser, Drayton, and Milton.

Ver. 341.] The word *renown'd*, says a true poet, Dr. Darwin,

Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.
High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)

NOTES.

does not present the idea of a visible object to the mind, and is thence prosaic.

Ver. 350.] Whenever the river Thames is mentioned, I am afraid the disgraceful and impotent criticism of Dr. Johnson on a passage in Gray's Odes, will recur to the mind of the reader. I heartily wish, for the sake of its author, who had more strong sense than a just relish for true poetry, that this strange and unwarrantable remark of his, could be sunk into oblivion.

Our poet was not deterred, from the censure which Addison passed in his Campaign on raising and personifying river-gods, from giving us this fine description, in which Thames appears and speaks with suitable dignity and importance. How much superior is this picture to that of Boileau's Rhine; who represents the Naïads as alarming the God with an account of the march of the French Monarch; upon which the River God assumes the appearance of an old experienced commander, flies to a Dutch fort, and exhorts the garrison to dispute the intended passage. The Rhine, marching at their head, and observing Mars and Bellona on the side of the enemy, is so terrified with the view of these superior divinities, that he most gallantly runs away, and leaves the great hero Louis XIV. in quiet possession of his banks.—So much for a true court poet, who would not have dared to write the eight last lines of this speech of Thames, from v. 415. The lines of Addison in the Campaign were;

Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise.

I cannot forbear mentioning, that the very first composition

The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.
" Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itself, tho' sev'nfold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall die with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 363. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boast her Tow'rs amidst the Main,
Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain;
Here not a Town, but spacious Realm shall have
A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

NOTES.

that made the young Racine known at Paris, was his Ode from the Nymph of the Seine to the Queen, which ode, by the way, was corrected by Chapelain, at that time in high vogue as a critic, and by him recommended to the court.

The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending Villas on my side,
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide;
Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty Nations shall inquire their doom,
The World's great Oracle in times to come;
There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.
Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her Cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 385, &c. were originally thus,

Now shall our fleets the bloody Cross display
To the rich regions of the rising day,
Or those green isles, where headlong Titan steeps
His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps:
Tempt icy seas, &c.

NOTES.

Ver. 378. *And Temples rise,*] The fifty new churches. P.

Ver. 380. *A new Whitehall*] "Several plates (says Mr. Walpole) of the intended palace of Whitehall have been given, but, I believe, from no finished design of Inigo Jones. The four great sheets are evidently made up from general hints, nor could such a source of invention and taste, as the mind of Inigo, ever produce so much sameness. The strange kind of cherubims on the towers at the end are preposterous ornaments, and whether of Inigo or not, bear no relation to the

Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
'Till Conquest cease; and Slav'ry be no more;
'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves,

NOTES.

rest. The great towers in the front are too near, and evidently borrowed from what he had seen in Gothic, not in Roman buildings. The circular court is a picturesque thought, but without meaning or utility.

Ver. 391.] Here is almost a prophecy of those discoveries of new islands and continents which this country of late years has had the honour to make.

Ver. 398. *Unbounded Thames, &c.*] A wish that London may be made a FREE PORT. P.

Ver. 409.]

To hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and *dusky* loves,

says Mr. Gray, most beautifully in his ode; *dusky* loves is more accurate than *sable*; they are not negroes.

Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
Gigantic pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hated Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain."
Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light.
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olive spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

NOTES.

Ver. 422. *in vain.*] This conclusion both of Horace and of Pope is feeble and flat. The whole should have ended with this speech of Thames at this line, 422.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 423.]

" Quo Musa tendis? desine pervicax
Referre sermones Deorum, et
Magna modis tenuare parvis." Hor.

Several elegant imitations have been given of this species of local poetry; the principal seem to be, Grongar Hill; the Ruins of Rome; Claremont, by Garth; Kymber, by Mr. Potter; Kensington Gardens; Catharine Hill; Faringdon Hill; Newdwood Forest; Lewesdon Hill; the Deserted Village, and Traveller, of Goldsmith; and the Ode on the distant Prospect of Eton College.

Pope, it seems, was of opinion, that descriptive poetry is a composition as absurd as a feast made up of sauces: and I know many other persons that think meanly of it. I will not presume to say it is equal, either in dignity or utility, to those compositions that lay open the internal constitution of man, and that imitate characters, manners, and sentiments. I may however remind such contemners of it, that, in a sister art, landscape-painting claims the very next rank to history-painting, being ever preferred to single portraits, to pieces of still-life, to droll figures, to fruit, and flower-pieces; that Titian thought it no diminution of his genius, to spend much of his time in works of the former species; and that, if their principles lead them to condemn Thomson, they must also condemn the Georgics of Virgil, and the greatest part of the noblest descriptive poem extant; I mean that of Lucretius.

O D E

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

MDCCVIII.

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

ODE FOR MUSIC

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY[1].

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:

NOTES.

[1] Our Author, as Mr. Harte told me, frequently and earnestly declared that if Dryden had finished a translation of the Iliad, he would not have attempted one after so great a master; he might have said, with even more propriety, I will not write a music ode after Alexander's Feast; which the variety and harmony of its numbers, and the beauty, force, and energy, of its images, have conspired to place at the head of modern Lyric compositions: always excepting The Bard of Gray, which, being of a more exalted strain than the moral poetry we had been accustomed to, was not, at its first appearance, so much relished as it deserved; but which, I will presume to say, will, in every succeeding year, gain more and more admiration and applause, notwithstanding the unjust, and I may say tasteless, animadversions which Dr. Johnson degraded himself by throwing out upon it, in the Lives of the Poets. The subject of Dryden's ode is superior to this of Pope's, because the former is historical, and the latter merely mythological. Dryden's is also more perfect in the unity of the action; for Pope's is not the recital of one great action, but a description of many of the adventures of Orpheus. We all know, and have felt, the effects of Handel's having set Dryden's ode to music. Mr. Smith, a worthy pupil of Handel (as Mr. Mason informs us), intended to have set Mr. Gray's ode to music, and Mr. Gray, whose musical feelings were exquisite, with a knowledge of the art, gave him an idea for the overture,

Let the loud trumpet sound,
'Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

NOTES.

which seemed equally proper and striking. In this respect, as well as many others, he resembled Milton.

The name and the genius of Cowley gave, for many years, a currency and vogue to irregular odes, called Pindaric. One of the best of which species is that of Cobb, called, the Female Reign; and two of the worst, Sprat's Plague of Athens, and Bolingbroke's Almahide. Congreve is thought to be the first writer that gave a specimen of a legitimate Pindaric ode, with strophe, antistrophe, and ode, elucidated with a sensible and judicious preface on the subject. But it does not seem to have been observed, that, long before, Ben Jonson had given a model of this very species of a regular Pindaric ode, addrest to Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morrison, page 233 of his works, folio, in which he entitles each stanza the turne, the counter-turne, and the stand. Though Congreve's ode is not extraordinary, yet the discourse prefixed to it has a great deal of learning. Dr. Akenside frequently mentioned to me, as one of the best of the regular Pindaric odes, Fenton's to Lord Gower, 1716. Mr. Gray was of opinion, that the stanzas of these regular odes ought not to consist of above nine lines each, at the most.

Ver. 7. *Let the loud trumpet sound*, &c.] Our Author, in his

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
  Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
  Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
  Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
    Melancholy lifts her head,
    Morpheus rouses from his bed,
    Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
    List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

NOTES.

rules for good writing, had said, that *the sound should be an echo to the sense*. The graces it adds to the harmony are obvious. But we should never have seen all the advantages arising from this rule, had this ode not been written. In which, one may venture to say, is found all the harmony that poetic sound, when it comes in aid of sense, is capable of producing. W.

This panegyric is certainly carried too high: this ode is not the consummation of true poetic harmony.

Ver. 22.] This stanza much resembles the fifth of Congreve's music ode; the second of which, by the way, is uncommonly good. It is remarkable that Pope knew nothing of music, and had no ear for it; as had Milton, Gray, and Mason; the last of whom is an excellent performer and composer.

Ver. 35.] Dr. Greene set this ode tomusic, in 1730, as an exercise for his Doctor's Degree at Cambridge, on which occasion Pope made considerable alteration in it, and added the following stanza in this place.

Amphion thus bade wild dissension cease,
And soften'd mortals learn'd the arts of peace,

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:

NOTES.

Amphion taught contending kings,
From various discords, to create
The music of a well-tun'd state;
Nor slack, nor strain the tender strings,
Those useful touches to impart,
That strike the subject's answering heart,
And the soft silent harmony that springs
From sacred union and consent of things.

And he made another alteration, at the same time, in stanza iv. v. 51, and wrote it thus;

Sad Orpheus sought his consort lost;
The adamantine gates were barr'd,
And nought was seen and nought was heard,
Around the dreary coast;
But dreadful gleams, &c.

Ver. 39.] He might have added a beautiful description of the Argo in Apollonius Rhodius; and if he had been a reader of Pindar, he might have looked into the fourth Pythian ode, particularly verse 315 of Orpheus. Oxford edition, folio, 1697.

Ver. 40. *While Argo*] Few images in any poet, ancient or modern, are more striking than that in Apollonius, where he says, that when the Argo was sailing near the coast where the Centaur Chiron dwelt, he came down to the very margin of the sea, bringing his wife with the young Achilles in her arms, that he might shew the child to his father Peleus, who was on his voyage with the other Argonauts. Apollonius Rhodius, Lib. v. ver. 553.

Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,

NOTES.

Ver. 48. *To arms, to arms,*] Which effects of the song, however lively, do not equal the force and spirit of what Dryden ascribes to the song of his Grecian artist; whose imagery in this passage is so alive, so sublime, and so animated, that the poet himself appears to be strongly possessed of the action described, and consequently places it fully before the eyes of the reader.

Mr. St. John, afterward Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in an unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On inquiring the cause, "I have been up all night (replied the old bard); my musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their Feast of St. Cecilia: I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it; here it is finished at one sitting." And immediately he shewed him this ode, which places the British lyric poetry above that of any other nation. This anecdote, as true as it is curious, was imparted by Lord Bolingbroke to Pope, by Pope to Mr. Gilbert West, by him to my ingenious friend Mr. Berenger, who communicated it to me. The rapidity, and yet the perspicuity of the thoughts, the glow and the expressiveness of the images, those certain marks of the first sketch of a master, conspire to corroborate the fact. It is not to be understood, that this piece was not afterward reconsidered, retouched, and corrected.

Ver. 49. *But when*] See Divine Legation, Book ii. sect. 1. Where Orpheus is considered as a Philosopher, a Legislator, and a Mystagogue. In vol. v. of the Memoirs of Inscriptions, &c. p.

What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coast!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance;
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flow'rs;

NOTES.

117, is a very curious dissertation upon the Orphic Life, by the Abbé Fraguier. He was the first critic who rightly interpreted the words of Horace, Cædibus et fœdo victu, as meaning an abolition of eating human flesh.

Though the Hymns that remain are not the work of the real Orpheus, yet they are extremely ancient, certainly older than the Expedition of Xerxes against Greece.

Ver. 66.] This line is taken from an ode of Cobb.

Ver. 68. *dance;*] A most improper because ludicrous image.

By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes armed shades,
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Tho' fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

NOTES.

Ver. 77.] These images are picturesque and appropriated, and are such notes as might,

Draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And make hell grant what love did seek.

Pope being insensible of the effects of music, inquired of Dr. Arbuthnot whether Handel really deserved the applause he met with. The Dutchess of Queensbury told me that Gay could play on the flute, and that this enabled him to adapt so happily some airs in the Beggars' Opera.

Ver. 83.] This measure is unsuited to the subject.

Ver. 87.] These numbers are of so burlesque, so low, and ridiculous a kind, and have so much the air of a vulgar drinking

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!

NOTES.

song, that one is amazed and concerned to find them in a serious ode; and in an ode of a writer eminently skilled, in general, in accommodating his sounds to his sentiments. Addison thought this measure exactly suited to the comic character of Sir Trusty in his Rosamond, by the introduction of which he has so strangely debased that very elegant opera. It is observable that this ludicrous measure is used by Dryden, in a song of evil spirits, in the fourth act of the State of Innocence.

Ver. 97.] These scenes, in which Orpheus is introduced as making his lamentations, are not so wild, so savage, and dismal, as those mentioned by Virgil; and convey not such images of desolation and deep despair, as the caverns on the banks of Strymon and Tanais, the Hyperborean deserts, and the Riphæan solitudes. And to say of Hebrus, only, that it rolls in meanders, is flat and feeble, and does not heighten the melancholy of the place. He that would have a complete idea of Orpheus's anguish and situation, must look at the exquisite figure of him (now in the possession of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne) painted by Mr. Dance, a work that does honour to the true genius of the artist, and to the age in which it was produced.

Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

NOTES.

Ver. 108.] I am afraid there is a trivial antithesis in these lines betwixt the words *snows* and *glows*, unworthy our author.

Ver. 112.] The death is expressed with a brevity and abruptness suitable to the nature of the ode. Instead of *he sung*, Virgil says, *vocabat*, which is more natural and tender, and adds a moving epithet, that he called *miseram* Eurydicen. The repetition of Eurydice in two very short lines hurts the ear, which Virgil escaped by interposing several other words; and the name itself happens not to be harmonious enough to suffer such repetition.

Ver. 118. *Music the fiercest*] This is such a close repetition of the subject of the second stanza, that it must be thought a blamable tautology.

This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

NOTES.

Ver. 131.] It is observable that this ode, as well as that of Dryden, concludes with an epigram of four lines; a species of witty writing as flagrantly unsuitable to the dignity, and as foreign to the nature of the lyric, as it is of the epic muse.

If we cast a transient view over the most celebrated of the modern lyrics, we may observe that the stanza of Petrarch, which has been adopted by all his successors, displeases the ear, by its tedious uniformity, and by the number of identical cadences. And, indeed, to speak truth, there appears to be little valuable in Petrarch, except the purity of his diction. His sentiments, even of love, are metaphysical and far-fetched. Neither is there much variety in his subjects, or fancy in his method of treating them. Fulvio Testi, Chiabrera, and Metastasio, are much better lyric poets. When Boileau attempted an ode, he exhibited a glaring proof of what will frequently be hinted in the course of these notes, that the writer, whose grand characteristical talent is satiric or moral poetry, will never succeed, with equal merit, in the higher branches of his art. In his ode on the taking Namur, are instances of the bombastic, of the prosaic, and of the puerile; and it is no small confirmation of the ruling passion of this author, that he could not conclude his ode, but with a severe stroke on his old antagonist Perrault,

though the majesty of this species of composition is so much injured by descending to personal satire. The name of Malherbe is respectable, as he was the first reformer of the French poesy, and the first who gave his countrymen any idea of a legitimate ode, though his own pieces have hardly any thing but harmony to recommend them. The odes of La Motte, though so highly praised by Sanadon, and by Fontenelle, are fuller of delicate sentiment, and philosophical reflection, than of imagery, figures, and poetry. There are particular stanzas eminently good, but not one entire ode. Some of Rousseau's, particularly that to Fortune, and some of his Psalms; and one or two of Voltaire's, particularly, to the King of Prussia on his accession to the throne, and on Maeupertuis's travels to the North, to measure the degrees of the meridian toward the equator, seem to rise above that exact mediocrity which distinguishes the lyric poetry of the French.

"We have had (says Mr. Gray) in our language, no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's Day; for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a master. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses; above all in the last of Caractacus;

"Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread?" &c.

Gray's Works, 4to. page 25.

TWO CHORUSES

TO

THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS[1].

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

Ye shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught:
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful Walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

NOTES.

[1] Altered from Shakspeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Choruses were composed to supply as many, wanting in his play. They were set many years afterward by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house. P.

Ver. 3. *Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd, And, Epicurus lay inspir'd!*] The propriety of these lines arises from hence, that Brutus, one of the Heroes of this play, was of the Old Academy; and Cassius, the other, was an Epicurean. W.

I cannot be persuaded that Pope thought of Brutus and Cassius, as being followers of different sects of philosophy.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore,
See Arts her savage sons control,
And Athens rising near the pole!
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

NOTES.

Ver. 12. *Moral Truth, and mystic Song!*] The construction is dubious. Does the poet address Moral Truth and Mystic Song, as being the Heaven-born Sisters; or does he address himself to the Muses, mentioned in the preceding line, and so make Moral Truth and Mystic Song to be a part of Virtue's train? As Hesiod begins his poem.

Dr. Warburton's proposed correction is not consistent with either construction, when he says, the poet had expressed himself better had he said Moral Truth in Mystic Song. Moral Truth, a single person, can neither be the Heaven-born Sisters, nor yet, alone, the train of Virtue. If it could, the emendation might have been spared, because this is no uncommon figure in poetry.

The metre is unskilfully broken by the want of a syllable in this line.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball?
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state!
Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

NOTES.

Ver. 26. *Freedom and Arts*] A sentiment worthy of Alcæus Throughout all his works our author constantly shews himself a true lover of true liberty.

Ver. 32. *Some Athens*]

———Where the muses haunt,
The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks;
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
———When brutal force
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of guardian power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To poor dishonest pageants!
Pleasures of Imagination, B. ii. p. 663.

This ode is of the kind which M. D'Alembert, judging like a mathematician, prefers to odes that abound with imagery and figures, namely, what he calls the Didactic ode; and then proceeds to give reasons for preferring Horace to Pindar as a lyric poet. Marmontel in his Poetic opposes him.

These choruses are elegant and harmonious; but are they not chargeable with the fault, which Aristotle imputes to many of Euripides, that they are foreign and adventitious to the subject,

and contribute nothing towards the advancement of the main action? Whereas the chorus ought,

"Μόριον εἶναι τοῦ ὅλου, καὶ συναγωνίζεσθαι,"

to be a part or member of the one whole, co-operate with, and help to accelerate the intended event; as is constantly, adds the philosopher, the practice of Sophocles. Whereas these reflections of Pope on the baneful influences of war, on the arts and learning, and on the universal power of love, seem to be too general, are not sufficiently appropriated, do not rise from the subject and occasion, and might be inserted with equal propriety in twenty other tragedies. This remark of Aristotle, though he does not himself produce any examples, may be verified from the following, among many others. In the Phœnicians of Euripides, they sing a long and very beautiful, but ill-placed, hymn to Mars; I speak of that which begins so nobly, ver. 793,

"Ὦ πολύμοχθος Ἄρης,"

"O direful Mars! why art thou still delighted with blood and with death, and why an enemy to the feasts of Bacchus?" And a still more glaring instance may be brought from the end of the third act of the Troades, in which the story of Ganymede is introduced not very artificially. To these may be added that exquisite ode in praise of Apollo, descriptive of his birth and victories, which we find in the Iphigenia in Tauris.

On the other hand, the choruses of Sophocles never desert the subject of each particular drama, and all their sentiments and reflections are drawn from the situation of the principal personage of the fable. Nay, Sophocles hath artfully found a method of making those poetical descriptions, with which the choruses of the ancients abound, carry on the chief design of the piece; and has by these means accomplished what is a great difficulty in writing tragedy, united poetry with propriety.

In the Philoctetes the chorus takes a natural occasion, at verse 694, to give a minute and moving picture of the solitary life of that unfortunate hero; and when afterward, at verse 855, pain has totally exhausted the strength and spirits of Philoctetes, and it is necessary for the plot of the tragedy that he should fall asleep, it is then that the chorus breaks out into an exquisite ode to sleep. As in the Antigone, with equal beauty and decorum in an address to the God of Love, at verse 791 of that play. And

thus lastly, when the birth of Œdipus is doubtful, and his parents unknown, the chorus suddenly exclaims,

"Τίς σε, τέκνον,"

"From which, O my son, of the immortal gods, didst thou spring? Was it some nymph, a favourite of Pan, that haunts the mountains; or some daughter of Apollo; for this god loves the remote rocks and caverns, who bore you? Or was it Mercury who reigns in Cyllene, or did Bacchus,

"Θεὸς ναίων ἐπ' ἄκρων ὀρέων," ver. 1118.

a god who dwells on the tops of the mountains, beget you, on any of the nymphs, that possess Helicon, with whom he frequently sports?"

But what shall we say to the strong objections lately made by some very able and learned critics to the use of the chorus at all? The critics I have in view, are Metastasio, Twining, Pye, Colman, and Johnson; who have brought forward such powerful arguments against this so important a part of the ancient drama, as to shake our conviction of its utility and propriety, founded on what Hurd, Mason, and Brumoy, have so earnestly and elegantly urged on the subject.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS[1].

SEMICHORUS.

Oh Tyrant Love! hast thou possest
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.

NOTES.

[1] Some of Dryden's short lyric odes and songs are wonderfully harmonious; and not sufficiently noticed; particularly in King Arthur, Act III.

"O sight! the mother of desire," &c.

The song also of the Syrens in Act IV; and the Incantations in the Third Act of Œdipus, put in the mouth of Tiresias;

"Choose the darkest part o'th' grove,
Such as ghosts at noon-day love," &c.

* Nor must his first ode for St. Cecilia's Day be forgotten, in which are passages almost equal to any of the second; especially its opening, and the second stanza that describes Tubal and his brethren. It is, methinks, impossible to read, without astonishment and regret, such tasteless commendations and unmerited applauses as such a man as Dr. Johnson has bestowed on the ode to Mrs. Killigrew, and the strange preference he gives it, especially the first stanza, to any composition in our language; which stanza is really unintelligible, and full of absurd bombast, and nearly approaching the realm of nonsense.

Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which Nature has imprest?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as old Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of ev'ry social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend?
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;

NOTES.

Ver. 9. *Why, Virtue,* &c.] In allusion to that famous conceit of Guariani,

" Se il peccáre è sì dolce," &c. W.

Bayle is fond of saying that Manicheism probably arose from a strong meditation on this deplorable state of man.

Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move?
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence, guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
Hence, false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises;
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine:
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine[2].

NOTES.

Ver. 31. *Or meets*] Recalling to our minds that pathetic stroke in Lucretius;

——"dulces occurrunt oscula nati
Præripere, et tacita pectus dulcedine tangunt."
Lib. iii. 909.

Ver. 42.] Not to the purpose; *long leisure.*

[2] These two Choruses are enough to shew us his great talents for this species of Poetry, and to make us lament he did not prosecute his purpose in executing some plans he had chalked out; but the Character of the Managers of Playhouses at that time, was what (he said) soon determined him to lay aside all thoughts of that nature. Nor did his morals, less than the just sense of his own importance, deter him from having any thing to do with the Theatre. He remembered that an ancient Author hath acquainted us with this extraordinary circumstance; that, in the construction of Pompey's magnificent Theatre, the seats of it were so contrived, as to serve, at the same time, for steps to a temple of Venus, which he had joined to his Theatre. The mo-

ral Poet could not but be struck with a story where the λόγος and the μῦθος of it ran as imperceptibly into one another, as the Theatre and the Temple. W.

How lamentable is it, that a writer of great talents, should misemploy them in striving to discover new meanings, and analogies, in things not alike, and not founded on plain truth and reason! Thus, the Vine in Lycidas is called gadding, because, though married to the Elm, like bad wives she goes abroad. Thus, in Shakspeare, the flower called Love-in-idleness intimates that this passion has its chief power when people are idle. Thus, in Macbeth, screams of death and prophesying, should be read, Aunts, prophesying, old women. And thus, in Midsummer Night's Dream, instead of Cupid all-arm'd, read Cupid alarm'd; that is, alarmed at the chastity of Lady Elizabeth, which lessened his power.

ODE ON SOLITUDE[3].

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt, sweet recreation:
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

[3] This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old. P.

Scaliger, Voltaire, and Grotius, were but eighteen years old when they produced, the two first their Œdipuses, and the last his Adamus Exul. But the most extraordinary instance of early excellence is The Old Bachelor of Congreve, written at nineteen only; as comedy implies and requires a knowledge of life and characters, which are here displayed with accuracy and truth. Mr. Spence informed me that Pope once said to him, "I wrote things I am ashamed to say how soon; part of my epic poem Alcander when about twelve. The scene of it lay in Rhodes, and some of the neighbouring islands; and the poem opened under the water, with the description of the court of Neptune; that couplet on the circulation of the blood, which I afterward inserted in the Dunciad,

> As man's meanders, to the vital spring
> Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring,

was originally in this poem, word for word." After he had burnt this very early composition, Atterbury told him, he much wished some parts of it, as a specimen, had been more carefully preserved.

Quintilian, whose knowledge of human nature was consummate, has observed, that nothing quite correct and faultless is to be expected in very early years, from a truly elevated genius; that a generous extravagance and exuberance are its proper marks, and that a premature exactness is a certain evidence of future flatness and sterility. His words are incomparable, and worthy consideration. "Audeat hæc ætas plura, et inveniat, et inventis gaudeat, sint licet illa non satis interim sicca et severa. Facile remedium est ubertatis: sterilia nullo labore vincuntur. Illa mihi in pueris natura minimum spei dederit, in qua ingenium judicio præsumitur. Materiam esse primum volo vel abundantiorem, atque ultra quam oportet fusam. Multum inde decoquent anni, multum ratio limabit, aliquid velut usu ipso deteretur, sit modo unde excidi possit et quod exculpi: erit autem, si non ab initio tenuem nimium laminam duxerimus, et quam cælatura altior rumpat.—Quare mihi ne maturitas quidem ipsa festinet, nec musta in lacu statim austera sint; sic et annos ferent, et vetustate proficient." This is very strong and masculine sense, expressed and enlivened by a train of metaphors all of them elegant, and well preserved. Whether these early productions of Pope, would not have appeared to Quintilian to be rather too finished, correct, and pure, and what he would have inferred concerning them, is too delicate a subject for me

to enlarge upon. Let me rather add an entertaining anecdote. When Guido and Dominichino had each of them painted a picture in the church of Saint Andrew, Annibal Carrache, their master, was pressed to declare which of his two pupils had excelled. The picture of Guido represented Saint Andrew on his knees before the cross; that of Dominichino represented the flagellation of the same Apostle. Both of them in their different kinds were capital pieces, and were painted in fresco, opposite each other, to eternize, as it were, their rivalship and contention. "Guido (said Carrache) has performed as a master, and Dominichino as a scholar. But (added he) the work of the scholar is more valuable than that of the master. In truth one may perceive faults in the picture of Dominichino that Guido has avoided, but then there are noble strokes, not to be found, in that of his rival." It was easy to discern a genius that promised to produce beauties, to which the sweet, the gentle, and the graceful Guido would never aspire.

The first sketches of such an artist ought highly to be prized. Different geniuses unfold themselves at different periods of life. In some minds the ore is a long time in ripening. Not only inclination, but opportunity and encouragement, a proper subject, or a proper patron, influence the exertion or the suppression of genius. These stanzas on Solitude are a strong instance of that contemplation and moral turn, which was the distinguishing characteristic of our Poet's mind. An ode of Cowley, which he produced at the age of thirteen years, is of the same cast, and perhaps not in the least inferior to this of Pope. The voluminous Lopez de Vega is commonly, but perhaps incredibly, reported by the Spaniards to have composed verses when he was five years old; and Torquato Tasso, the second or third of the Italian poets, for that wonderful original Dante is the first, is said to have recited poems and orations of his own writing, when he was seven. It is however certain, which is more extraordinary, that he produced his Rinaldo in his eighteenth year, no bad precursor to the Gerusalemma Liberata, and no small effort of that genius, which was in due time to shew, how fine an epic poem the Italian language, notwithstanding the vulgar imputation of effeminacy, was capable of supporting.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

ODE.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

This Ode was written, we find, at the desire of Steele; and our Poet, in a letter to him on that occasion, says,—"You have it, as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain; it came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet you'll see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head, not only the verses of Hadrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho."

It is possible, however, that our Author might have had another composition in his head, besides those he here refers to: for there is a close and surprising resemblance between this ode of Pope, and one of an obscure and forgotten rhymer of the age of Charles the Second, namely Thomas Flatman; from whose dunghill, as well as from the dregs of Crashaw, of Carew, of Herbert, and others (for it is well known he was a great reader of all those poets), Pope has very judiciously collected gold. And the following stanza is, perhaps, the only valuable one Flatman has produced.

When on my sick bed I languish;
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying;
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away!

The third and fourth lines are eminently good and pathetic, and the climax well preserved, the very turn of them is closely copied by Pope; as is likewise the striking circumstance of the dying man's imagining he hears a voice calling him away.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit, this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!

AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCIX*.

---

* First advertised in the Spectator, N° 65. May 15, 1711.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION. That 'tis as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public, ver. 1.

That a true Taste *is as rare to be found, as a* true Genius, ver. 9 *to* 18.

That most men are born with some Taste, but spoiled by false Education, ver. 19 *to* 25.

The multitude of Critics, *and causes of them,* ver. 26 *to* 45.

That we are to study our own Taste, *and know the* Limits *of it,* ver. 46 *to* 67.

Nature *the best guide of Judgment,* ver. 68 *to* 87.

Improv'd by Art *and* Rules, *which are but* methodiz'd Nature, ver. 88.

Rules *derived from the practice of the* Ancient Poets, ver. 88 *to* 110.

That therefore the Ancients *are necessary to be studied by a Critic, particularly* Homer *and* Virgil, ver. 120 *to* 138.

Of Licences, *and the use of them by the Ancients,* ver. 140 *to* 180.

Reverence due to the Ancients, *and praise of them,* ver. 181, *&c.*

PART II. Ver. 203, &c.

Causes hindering a true Judgment, 1. Pride, ver. 208. 2. Imperfect Learning, ver. 215. 3. *Judging by* parts, *and not by the* whole, ver. 233 *to* 288. *Critics in* Wit, Language, Versification, *only,* ver. 288. 305. 339, *&c.* 4. *Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire,* ver. 384. 5. Partiality—*too much love to a* Sect,—*to the* Ancients *or* Moderns, ver. 394. 6. Prejudice *or* Prevention, ver. 408. 7. Singularity, ver. 424, *&c.* 8. Inconstancy, ver. 430. 9. Party Spirit, ver. 452, *&c.* 10. Envy, ver. 466. *Against Envy, and in praise of Good-nature,* ver. 508, *&c.* *When Severity is chiefly to be used by Critics,* ver. 526, *&c.*

PART III. Ver. 560, &c.

Rules for the Conduct *of* Manners *in a Critic*, 1. Candour, ver. 563. Modesty, ver. 566. Good-breeding, ver. 572. Sincerity *and* Freedom *of Advice*, ver. 578. 2. *When one's Counsel is to be restrained*, ver. 584. *Character of an* incorrigible Poet, ver. 600. *And of an* impertinent Critic, ver. 610, *&c. Character of a* good Critic, ver. 629. *The* History *of* Criticism, *and characters of the best Critics*, Aristotle, ver. 645. Horace, ver. 653. Dionysius, ver. 665. Petronius, ver. 667. Quintilian, ver. 670. Longinus, ver. 675. *Of the Decay of Criticism, and its Revival.* Erasmus, ver. 693. Vida, ver. 705. Boileau, ver. 714. *Lord* Roscommon, *&c.* ver. 725. *Conclusion.*

AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

NOTES.

An Essay] For a person of only twenty years old to have produced such an Essay, so replete with a knowledge of life and manners, such accurate observations on men and books, such variety of literature, such strong good sense, and refined taste and judgment, has been the subject of frequent, and of just admiration. It may fairly entitle him to the character of being one of the first of critics, though surely not of poets, as Dr. Johnson asserts. For Didactic poetry being, from its nature, inferior to Lyric, Tragic, and Epic poetry, we should confound and invert all literary rank and order if we compared and preferred the Georgics of Virgil to the Æneid, the Epistle to the Pisos, to the Qualem Ministrum of Horace, and Boileau's Art of Poetry to the Iphigenie of Racine. But Johnson's mind was formed for the Didactic, the Moral, and the Satiric; and he had no true relish for the higher and more geniune species of poetry. Strong couplets, modern manners, present life, moral sententious writings, alone pleased him. Hence his tasteless and groundless objections to The Lycidas of Milton, and to The Bard of Gray. Hence his own Irene is so frigid and uninteresting a tragedy; while his imitations of Juvenal are so forcible and pointed. His Lives of the Poets are unhappily tinctured

Some few in that, but numbers err in this, 5
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;

NOTES.

with this narrow prejudice, and confined notion of poetry, which has occasioned many false and spurious remarks, and many ill-grounded opinions, in a work that might have been, and was intended to have been, a manual of good taste and judgment.

Dr. Warburton, endeavouring to demonstrate, what Addison could not discover, nor what Pope himself, according to the testimony of his intimate friend Richardson, ever thought of or intended, that this essay was written with a methodical and systematical regularity, has accompanied the whole with a long and laboured commentary, in which he has tortured many passages to support this groundless opinion. Warburton had certainly wit, genius, and much miscellaneous learning; but, was perpetually dazzled and misled, by the eager desire of seeing every thing in a new light unobserved before, into perverse interpretations and forced comments. His passion being (as Longinus expresses it) τοῦ ξένας νοήσεις ἀεὶ κινεῖν. It is painful to see such abilities wasted on such unsubstantial objects. Accordingly his notes on Shakspeare have been totally demolished by Edwards and Malone; and Gibbon has torn up by the roots his fanciful and visionary interpretation of the sixth Book of Virgil. And but few readers, I believe, will be found, that will cordially subscribe to an opinion lately delivered, that his notes on Pope's Works are the very best ever given on any classic whatever. For to instance no other, surely the attempt to reconcile the doctrines of the Essay on Man to the doctrines of Revelation, is the rashest adventure in which ever critic yet engaged. This is, in truth, to divine, rather than to explain an author's meaning.

For these reasons, it is not thought proper to accompany this essay with a perpetual commentary. A poem, as hath been well observed, that consists of precepts, is so far arbitrary and immethodical, that many of the paragraphs may change places with no apparent inconvenience; for of two or more positions depending on some remote principle, there is seldom any cogent reason, why one should precede the other.

Ver. 6. *Ten censure*] Readers more easily perceive blemishes than beauties. Adest fere nemo, says Tully, De Orator. i. quin acutius atque acrius vitia in dicendo, quam recta videat.

A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;

NOTES.

Ita quidquid est in quo offenditur, id etiam illa quæ laudanda sunt obruit. La critique, says, the sensible Abbé de S. Pierre, d'un ouvrage doit être telle, que l'auteur critiqué soit bien aise, a tout prendre, qu'on l'ait donnée au public.

Every one of Racine's tragedies were attacked by malignant critics. And Racine used to say, that these paltry critics gave him more pain than all his applauders had given him pleasure.

Ver. 11. *In poets as true Genius is but rare,*] It is indeed so extremely rare, that no country, in the succession of many ages, has produced above three or four persons that deserve the title. The "man of rhymes" may be easily found; but the genuine poet, of a lively plastic imagination, the true Maker, or Creator, is so uncommon a prodigy, that one is almost tempted to subscribe to the opinion of Sir William Temple, where he says, "That of all the numbers of mankind that live within the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is born capable of making a great poet, there may be a thousand born capable of making as great generals, or ministers of state, as the most renowned in story." There are indeed more causes required to concur to the formation of the former, than of the latter; which necessarily render its production more difficult.

Ver. 12. *True Taste as seldom*] The first piece of criticism in our language, worthy our attention, for little can be gathered from Webbe and Puttenham, was Sir Philip Sidney's Defence of Poesie. Spenser is said to have written a critical discourse, called The Poet; the loss of which, considering the exquisite taste and extensive learning of Spenser, is much to be regretted. Next came Daniel's Apology; then Ben Jonson's Discoveries, the Preface to Gondibert, and Hobbes's Letter to D'Avenant, the Preface and Notes of Cowley (whose prose style, by the way, is admirable), Temple's Essays, Dryden's Essay on Dramatic Poetry, and his various Prefaces and Prologues, Rhymer's

Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.

NOTES.

Preface to Rapin, and Letter on Tragedy, and Dennis's Reformation of Poetry, and the Essays of Roscommon and Buckingham. These were the critical pieces that preceded our Author's Essay, which was published without his name, May 1711, about the same time with Fenton's Epistle to Southerne; and did not, as Lewis the bookseller told me, sell at first, till our Author sent copies, as presents, to several eminent persons.

It is said, very sensibly, by La Bruyere, "I will allow that good writers are scarce enough; but then I ask, where are the people that know to read and judge? A union of these qualities, which are seldom found in the same person, seem to be indispensably necessary to form an able critic; he ought to possess strong good sense, lively imagination, and exquisite sensibility. And of these three qualities, the last is the most important; since, after all that can be said on the utility or necessity of rules and precepts, it must be confessed, that the merit of all works of genius, must be determined by taste and sentiment. "Why do you so much admire the Helen of Zeuxis?" said one to Nicostratus; "You would not wonder why I so much admired it (replied the painter), if you had my eyes." Of the three requisites to make a just critic, mentioned above, Aristotle seems to have possessed the first, in the highest degree; Longinus the second; and Addison the third; on whom, however, a celebrated writer has passed the following censure: "It must not be dissembled that criticism was by no means the talent of Addison. His taste was truly elegant; but he had neither that vigour of understanding, nor chastised philosophical spirit, which are so essential to this character, and which we find in hardly any of the ancients, besides Aristotle, and but in a very few of the moderns. For what concerns his criticism on Milton, in particular, there was this accidental benefit arising from it, that it occasioned an admirable poet to be read, and his excellences to be observed. But, for the merit of the work itself, if there be any thing just in the plan, it was because Aristotle and Bossu had taken the same route before him. And as to his own proper observations, they are

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?

NOTES.

for the most part so general and indeterminate, as to afford but little instruction to the reader, and are not unfrequently altogether frivolous. They are of a kind with those with which the French critics (for I rather instance in the defects of foreign writers than our own) so much abound; and which good judges agree to rank in the worst sort of criticism." Thus far Dr. Hurd, Notes on the Epistle to Augustus, v. 210.

To this censure on Addison Dr. Johnson replied in the following excellent words: "It is not uncommon for those who have grown wise by the labour of others, to add a little of their own, and overlook their masters. Addison is now despised by some, who, perhaps, would never have seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded them. That he always wrote, as he would think it necessary to write now, cannot be affirmed; his instructions were such as the character of his readers made proper. That general knowledge which now circulates in common talk, was in his time rarely to be found. Men not professing learning, were not ashamed of ignorance; and in the female world, any acquaintance with books, was distinguished only to be censured. His purpose was to infuse literary curiosity, by gentle and unsuspected conveyance, into the gay, the idle, and the wealthy; he therefore presented knowledge in the most alluring form; not lofty and austere, but accessible and familiar. When he shewed them their defects, he shewed them likewise that they might be easily supplied; his attempt succeeded, inquiry was awakened, and comprehension expanded. An emulation of intellectual elegance was excited, and from his time to our own, life has been gradually exalted, and conversation purified and enlarged. Before the profound observers of the present race repose too securely on the consciousness of their superiority to Addison, let them consider his Remarks on Ovid, in which may be found specimens of criticism, sufficiently subtle and refined; let them peruse likewise his Essays on Wit, and on The Pleasures of Imagination, in which he founds art on the base of nature, and draws the principles of invention, from dispositions inherent in the mind of man, with skill and elegance, such as his contemners will not easily attain." Lives of the Poets, vol. ii. page 442.

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find 19
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:

NOTES.

Many men are to be found who can judge truly, though they may want the power of execution. And it was a proper answer of the Misanthrope, in Moliere, who had blamed some bad verses, to the poet who defied him to make better;

" J'en pourrois par malheur faire d'aussi mechans,
Mais je me garderois de les montrer aux gens."

Ver. 15. *Let such teach others,*] "Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit." Cic. ad Herenn. lib. iv. "De pictore, sculptore, fictore, nisi artifex, judicare non potest." Pliny. P.

"Publish some work of your own (said a certain angry author to a critic) before you censure mine.

Cum tua non edas, carpis mea carmina;
You print nothing for fear of reprisals."

Regnier, the predecessor of Boileau, in his ninth satire, calls on his censors to publish something; and adds a ludicrous tale of a peasant who applied to the Pope, and begged he would suffer priests to marry; "that we laymen (said he) may caress their wives, as well as they caress ours."

"In the large city of Paris (says Voltaire), containing six hundred thousand inhabitants, there are not three thousand who have any true taste for literature and the arts."

It is remarked by Dryden, I think, that none but a poet is qualified to judge of a poet. The maxim is however contradicted by experience. Aristotle is said indeed to have written one ode; but neither Bossu nor Hurd are poets. The penetrating author of The Reflections on Poetry, Painting, and Music, will for ever be read with delight, and with profit, by all ingenious artists; "nevertheless (says Voltaire) he did not understand music, could never make verses, and was not possessed of a single picture; but he had read, seen, heard, and reflected a great deal." And Lord Shaftesbury speaks with some indignation on this subject; "If a musician performs his part well in the hardest symphonies, he must necessarily know the notes, and understand the rules of harmony and music. But must a man, therefore, who has an ear, and has studied the rules of music, of necessity have a voice, or hand? Can no one possibly judge a fiddle, but who is himself a fiddler? Can no one judge a picture, but who is

Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd:

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25 and 26 were these lines, since omitted by the author.

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong,
Tutors, like Virtuosos, oft inclin'd
By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new;
Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do. P.

NOTES.

himself a layer of colours?" Quintilian and Pliny, who speak of the works of the ancient painters and statuaries with so much taste and sentiment, handled not themselves either the pencil or the chisel, nor Longinus and Dionysius the harp. But although such as have actually performed nothing in the art itself, may not, on that account, be totally disqualified to judge with accuracy of any piece of workmanship, yet, perhaps, a judgment will come with more authority and force from an artist himself. Hence the connoisseurs highly prize the treatise of Ruben's concerning the Imitation of Antique Statues, the Art of Painting by Leonardo da Vinci, and the Lives of the Painters by Vasari. As, for the same reasons, Rameau's Dissertation on the Thorough Bass; and The Introduction to a Good Taste in Music, by the excellent, but neglected, Geminiani, demand a particular regard. The prefaces of Dryden would be equally valuable, if he did not so frequently contradict himself, and advance opinions diametrically opposite to each other. Some of Corneille's discourses on his own tragedies are admirably just. And one of the best pieces of modern criticism, The Academy's Observations on the Cid, was, we know, the work of persons who had themselves written well. And our Author's own excellent preface to his translation of the Iliad, one of the best pieces of prose in the English language, is an example how well poets are qualified to be critics.

Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

NOTES.

Ver. 20. *Most have the seeds*] "Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus, ac rationibus recta et prava dijudicant." Cic. de Orat. lib. iii. P.

Ver. 25. *So by false learning*] "Plus sine doctrina prudentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina." Quint. P.

Ver. 27. *Made coxcombs*] It is hardly possible to find an example of an affected critic so ridiculous as the following, taken from Spence's Anecdotes.

"The famous Lord Halifax was rather a pretender to taste than really possessed of it. When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the Iliad, that Lord desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house. Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading. In four or five places Lord Halifax stopped me very civilly, and with a speech each time, much of the same kind, 'I beg your pardon Mr. Pope, but there is something in that passage which does not quite please me;—be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little at your leisure;—I am sure you can give it a little turn.' I returned from Lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth in his chariot; and, as we were going along, was saying to the Doctor, that my Lord had laid me under a good deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess at what it was that had offended his Lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment: said, I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about looking those places over and over when I got home. 'All you need do (says he) is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him, as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event.' I followed his advice, waited on Lord Halifax some time after; said, I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him, exactly as they were at first: and then his Lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, 'Aye, now they are perfectly right; nothing can be better.'"

In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's, or a Eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are, who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;

NOTES.

Ver. 28. *In search of wit these lose their common sense,*] This observation is extremely just. Search of Wit is not only the occasion, but the efficient cause of the loss of common sense. For Wit consisting in choosing out, and setting together such Ideas from whose assemblage pleasant pictures may be drawn on the Fancy; the Judgment, through an habitual search of Wit, loses, by degrees, its faculty of seeing the true relation of things; in which consists the exercise of common sense. W.

Ver. 38. *Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,*] These lines and those preceding and following them, are excellently satirical; and were, I think, the first we find in his works, that give an indication of that species of poetry to which his talent was most powerfully bent, and in which, though not as we shall see in others, he excelled all mankind. The simile of the mule heightens the satire, and is new; as is the application of the insects of the Nile. Pope never shines so brightly as when he is proscribing bad authors.

"The Nile (says Fenton on Waller) has been as fruitful of English similes as the sun; from both of which it would be severe to restrain a young poet, as forbidding the use of fire and water was esteemed among the Romans."

Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning, go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the Soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;

NOTES.

Ver. 56. *Thus in the Soul*] The beauty of imagery in these lines should not make us blind to the want of justness in the thought. To represent strength of memory as incompatible with solidity of understanding, is so obviously contrary to fact, that I presume the author had in his eye only the case of extraordinary memory for names, dates, and things, which offer no ideas to the mind; which has, indeed, been often displayed in great perfection by mere idiots. For, it is difficult to conceive how the faculty of judgment, which consists in the comparison of different ideas, can at all be exercised without the power of storing up ideas in the mind, and calling them forth when required. From the second couplet, apparently meant to be the converse of the first, one would suppose that he considered the understanding and the imagination as the same faculty, else the counterpart is defective. Farther, so far is it from being true, that imagination obliterates the figures of memory, that the circumstance which causes a thing to be remembered, is principally its being associated with other ideas by the agency of the imagination. If the poet only meant, that those ideas, about

Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit; 60
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:

NOTES.

which imagination is occupied, are apt to exclude ideas of a different kind, the remark is true, but it should have been differently expressed.

Voltaire says well, "He that retains the greatest number of images in the magazine of memory, has the best imagination." Encycl. v. xxxi. p. 187. And also in another place;

"The faculty of imagination depends entirely on the memory. We see men, animals, horses, gardens, and other sensible objects; these perceptions enter our minds by the senses; the memory retains them; the imagination combines them; and this is the reason why the Greeks called the Muses the Daughters of Memory."

Ver. 60. *One science only will one genius fit;*] When Tully attempted poetry, he became as ridiculous as Bolingbroke when he attempted philosophy and divinity. We look in vain for that genius which produced the Dissertation on Parties, in his tedious philosophical works; of which it is no exaggerated satire to say, that the reasoning of them is sophistical and inconclusive, the style diffuse and verbose, and the learning seemingly contained in them not drawn from the originals, but picked up and purloined from French critics and translations; and particularly from Bayle, Rapin, and Thomassin (as perhaps may be one day minutely shewn), together with the assistances which our Cudworth and Stanley happily afforded a writer confessedly ignorant of the Greek tongue, who has yet the insufferable arrogance to vilify and censure, and to think he can confute, the best writers in that best language.

When Fontaine, whose Tales indicated a truly comic genius, brought a comedy on the stage, it was received with a contempt equally unexpected and deserved. Terence has left us no tragedy; and the Mourning Bride of Congreve, notwithstanding the praises bestowed on it by Pope, in the Dunciad, is certainly a despicable performance; the plot is unnaturally intricate, and overcharged with incidents, the sentiments trite, and the language turgid and bombast. The Biter of Rowe is wretched.

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more: 65

NOTES.

Heemskirk and Teniers could not succeed in a serious and sublime subject of history painting. The latter, it is well known, designed cartoons for tapestry, representing the history of the Turriani of Lombardy. Both the composition and the expression are extremely indifferent; and certain nicer virtuosi have have remarked, that in the serious pieces of Titian himself, even in one of his Last Suppers, a circumstance of the ridiculous and the familiar is introduced, which suits not with the dignity of his subject. Hogarth's Sigismonda disgraced his pencil.

The modesty and good sense of the ancients is, in this particular, as in others, remarkable. The same writer never presumed to undertake more than one kind of dramatic poetry, if we except the Cyclops of Euripides. A poet never presumed to plead in public, or to write history, or indeed any considerable work in prose. The same actors never recited tragedy and comedy: this was observed long ago, by Plato, in the third book of his Republic. They seem to have held that diversity, nay universality, of excellence, at which the moderns frequently aim, to be a gift unattainable by man. We therefore, of Great Britain, have, perhaps more reason to congratulate ourselves, on two great phenomena; I mean Shakspeare's being able to portray characters so very different as Falstaff and Macbeth; and Garrick's being able to personate so inimitably a Lear, or an Abel Drugger. Nothing can more fully demonstrate the extent and versatility of these two original geniuses. Corneille, whom the French are so fond of opposing to Shakspeare, produced very contemptible comedies; and the Plaideures of Racine is so close a resemblance of Aristophanes, that it ought not to be here urged. The most universal of authors seems to be Voltaire, who has written almost equally well, both in prose and verse; and whom either the tragedies of Merope and Mahomet, or the history of Louis XIV. or Charles XII. would alone have immortalized. It might have been expected that the author of Candide would have been able to produce a good comedy; and that a writer who draws characters, and plans a fable so inimitably

Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:

NOTES.

well, as Fielding in Tom Jones, would have done the same; but both these authors have failed in the attempt.

Ver. 66. *his sev'ral province*] A clear head and strong sense were the characteristical qualities of our Author; and every man soonest and best displays his radical excellences. If his predominaut talent be warmth and vigour of imagination, it will break out in fanciful and luxuriant descriptions, the colouring of which will perhaps be too rich and glowing. If his chief force lies in the understanding rather than in the imagination, it will soon appear by solid and manly observations on life or learning, expressed in a more chaste and subdued style. The former will frequently be hurried into obscurity or turgidity, and a false grandeur of diction; the latter will seldom hazard a figure, whose usage is not already established, or an image beyond common life; will always be perspicuous, if not elevated; will never disgust, if not transport, his readers; will avoid the grosser faults, if not arrive at the greater beauties, of composition. The "eloquentiæ genus," for which he will be distinguished, will not be the "plenum, et erectum, et audax, et præcelsum," but the "pressum, et mite, et limatum." In the earliest letters of Pope to Wycherley, to Walsh, and Cromwell, we find many admirable and acute judgments of men and books, and an intimate acquaintance, not only with some of the best Greek and Roman, particularly the latter, but the most celebrated French and Italian classics.

Du Bos fixes the period of time, at which, generally speaking, the poets and the painters have arrived at as high a pitch of perfection, as their geniuses will permit, to be the age of thirty years, or a few years more or less. Virgil was near thirty when he composed his first eclogue. Horace was a grown man when he began to be talked of at Rome, as a poet, having been formerly engaged in a busy military life. Racine was about the same age when his Andromache, which may be regarded as his first good tragedy, was played. Corneille was more than thirty

Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test, of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Works without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;

NOTES.

when his Cid appeared. Despereaux was full thirty when he published his Satires, such as we now have them. Moliere was full forty when he wrote the first of those comedies on which his reputation is founded. But to excel in this species of composition, it was not sufficient for Moliere to be only a great poet; it was rather necessary for him to gain a thorough knowledge of men and the world, which is seldom attained so early in life; but without which, the best poet would be able to write but very indifferent comedies. Congreve however was but nineteen when he wrote his Old Bachelor. Raphael was about thirty years old when he displayed the beauty and sublimity of his genius in the Vatican, for it is there we behold the first of his works, that are worthy the great name he at present so deservedly possesses. When Shakspeare wrote his Lear, Milton his Paradise Lost, Spenser his Fairy Queen, and Dryden his Music Ode, they had all exceeded the middle age of man.

Ver. 80. *Some, to whom Heav'n, &c.*] Here the Poet (in a sense he was not, at first, aware of) has given an example of the truth of his observation, in the observation itself. The two lines stood originally thus,

"There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of Wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it."

In the first line, *wit* is used, in the modern sense, for the effort of Fancy; in the second line it is used, in the ancient sense,

For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shews most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd;

NOTES.

for the result of Judgment. This trick, played the Reader, he endeavoured to keep out of sight, by altering the lines as they now stand,

"Some, to whom Heav'n in Wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use."

For the words, *to manage it*, as the lines were at first, too plainly discovered the change put upon the Reader, in the use of the word, *wit*. This is now a little covered by the latter expression of—*turn it to its use*. But then the alteration, in the preceding line, from—*store of wit*, to *profuse*, was an unlucky change. For though he who has *store of wit* may want more, yet he to whom it was given in *profusion* could hardly be said to want more. The truth is, the Poet has said a lively thing, and would, at all hazards, preserve the reputation of it, though the very topic he is upon obliged him to detect the imposition, in the very next lines, which shew he meant two very different things, by the same term, in the two preceding,

"For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife." W.

Ver. 82. *wit*] "If all wisdom be science, and it be the business of science, as well to compound as to separate, may we not say, that those philosophers took half of wisdom for the whole, who distinguished it from wit, as if wisdom only separated, and wit only brought it together? Yet, so held the Philosopher of Malmesbury, and Author of the Essay on the Human Understanding." Harris's Hermes, page 368.

Ver. 88. *Those Rules of old, &c.*] Cicero has, best of any one I know, explained what that thing is which reduces the wild and scattered parts of human knowledge into arts—"Nihil est

Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same Laws which first herself ordain'd.

NOTES.

quod ad artem redigi possit, nisi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem instituere vult, habeat illam scientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum sit, artem efficere possit.—Omnia fere, quæ sunt conclusa nunc artibus, dispersa et dissipata quondam fuerunt, ut in Musicis, etc. Adhibita est igitur ars quædam extrinsecus ex alio genere quodam, quod sibi totum PHILOSOPHI assumunt, quæ rem dissolutam divulsamque conglutinaret, et ratione quadam constringeret." De Orat. l. i. c. 41, 2. W.

The precepts of the art of poesy were posterior to practice; the rules of the Epopea were all drawn from the Iliad, and the Odyssey; and of Tragedy, from the Œdipus of Sophocles. A petulant rejection, and an implicit veneration, of the rules of the ancient critics, are equally destructive of true taste. "It ought to be the first endeavour of a writer (says the Rambler, N° 156.) to distinguish nature from custom; or that which is established because it is right, from that which is right only because it is established; that he may neither violate essential principles by a desire of novelty, nor debar himself from the attainment of any beauties within his view, by a needless fear of breaking rules, which no literary dictator had authority to prescribe."

This liberal and manly censure of critical bigotry, extends not to those fundamental and indispensable rules, which nature and necessity dictate, and demand to be observed; such, for instance, as in the higher kinds of poetry, that the action of the epopea, be one, great, and entire; that the hero be eminently distinguished, move our concern, and deeply interest us; that the episodes arise easily out of the main fable; that the action commence as near the catastrophe as possible; and, in the drama, that no more events be crowded together, than can be justly supposed to happen during the time of representation, or to be transacted on one individual spot, and the like. But the absurdity here animadverted on, is the scrupulous nicety of those who bind themselves to obey frivolous and unimportant laws; such as, that an epic poem should consist not of less than twelve books; that it should end fortunately; that in the first book there should be no simile;

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights: 93

NOTES.

that the exordium should be very simple and unadorned; that in a tragedy, only three personages should appear at once upon the stage; and that every tragedy should consist of five acts; by the rigid observation of which last unnecessary precept, the poet is deprived of using many a moving story, that would furnish matter enough for three perhaps, but not for five acts; with other rules of the like indifferent nature. For the rest, as Voltaire observes, whether the action of an epopea be simple or complex, completed in a month, or a year, or a longer time, whether the scene be fixed on one spot, as in the Iliad; or that the hero voyages from sea to sea, as in the Odyssey; whether he be furious like Achilles, or pious like Eneas; whether the action pass on land or sea; on the coast of Africa, as in the Luziada of Camoens; in America, as in the Araucana of Alonzo D'Ercilla; in Heaven, in Hell, beyond the limits of our world, as in the Paradise Lost; all these circumstances are of no consequence: the poem will be for ever an epic poem, an heroic poem; at least, till another new title be found proportioned to its merit. "If you scruple (says Addison) to give the title of an Epic Poem to the Paradise Lost of Milton, call it, if you choose, a Divine Poem; give it whatever name you please; provided you confess, that it is a work as admirable in its kind as the Iliad.

It has become a fashionable attempt of late, to censure and decry an obedience to the rules laid down by ancient critics; while one party, loudly and frequently exclaim,

——Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna;

Another, instantly answers,

——O imitatores servum pecus!

One of the ablest defenders of literary liberty expresses himself thus;

"From the time of Homer, epic poetry became an artificial composition, whose rules were, in reality, drawn from the practice of the Grecian Bard, rather than from the principles of Nature. Lyric and dramatic poetry were in like manner fixed, though at a later period, by Grecian models; so that the Roman writers of

High on Parnassus' top her sons she shew'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;

NOTES.

similar performances could not be said to bring any thing of their own to their works. The same shackles of imitation have hung upon the poetry of modern Europe; whence a fair comparison of the powers and genius of different periods is rendered scarcely practicable. The leading species of poetry, like the orders of architecture, have come down to us subject to certain proportions, and requiring certain ornamental accompaniments, which, perhaps, have had no foundation whatever but the casual practice of the earliest masters; nay, possibly, the whole existence of some of the species has had the same accidental origin.

"Meantime, the veneration for the ancients has been raised to the highest pitch by this perpetual reference to them as models; and it has been concluded, that works which have engaged the study, and called forth the imitation, of so many succeeding ages, must possess a superior degree of excellence. But after all, their reputation may have been much more owing to accident than is commonly supposed. That the Grecian poets, continually recording the deeds of their countrymen, and offering incense to the national vanity, should have been held in high esteem at home, was natural. That the Romans, receiving all their literature from Greece, should adopt its principles and prejudices, was also to be expected. But that they should transmit them to so large a portion of the civilized world, and this, not only during the period of their domination, but to new races of men, so many centuries after the downfal of their empire, must be reckoned accident, as far as any thing in human affairs can be called accidental. Had not the Christian religion established a kind of second Roman empire, even more capable of swaying the opinions of mankind than the first, it is highly improbable that we should at this day have been commenting upon the classical writers of Greece and Rome. It is, indeed, astonishing to reflect, by what a strange concatenation of cause and effect, the youth of Christian Europe should be instructed in the fables of Greek and Latin Mythology, which were fallen into contempt even before Rome ceased to be heathen.

"It certainly has not been on account of their wisdom and beauty that they have survived the wreck of so many better things. They have been embalmed in the languages which

Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize, 96
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.

NOTES.

contained them, and which, by becoming likewise the depositaries of Christian doctrine, have been rendered sacred language."

To this sort of reasoning, the imitators of the ancients, by way of answer, must say, that all they mean in adhering to rules, is to adopt, "that method of treating any subject, that may render it most interesting to a reader." This, for instance, was the reason why Aristotle gives the preference to those tragedies, where there is a discovery and peripetic. And hence, they will say, the Œdipus of Sophocles is as perfect a model of dramatic, as the Medicean Venus is of female, beauty.

The learned and ingenious translator of Aristotle's Treatise on Poetry, with whose words I conclude this long note, is of a different opinion. "When we speak (says he) of the Greek tragedies, as perfect and correct models, we seem merely to conform to the established language of prejudice, and content ourselves with echoing, without reflection or examination, what has been said before us. I should be sorry to be ranked in the class of those critics, who prefer that poetry which has the fewest faults, to that which has the greatest beauties. I mean only to combat that conventional and hearsay kind of praise, which has so often held out the tragedies of the Greek poets, as elaborate and perfect models, such as had received the last polish of art and meditation. The true praise of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, is (in kind at least, if not in degree) the praise of Shakspeare; that of strong, but irregular, unequal, and hasty genius. Every thing which this genius, and the feeling of the moment, could produce, in an early period of the art, before time and long experience, and criticism, had cultivated and refined it, these writers possess in great abundance: what meditation, and the labour and delay of the file only, can effect, they too often want. Of Shakspeare, however, compared with the Greek poets, it may justly, I think, be pronounced, that he has much more both of this want, and of that abundance." Twining's Aristotle, p. 207.

Ver. 92. *Hear how learn'd Greece*] In the second part of Shaftesbury's Advice to an Author, is a judicious and elegant account of the rise and progress of arts and sciences, in ancient Greece; to subjects of which sort it were to be wished this au-

Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.

NOTES.

thor had always confined himself, as he indisputably understood them well, rather than have blemished and belied his patriotism, by writing against the religion of his country.

I shall give the reader a passage that relates to the origin of criticism, which is curious and just. "When the persuasive arts, which were necessary to be cultivated among a people that were to be convinced before they acted, were grown thus in repute; and the power of moving the affections become the study and emulation of the forward wits and aspiring geniuses of the times; it would necessarily happen, that many geniuses of equal size and strength, though less covetous of public applause, of power, or of influence over mankind, would content themselves with the contemplation, merely, of these enchanting arts. These they would the better enjoy, the more they refined their taste and cultivated their ear. Hence was the origin of Critics; who, as arts and sciences advanced, would necessarily come withal into repute; and being heard with satisfaction in their turn, were at length tempted to become authors, and appear in public. These were honoured with the name of Sophists; a character which in early times was highly respected. Nor did the gravest philosophers, who were censors of manners, and critics of a higher degree, disdain to exert their criticism on the inferior arts; especially in those relating to speech, and the power of argument and persuasion. When such a race as this was once risen, it was no longer possible to impose on mankind, by what was specious and pretending. The public would be paid in no false wit, or jingling eloquence. Where the learned critics were so well received, and philosophers themselves disdained not to be of the number, there could not fail to arise critics of an inferior order, who would subdivide the several provinces of this empire." Characteristics, vol. i. 12mo. p. 163.

Our author might have profited much by reading Shaftesbury's Advice to an Author; but his essay preceded it.

Ver. 98. *Just precepts*] "Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam pre-

Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd,
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.

NOTES.

ciperentur; mox ea scriptores observata et collecta ediderunt." Quintil. P.

Ver. 103. *To dress her charms,*] What a dreadful picture has Swift drawn of the evil demon of criticism.

"Momus fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the moderns; bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There, was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hoodwinked, and headstrong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an ass; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her spleen was so large, as to stand prominent like a dug of the first rate, nor wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it." Tale of a Tub, p. 200.

Ver. 107. *Sure to hate*] A feeble line of monosyllables, consisting of ten low words.

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil so much as they.
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;

NOTES.

Ver. 112. *Some on the leaves*] He has too frequently expressed an idle contempt of the Heinsiuses, Burmans, Gronoviuses, Reiskiuses, Marklands, and Gesners; and other searchers into various readings, who have done so much towards settling the texts of ancient authors.

Ver. 115. *Write dull*] Perhaps he glanced at Bossu's famous Treatise on Epic Poetry; which may have been too much praised. D'Aubignac, under the patronage of Richlieu, wrote a treatise on the drama; and Mambrun on the epopée; but the tragedy of the one, and the Constantine, an epic poem, of the other, were despicable performances, which induced the great Condé to say, "Je scais bon gré, à l'Abbé D'Aubignac d'avoir suivi les regles d'Aristote, mais je ne pardonne pas aux regles d'Aristote d'avoir fait faire une si mauvaise tragedie à l'Abbé D'Aubignac."

Ver. 119. *Know well each Ancient's proper character;*] From their inattention to these particulars, many critics, and particularly the French, have been guilty of great absurdities. When Perrault impotently attempted to ridicule the first stanza of the first Olympic of Pindar, he was ignorant that the poet, in beginning with the praises of water, alluded to the philosophy of Thales, who taught, that water was the principle of all things; and which philosophy, Empedocles the Sicilian, a contemporary of Pindar, and a subject of Hiero, to whom Pindar wrote, had adopted in his beautiful poem. Homer and the Greek tragedians have been likewise censured; the former for protracting the Iliad after the death of Hector, and the latter for continuing the Ajax and Phœnissæ, after the deaths of their respective heroes.

His Fable, Subject, scope, in ev'ry page;
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticise.*] The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions

Zoilus, had these been known, without a Name
Had died, and Perrault ne'er been damn'd to fame;
The sense of sound Antiquity had reign'd,
And sacred Homer yet been unprofan'd.
None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
To modern customs, modern rules confin'd;
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind. P.

NOTES.

But the censurers did not consider the importance of burial among the ancients; and that the action of the Iliad would have been imperfect without a description of the funeral rites of Hector and Patroclus; as the two tragedies, without those of Polynices and Eteocles; for the ancients esteemed a deprivation of sepulture to be a more severe calamity than death itself. It is observable, that this circumstance did not occur to Pope, when he endeavoured to justify this conduct of Homer, by only saying, that as the anger of Achilles does not die with Hector, but persecutes his very remains, the poet still keeps up to his subject, by describing the many effects of his anger, till it is fully satisfied; and that for this reason, the two last books of the Iliad may be thought not to be excrescences, but essential to the poem. I will only add, that I do not know an author, whose capital excellence suffers more from the reader's not regarding his climate and country, than the incomparable Cervantes. There is a striking propriety in the madness of Don Quixote, not frequently taken notice of; for Thuanus informs us, that madness is a common disorder among the Spaniards at the latter part of life, about the age of which the knight is represented. "Sur la fin de ses jours Mendozza devint furieux, comme sont d'ordinaire les Espagnols."

Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

NOTES.

Ver. 128. *Still with itself compar'd, &c.*] Although perhaps it may seem impossible to produce any new observations on Homer and Virgil, after so many volumes of criticism as have been spent upon them, yet the following remarks have a novelty and penetration in them that may entertain; especially, as the little treatise from which they are taken is extremely scarce.

"Quæ variæ inter se notæ atque imagines animorum, a principibus utriusque populi poetis, Homero et Virgilio, mirificè exprimuntur. Siquidem Homeri duces et reges rapacitate, libidine, atque anilibus questibus, lacrymisque puerilibus, Græcam levitatem et inconstantiam referunt. Virgiliani vero principes, ab eximio poeta, qui Romanæ severitatis fastidium, et Latinum supercilium verebatur, et ad heroum populum loquebatur, ita componuntur ad majestatum consularem ut quamvis ab Asiatica mollitie luxuque venerint, inter Furios atque Claudios nati educatique videantur. Neque suam, ullo actu, Æneas originem prodidisset, nisi, a præfactiore aliquanto pietate, fudisset crebro copiam lacrymarum. Qua meliorem expressione morum hac ætate, non modo Virgilius Latinorum poetarum princeps, sed quivis infacetissimus vernaculorum, Homero præfertur: cum hic animos proceribus indurit suos, ille vero alienos. Quamobrem varietas morum, qui carmine reddebantur, et hominum ad quos ea dirigebantur, inter Latinam Græcamque poesin, non inventionis tantum attulit, sed et elocutionis discrimen illud, quod præcipue inter Homerum et Virgilium deprehenditur; cum sententias et ornamenta quæ Homeras sparserat, Virgilius, Romanorum arium causa, contraxerit; atque ad mores et ingenia retulerit eorum, qui a poesi non petebant publicam aut privatem institutionem, quam ipsi Marte suo invenerant; sed tantum delectationem*. Blackwell, in his excellent Enquiry into the Life and Writings

* J. Vincentii Gravinæ de Poesi, ad S. Maffeinno Epist. added to his treatise entitled Della Rasion Poetica. In Napoli, 1716, page 239. 250.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd, 131

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 130.]
When first young Maro sung of Kings and Wars,
Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

NOTES.

of Homer, has taken many observations from this valuable book, particularly in his twelfth section.

Ver. 130. *When first young Maro, &c.*] Virg. Eclog. vi.
" Cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthius aurum
Vellit."

It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterward to copy Homer in Heroic poetry. P.

That Virgil, not only in his general plan, but in most of the subordinate parts, was a close copyist of Homer, is undeniable, whatever be thought of the supposition that he set out with a design of drawing from the sources of nature, and was diverted from it by the discovery that "Nature and Homer were the same." The modern idolatry of Shakspeare has elevated him to the same degree of authority among us; and critics have not been wanting, who have confidently drawn from his characters the proofs and illustrations of their theories on the human mind. But what can be more unworthy of the true critic and philosopher, than such an implicit reliance on any man, how exalted soever his genius, especially on those who lived in the infancy of their art? If an epic poem be a representation of nature in a course of heroic action, it must be susceptible of as much variety as nature herself; and surely it is more desirable that a poet of original genius should give full scope to his inventive powers, under the restriction of such laws only as are founded on nature, than that he should fetter himself with rules derived from the practice of a predecessor. When Pope praises the ancient rules for composition on the ground that they were "discovered not devised," and were only "nature methodized," he gives a just notion of what they ought to be. But when he supposes Virgil to have properly "checked in his bold design of drawing from Nature's

Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountain scorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design:
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.

NOTES.

fountains," and in consequence, to have confined his work within rules as strict,

"As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line;"

how can he avoid the force of his own ridicule, where a little farther, in this very piece, he laughs at Dennis for

"Concluding all were desperate sots and fools
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules?"

Such are the inconsistencies of a writer who sometimes utters notions derived from reading and education; sometimes the suggestions of native good sense!" Dr. Aikin to his Son.

Ver. 138. *As if the Stagyrite*] According to a fine precept in the fourteenth section of Longinus, who exhorts us, when we aim at any thing elevated and sublime, to ask ourselves while we are composing, "how would Homer, or Plato, or Demosthenes, have exerted and expressed themselves on this subject? And still more, if we should continue to ask ourselves; what would Homer or Demosthenes, if they had been present, and had heard this passage, have thought of it, and how would they have been affected by it?"

Ver. 140. *To copy nature*] It may not be unuseful or unpleasant to see the very different opinion of a writer, who, perhaps, had done better if he had followed this rule.

"A spirit of imitation hath many ill effects (says Dr. Young); I shall confine myself to three. First, It deprives the liberal and politer arts of an advantage which the mechanic enjoy; in these, men are ever endeavouring to go beyond their predecessors; in the former to follow them. And since copies surpass not their originals, as streams rise not higher than their spring, rarely so

Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.

NOTES.

high; hence while arts mechanic are in perpetual progress, and increase, the liberal are in retrogradation, and decay. These resemble pyramids, are broad at bottom, but lessen exceedingly as they rise; those resemble rivers which, from a small fountain-head, are spreading ever wider and wider, as they run. Hence it is evident, that different portions of understanding are not (as some imagine) allotted to different periods of time; for we see, in the same period, understanding rising in one set of artists, and declining in another. Therefore nature stands absolved, and our inferiority in composition must be charged on ourselves.

"Nay, so far are we from complying with a necessity, which nature lays us under, that, secondly, by a spirit of imitation we counteract nature, and thwart her design. She brings us into the world all originals. No two faces, no two minds, are just alike; but all bear Nature's evident mark of separation on them. Born originals, how comes it to pass that we die copies? That meddling ape, Imitation, as soon as we come to years of indiscretion (so let me speak), snatches the pen, and blots out Nature's mark of separation, cancels her kind intention, destroys all mental individuality; the lettered world no longer consists of singulars, it is a medley, a mass; and a hundred books, at bottom, are but one. Why are monkies such masters of mimickry? Why receive they such a talent at imitation? Is it not as the Spartan slaves received a licence for ebriety; that their betters might be ashamed of it?

"The third fault to be found with a spirit of imitation is, that with great incongruity it makes us poor, and proud; makes us think little, and write much; gives us huge folios, which are little better than more reputable cushions to promote our repose. Have not some seven-fold volumes put us in mind of Ovid's seven-fold channels of the Nile at the conflagration?

'Ostia septem
Pulverulenta vacant septem sine flumine valles.'

Such leaden labours are like Lycurgus's iron money, which was so much less in value than in bulk, that it required barns for strong boxes, and a yoke of oxen to draw five hundred pounds."

Ver. 141. *Some beauties yet no Precepts*] Pope in this passage

Music resembles Poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145
If, where the rules not far enough extend
(Since rules were made but to promote their end),

NOTES.

seems to have remembered one of the essays of Bacon, of which he is known to have been remarkably fond. "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles, or Abel Durer, were the more trifler; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions; the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody, but the painter that made them. Not but I think, a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity, as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music, and not by rule. A man shall see faces, that if you examine them, part by part, you shall find never a good one; and yet altogether do well."

"Non ratione aliqua (says Quintilian finely) sed motu nescio an inerrabili judicatur. Neque ab hoc ullo satis explicari puto, licet multi tentaverint." Quintil. Inst. L. vi. In short, in poetry, we must judge by taste and sentiment, not by rules and reasoning. Different theories of philosophy, and different systems of theology, are maintained and exploded in different ages; but true and genuine pictures of nature and passion, are not subject to such revolutions and changes. The doctrines of Plato, Epicurus, and Zeno; of Descartes, Hobbes, and Malebranche, and Gassendi, yield in succession to each other; but Homer, Sophocles, Terence, and Virgil, being felt and relished by all men, still retain and preserve, unaltered and undisputed, admiration and applause.

Ver. 143. *Music resembles*] I am informed by one of the best musicians of the age that this observation is not accurate, nor agreeable to the rules of that art.

Ver. 146. *If, where the rules, &c.*] "Neque enim rogationibus plebisve scitis sancta sunt ista præcepta, sed hoc, quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerumque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit Utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur." Quintil. lib. cap. 13. P.

Some lucky licence answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without passing through the judgment gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its End;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and misshap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs, in equal ranks, and fair array,

NOTES.

Ver. 161.] *Their* means *their own.*

Ver. 175. *A prudent chief, &c.*] Οἷόν τι ποιοῦσιν οἱ φρόνιμοι

But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, may seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

NOTES.

στρατηλάται κατὰ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων—Dion. Hal. De struct. orat. P.

The same may be said of music; concerning which, a discerning judge has lately made the following observation. "I do not mean to affirm, that in this extensive work (of Marcello) every recitative air, or chorus, is of equal excellence. A continued elevation of this kind no author ever came up to. Nay, if we consider that variety, which in all arts is necessary to keep up attention, we may perhaps affirm with truth, that inequality makes a part of the character of excellence; that something ought to be thrown into shades, in order to make the lights more striking. And, in this respect, Marcello is truly excellent; if ever he seems to fall, it is only to rise with more astonishing majesty and greatness."*

It may be pertinent to subjoin Roscommon's remark on the same subject.

——"Far the greatest part
Of what some call neglect, is study'd art.
When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
'Tis but a warning-piece which gives the sign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your sight
To reach the noble height of some unusual flight."

Ver. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*] "Modeste, et circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac si necesse est in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa displicere maluerim." Quint. P.

Racine applied this fine passage to Perrault and La Motte when they so much undervalued the ancients, in their famous controversy.

How well Fontenelle, who was at the head of the French wits, that attacked and depreciated Homer, was qualified to judge of our divine old Bard, may be gathered from what

* Avison on Musical Expression, page 103.

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;

NOTES.

the present Lord Mansfield told me; that of all the Iliad, the following was the favourite line of this champion of the moderns;

Τίσειαν Δαναοὶ ἐμὰ δάκρυα σοῖσι βέλεσσιν.

Ver. 181. *each ancient Altar*] "All the inventions and thoughts of the ancients, whether conveyed to us in statues, bas-reliefs, intaglios, cameos, or coins, are to be sought after, and carefully studied. The genius that hovers over these venerable relics, may be called the Father of Modern Art.

"From the remains of the works of the ancients the modern arts were revived, and it is by their means that they must be restored a second time. However it may mortify our vanity, we must be forced to allow them our masters; and we may venture to prophesy, that when they shall cease to be studied, arts will no longer flourish, and we shall again relapse into barbarism.

"The fire of the artist's own genius operating upon these materials, which have been thus diligently collected, will enable him to make new combinations, perhaps, superior to what had ever before been in the possession of the art. As in the mixture of the variety of metals, which are said to have been melted and run together in the burning of Corinth, a new, and till then unknown, metal was produced, equal in value to any of those that had contributed to its composition. And though a curious refiner may come with his crucibles, analyse and separate its various component parts, yet Corinthian brass would still hold its rank amongst the most beautiful and valuable of metals.

"We have hitherto considered the advantages of imitation, as it tends to form the taste, and as a practice by which a spark of that genius may be caught, which illumines these noble works, that ought always to be present to our thoughts.

"We come now to speak of another kind of imitation; the borrowing a particular thought, an action, attitude, or figure, and transplanting it into your own work; this will either come under the charge of plagiarism, or be warrantable, and deserve commendation, according to the address with which it is performed. There is some difference likewise, whether it is upon

Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes),
To teach vain Wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

II.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,

NOTES.

the ancients or the moderns that these depredations are made. It is generally allowed, that no man need be ashamed of copying the ancients; their works are considered as a magazine of common property, always open to the Public, whence every man has a right to what materials he pleases; and if he has the art of using them, they are supposed to become, to all intents and purposes, his own property.

"The collection which Raffaelle made of the thoughts of the ancients with so much trouble, is a proof of his opinion on this subject. Such collections may be made with much more ease, by means of an art scarce known in his time, I mean that of

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

NOTES.

engraving; by which, at an easy rate, every man may avail himself of the inventions of antiquity." Reynolds.

Ver. 209. *Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,*
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.]

A very sensible French writer makes the following remark on this species of *pride*. "Un homme qui sçait plusieurs Langues, qui entend les Auteurs Grecs et Latins, qui s'eleve même jusqu' à la dignité de SCHOLIASTE; si cet homme venoit à peser son véritable mérite, il trouveroit souvent qu'il se réduit, avoir eu des yeux et de la mémoire; il se garderoit bien de donner le nom respectable de science à *une erudition sans lumiere*. Il y a une grande difference entre s'enrichir des mots ou des choses, entre alleguer des autorités ou des raisons. Si un homme pouvoit se surprendre à n'avoir que cette sorte de mérite, il en rougiroit plûtôt que d'en être vain." W.

Ver. 213. *your defects to know,*] Correction is one of the most difficult tasks imposed on an author. It is hard to know how far it ought to be carried. Quintilian has many just and useful observations on this subject. Perhaps the excess of it is productive of as many mischiefs, as the total neglect of it. The file sometimes, instead of polishing, eats away the substance to which it is applied. Akenside much injured his poem by too much correction. Ariosto, as easy and familiar as he seems to be, made many and great alterations in his enchanting poem. Some

A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 225.

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps to try,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
The Traveller beholds with cheerful eyes
The less'ning vales, and seems to tread the skies.

NOTES.

of Rochefocault's Maxims were corrected and new written more than thirty times. The Provincial Letters of Pascal, the model of good style in the French language, were submitted to the judgment of twelve members of the Port Royal, who made many corrections in them. Voltaire says, "That in all the books of Fenelon's Telemaque, of which he had seen the original, there were not ten rasures and alterations. All that can be said about correction, is contained in these few incomparable words of Quintilian. "Hujus operis est, adjicere, detrahere, mutare. Sed facilius in his simpliciusque judicium, quæ replenda vel dejicienda sunt: premere vero tumentia, humilia extollere, luxuriantia astringere, inordinata derigere, soluta componere, exultantia coercere, duplicis operæ." Quint. Lib. x. c. 3.

Ver. 225. *So pleas'd*] Dr. Johnson thinks this simile the most apt, the most proper, most sublime, of any in the English, language. I will own I am not of this opinion. It appears evidently to have been suggested by the following one in the Works of Drummond, p. 38. 4to.

Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;

NOTES.

" Ah! as a pilgrim who the Alpes doth passe,
Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter's glasse,
The airy Caucasus, the Apennine,
Pyrene's cliffes where sunne doth never shine,
When he some heapes of hills hath overwent,
Beginnes to think on rest, his journey spent,
Till mounting some tall mountaine he doth finde
More hights before him thann he left behind."

See also Silias Italicus, Lib. iii. 528.

Ver. 233. *A perfect Judge, &c.*] " Diligenter legendum est ac pœne ad scribendi sollicitudinem: Nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perlectus liber utique ex integro resumendus." Quint. P.

It is observable that our Author makes it almost the necessary consequence of judging by parts, to find fault: and this not without much discernment: for the several parts of a complete whole, when seen only singly, and known only independently, must always have the appearance of irregularity; often of deformity: because the Poet's design being to create a resultive beauty from the artful assemblage of several various parts into one natural whole; those parts must be fashioned with regard to their mutual relations in the stations they occupy in that whole, from whence, the beauty required is to arise: but that regard will occasion so unreducible a form in each part, when considered singly, as to present a very misshapen form. W.

Ver. 235. *Survey the Whole, nor seek slight faults to find*
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;]

Nor lose for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)

NOTES.

The second line, in apologizing for those faults which the first says should be overlooked, gives the reason of the precept. For when a great writer's attention is fixed on a general view of Nature, and his imagination become warmed with the contemplation of great ideas, it can hardly be, but that there must be small irregularities in the disposition both of matter and style, because the avoiding these requires a coolness of recollection, which a writer so qualified and so busied is not master of. W.

According to a most just and judicious observation in the first book of Strabo, "Καθάπερ γε ἐν τοῖς κολοσσικοῖς ἔργοις, οὐ τὸ καθ' ὅλου ἕκαστον ἀκριβὲς ζητοῦμεν, ἀλλὰ τοῖς καθ' ὅλον προσέχομεν μᾶλλον εἰ εἴη καλῶς τὸ ὅλον· οὕτως κἀν τούτοις ποιεῖσθαι δεῖ τὴν κρίσιν." As in great colossal works, we do not seek for exactness and accuracy in every part, but rather attend to the general affect and beauty of the whole; so ought we to judge of compositions. And, as Quintilian says, Ungues polire, et capillum reponere, is a useless and ill-placed care.

Ver. 239. *But in such lays*] These four lines are superior to Horace's,

"Serpit humi tutus nimium," &c.

Ver. 247. *Thus when we view*] This is justly and elegantly expressed; and though it may seem difficult to speak of the same subject after such a description, yet Akenside has ventured, and nobly succeeded:

No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear;
The Whole at once is bold and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

NOTES.

" Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands!
Amid the toys of simple state,
How simply, how severely great!
Then pause!———"

Ver. 248. *The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!*] The Pantheon, I would suppose; perhaps St. Peter's; no matter which; the observation is true of both. There is something very Gothic in the taste and judgment of a learned man, who despises this master-piece of Art, the Pantheon, for those very qualities which deserve our admiration.——" Nous esmerveillons comme l'on fait si grand cas de ce Pantheon, veu que son edifice n'est de si grande industrie comme l'on crie: car chaque petit Masson peut bien concevoir la maniere de se façon tout en un instant: car estant la base si massive, et les murailles si espaisses, ne nous a semblé difficile d'y adjouster la voute à claire voye." Pierre Belon's Observations, &c. The nature of the Gothic structures apparently led him into this mistake of the Architectonic art in general; that the excellency of it consists in raising the greatest weight on the least assignable support, so that the edifice should have strength without the appearance of it, in order to excite admiration. But to a judicious eye such a building would have a contrary effect, the Appearance (as our poet expresses it) of a monstrous height, or breadth, or length. Indeed did the just proportions in regular Architecture take off from the grandeur of a building, by all the single parts coming united to the eye, as this learned traveller seems to insinuate, it would be a reasonable objection to those rules on which this Master-piece of Art was constructed. But it is not so. The Poet tells us truly,

" The Whole at once is bold and regular." W.

Ver. 253. *Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,*] He shews next [from ver. 252 to 269], that to fix our censure on single

In ev'ry work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight they say,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,

NOTES.

parts, though they happen to want an exactness consistent enough with their relation to the rest, is even then very unjust: and for these reasons, 1. Because it implies an expectation of a faultless piece, which is a vain fancy. 2. Because no more is to be expected of any work than that it fairly attains its end: but the end may be attained, and yet these trivial faults committed: therefore, in spite of such faults, the work will merit that praise that is due to every thing which attains its end. 3. Because sometimes a great beauty is not to be procured, nor a notorious blemish to be avoided, but by suffering one of these minute and trivial errors. 4. And lastly, because the general neglect of them is a praise; as it is the indication of a Genius, attentive to greater matters. W.

Ver. 258. *in spite of trivial*] As if one was to condemn the divine Paradise Lost, on account of some low puns there introduced; or some passages in Ariosto, on account of vulgar and familiar images and expressions, that have crept unaccountably into that enchanting and original Poem.

Ver. 261. *Critic lays,*] The word *lays* is very exceptionable: in an inferior and common Writer it would not be worth while to mark such improper expressions.

Ver. 267. *Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight they say,*] By

Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.

NOTES.

this short tale Pope has shewed us, how much he could have excelled in telling a story of humour. The incident is taken from the Second Part of Don Quixote, first written by Don Alonzo Fernandez de Avellanada, and afterward translated, or rather imitated and new-modelled, by no less an Author than the celebrated Le Sage. The Book is not so contemptible as some authors insinuate; it was well received in France, and abounds in many strokes of humour and character worthy of Cervantes himself. The brevity to which Pope's narration was confined, would not permit him to insert the following humorous dialogue at length. "I am satisfied you'll compass your design (said the scholar) provided you omit the combat in the lists. Let him have a care of that, said Don Quixote, interrupting him, that is the best part of the plot. But, Sir, quoth the Bachelor, if you would have me adhere to Aristotle's rules, I must omit the combat. Aristotle, replied the Knight, I grant was a man of some parts; but his capacity was not unbounded: and, give me leave to tell you, his authority does not extend over combats in the list, which are far above his narrow rules. Would you suffer the chaste queen of Bohemia to perish? For how can you clear her innocence? Believe me, combat is the most honourable method you can pursue; and besides, it will add such grace to your play, that all the rules in the universe must not stand in competition with it. Well, Sir Knight, replied the Bachelor, for your sake, and for the honour of chivalry, I will not leave out the combat; and that it may appear the more glorious, all the court of Bohemia shall be present at it, from the Princes of the blood, to the very footmen. But still one difficulty remains, which is, that our common theatres are not large enough for it. There must be one erected on purpose, answered the Knight; and in a word, rather than leave out the combat, the play had better be acted in a field or plain."

It may be observed, that there is but one Tale in this essay, nor in Boileau's art, nor Roscommon's essay, and this is superior to the other two.

Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a Combat in the lists left out.
"What, leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite.
"Not so, by Heav'n!" (he answers in a rage)
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short Ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

NOTES.

Ver. 276. *unities; what not?*] The two unities of time and place have been so powerfully and irresistibly combated by Dr. Johnson (in his Preface to Shakspeare), that I do not think a critic will be found hardy enough to undertake a defence of them?

———Non quisquam ex agmine tanto
Audet adire virum!———

That these unities have, in fact, never been observed by the three Greek writers of tragedy, is demonstrated, at large, in the fifth chapter of Metastasio's very judicious work, entitled, Estratto della Poetica D'Aristotile, from page 93 to 119, a work full of taste and judgment, and which comes with double weight from so long and able a practitioner in the dramatic art, many of whose plays are planned with the greatest skill, and who is, on the whole, one of the finest and truest poets Italy has produced. Whoever would thoroughly understand Aristotle, should, in my opinion, very attentively peruse his Estratto.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;

NOTES.

Ver. 290. *And glitt'ring thoughts*] A rage that infected Marino, Donne, and his disciple Cowley. See Dr. Johnson's excellent Dissertation on Cowley, and his fantastic style, in the first volume of Lives of the Poets. Little can be added to his discussion on false and unnatural thoughts. It is, beyond comparison, the best of all his criticisms.

Ver. 296. *hide with ornaments*] Nothing can excel the fine observation of Tully on this subject, in the 3d Book de Oratore; "Voluptatibus maximis, fastidium finitimum est in rebus omnibus; quo hoc minus in oratione miremur. In qua, vel ex poetis, vel oratoribus possumus judicare, concinnam, ornatam, festivam, sine intermissione, quamvis claris fit coloribus picta, vel poesis, vel oratio, non posse in delectatione esse diuturna. Quare bene et præclare, quamvis nobis sæpe dicatur, belle et festive nimium sæpe nolo."

Ver. 297. *True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd; &c.*] This definition is very exact. Mr. Locke had defined wit to consist "in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together, with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, whereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." But that great philosopher, in separating wit from judgment, as he does in this place, has given us (and he could therefore give us no other) only an account of Wit in general; in which false wit, though not every species of it, is included. A striking image therefore of Nature is, as Mr. Locke observes, certainly Wit: but this image may strike on several other accounts, as well as for its truth and beauty; and the

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind. 300

NOTES.

philosopher has explained the manner how. But it never becomes that Wit which is the ornament of true poesy, whose end is to represent nature, but when it dresses that nature to advantage, and presents her to us in the brightest and most amiable light. And to know when the Fancy has done its office truly, the poet subjoins this admirable test, viz. When we perceive that it gives us back the image of our mind. When it does that, we may be sure it plays no tricks with us: for this image is the creature of the Judgment; and whenever Wit corresponds with Judgment, we may safely pronounce it to be true. "Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur: id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt." Quint. lib. viii. c. 3. W.

"The poet, in censuring the narrow and partial tastes of some critics, begins with that for *conceit*, or a glitter of dazzling thoughts rising one after another, without meaning or connexion. This is *false wit;* as a contrast to which, he gives a definition of the *true*, in the preceding lines. But he evidently, by this purpose of contrasting the two kinds, has been led to a description which exhibits none of the peculiar features of wit, as other writers have represented it. By this definition, any just moral sentiment, any exact picture of a natural object, if clothed in good expression, would be wit. Its test being an agreement with images previously existing in our own minds, no other quality is requisite to it but truth. Even uncommonness is not taken into the characters: for we must often have thought it, and be able to recognise it at sight. Nor has he given any distinct idea of that advantageous dress which makes a natural thought witty.

"No dress can suit some thoughts so well, as the most simple. Exalted sentiments of the heart, and sublime objects in nature, generally strike most when presented in language the least studied. Indeed, he uses, within a few lines, the very same metaphor of dress, in exposing the finical taste of those who value a work for the style rather than the sense; and the fact certainly is, that the most confessedly witty writers have been often little solicitous as to the manner of expressing their notions.

"Pope evidently entertains a different conception of wit, from

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.

NOTES.

that of the definition above quoted, in the lines immediately following:

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

"Now 'modest plainness' is no foil or contrast to wit, as characterized in the definition, because it may be the most 'advantageous dress' for a thought. Again, that wit which may superabound in a work, must be a different thing from 'natural imagery joined to good expression,' for in these, what danger can there be of excess? He was certainly now recurring in his mind to those brilliant flashes, which, though often introduced with false judgment, are not, however, false wit.

"The two characters of *bad critic* and *bad poet* are grossly confounded in the passage relating to poetical numbers; for though it be true, that vulgar readers of poetry are chiefly attentive to the melody of the verse, yet it is not they who admire, but the paltry versifier who employs monotonous syllables, feeble expletives, and a dull routine of unvaried rhymes. Again, an ordinary ear is capable of perceiving the beauty arising from the sound being made an echo to the sense; indeed it is one of the most obvious beauties in poetry; but it is no easy task for the poet to succeed in his attempts to render it so, as Pope has sufficiently proved by the miserable failure of some of his examples in illustration of the precept." Essays Historical and Critical.

Ver. 297. *True Wit is Nature*] Immediately after this the poet adds,

For works may have more wit than does 'em good.

"Now (says a very acute and judicious critic) let us substitute the definition in the place of the thing, and it will stand thus; A work may have more of Nature dress'd to advantage than will do it good. This is impossible; and it is evident that the confusion arises from the poet's having annexed two different ideas to the same word." Webb's Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry, p. 68.

For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

NOTES.

Ver. 298. *What oft was thought,*] In Dr. Johnson's remarks on these poets, whom, after Dryden, he calls the metaphysical poets, he says, very finely; "Pope's account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous; he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language.

"If by a more noble and more adequate conception that be considered as wit, which is at once natural and new, that which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just; if it be that, which he that never found it, wonders how he missed; to wit of this kind the metaphysical poets have seldom risen. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness they were ever found.

"But wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more vigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of discordia concors; a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus defined, they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions; their learning instructs, and their subtilty surprises; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and, though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.

"From this account of their compositions it will be readily inferred, that they were not successful in representing or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprising, they had no regard to that uniformity of sentiment which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleasures of other minds; they never inquired what, on any occasion, they should have said or done; but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature; as beings looking upon good and evil, impassive and at leisure, as Epicurean deities, making remarks on the actions of men, and the vicissitudes of life, without interest and without emotion. Their courtship was void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow. Their wish was only to say what they hoped had never been said before."

Others for *Language* all their care express
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still,—The Style is excellent;
The Sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found:
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;

NOTES.

Ver. 302. *modest plainness*] Xenophon in Greek, and Cæsar in Latin, are the unrivalled masters of the beautiful simplicity here recommended. We have no English, French, or Italian writer, that can be placed in the same rank with them, for this uncommon excellence.

Ver. 311. *False eloquence,*] The nauseous affectation of expressing every thing pompously and poetically, is no where more visible than in a poem by Mallet, entitled Amyntor and Theodora. The following instance may be alleged among many others. Amyntor having a pathetic tale to discover, being choked with sorrow, and at a loss for utterance, uses these ornamental and unnatural images.

"——O could I steal
From Harmony her softest warbled strain
Of melting air! or Zephyr's vernal voice!
Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
To liquid blandishments his evening lay,
All nature smiling round."

Voltaire has given a comprehensive rule with respect to every species of composition. "Il ne faut rechercher, ni les pensées, ni les tours, ni les expressions, et que l'art, dans tous les grands ouvrages, est de bien raisonner, sans trop faire d'argument; de bien peindre, sans vouloir tout peindre, d'émouvoir, sans vouloir toujours exciter les passions."

In a word, true eloquence, a just style, consists in the number, the propriety, and the placing of words; is content with a natural and simple beauty; hunts not after foreign figures, disdains far-sought and meretricious ornaments. Just as the strength of an army, says Algarotti, consists in well-disciplined men, not in a number of camels, elephants, scythed chariots,

The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As sev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;

NOTES.

and Asiatic encumbrances. Among many excellences, this is the chief blemish of the Rambler; every object, every subject, is treated with an equal degree of dignity; he never softens and subdues his tints, but paints and adorns every image which he touches, with perpetual pomp, and unremitted splendour.

Ver. 324. *Some by old words*, &c.] "Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentiæ cujusdam est, et frivolæ in parvis jactantiæ." Quint. lib. i. c. 6. P.

"Opus est, ut verba a vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova." Idem. P.

Quintilian's advice on this subject is as follows: "Cum sint autem verba propria, ficta, translata; propriis dignitatem dat antiquitas. Namque et sanctiorem, et magis admirabilem reddunt orationem, quibus non quilibet fuit usurus: eoque ornamento acerrimi judicii Virgilius unice est usus. Olli enim, et quianam, et mis, et pone, pellucent, et aspergunt illam, quæ etiam in picturis est gratissima, vetustatis inimitabilem arti auctoritatem. Sed utendum modo, nec ex ultimis tenebris repetenda."

"The language of the age (says Mr. Gray, admirably well) is never the language of poetry; except among the French, whose

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the Play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest,
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:

NOTES.

verse, where the thought or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose. Our poetry, on the contrary, has a language peculiar to itself; to which almost every one that has written, has added something by enriching it with foreign idioms and derivatives: nay, sometimes words of their own compositions or invention. Shakspeare and Milton have been great creators this way: and no one more licentious than Pope or Dryden, who perpetually borrow expressions from the former. Let me give you some instances from Dryden, whom every body reckons a great master of our poetical tongue. Full of museful mopings,—unlike the trim of love,—a pleasant beverage,—a roundelay of love,—stood silent in his mood,—with knots and knaves deformed,—his ireful mood,—in proud array,—his boon was granted,—and disarray and shameful rout,—wayward but wise,—furbished for the field,—the foiled doddered oaks, disherited,—smouldring flames,—retchless of laws,—crones old and ugly,—the beldam at his side,—the grandam hag,—villanize his father's fame.—But they are infinite; and our language not being a settled thing (like the French), has an undoubted right to words of a hundred years old, provided antiquity have not rendered them unintelligible. In truth Shakspeare's language is one of his principal beauties; and he has no less advantage over your Addisons and Rowes in this, than in those great excellences you mention. Every word in him is a picture. Pray put me in the following lines, into the tongue of our modern dramatics."

Ver. 328. *Unlucky, as Fungoso, &c.*] See Ben. Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour.

Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by Numbers judge a Poet's song,
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse, tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;

NOTES.

Ver. 337. *But most by Numbers, &c.*]

"Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmine molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve severos
Effundat junctura ungues: scit tendere versum
Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno."
Pers. Sat. i. P.

Ver. 345. *Tho' oft the ear, &c.*] "Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt." Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. ix. c. 4. P.

"Non tamen (says the sensible Quintilian) id ut crimen ingens expavescendum est; ac nescio negligentia in hoc, an solicitudo sit major; nimiosque non immerito in hac cura putant omnes Isocratem secutos, præcipueque Theopompum. At Demosthenes et Cicero modice respexerunt ad hanc partem." Quintil. lib. ix. c. 9.

Ver. 347. *Ten low words*] Our language is thought to be overloaded with monosyllables; Shaftesbury, we are told, limited their number to nine in any sentence; Quintilian condemns too great a concourse of them; etiam monosyllaba, si plura sunt, male continuabuntur; quia necesse est compositio, multis clausulis concisa, subsultet. Inst. lib. ix. c. 4.

Where-e'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then, at the last, and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.

NOTES.

Ver. 360. *And praise the easy vigour*] Fenton, in his entertaining observations on Waller, has given us a curious anecdote concerning the great industry and exactness with which Waller polished even his smallest compositions. "When the court was at Windsor, these verses were writ in the Tasso of her Royal Highness, at Mr. Waller's request, by the late Duke of Buckinghamshire; and I very well remember to have heard his Grace say, that the author employed the greatest part of a summer in composing and correcting them." So that, however he is generally reputed the parent of those swarms of insect wits, who affect to be thought easy writers, it is evident that he bestowed much time and care on his poems, before he ventured them out of his hands.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 346. *Where expletives their feeble aid do join,*
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:]

From Dryden. "He creeps along with ten little words in every line, and helps out his numbers with [for] [to] and [unto] and all the pretty expletives he can find, while the sense is left half tired behind it." Essay on Dram. Poetry.

But there are many lines of monosyllables that have much force and energy; in our author himself, as well as Dryden.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an Echo to the sense: 365

NOTES.

Ver. 361. *Denham's strength,*] Sufficient justice is not done to Sandys, who did more to polish and tune the English versification, by his Psalms and his Job, than those two writers, who are usually applauded on this subject.

Ver. 362. *True ease*] Writers who seem to have composed with the greatest ease, have exerted much labour in attaining this facility. Virgil took more pains than Lucan, though the style of the former appears so natural; and Guarini and Ariosto spent much time in making their poems so seemingly natural and easy. Even Voiture wrote with extreme difficulty, though apparently without any effort; what Tasso says of one of his heroines may be applied to such writers;

"Non so ben dire s'adorna, o se negletta,
Se caso, od arte, il bel volto compose,
Di natura, d'amor, del cielo amici
Le negligenze sue sono artifici."

It is well known, that the writings of Voiture, of Sarassin, and La Fontaine, were laboured into that facility for which they are so famous, with repeated alterations and many rasures. Moliere is reported to have passed whole days, in fixing upon a proper epithet or rhyme, although his verses have all the flow and freedom of conversation. "This happy facility (said a man of wit) may be compared to garden-terraces, the expense of which does not appear; and which after the cost of several millions, yet seem to be a mere work of chance and nature." I have been informed, that Addison was so extremely nice in polishing his prose compositions, that when almost a whole impression of a Spectator was worked off, he would stop the press, to insert a new preposition or conjunction.

Ver. 364. *no harshness gives offence,*] We are surprised to see the constant attention of the ancients, to give melody to their periods, both in prose and verse; of which so many instances are given in Tully De Oratore, in Dionysius, and Quintilian. Plato many times altered the order of the four first words of his Republic. Cicero records the approbation he met with for finishing

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;

NOTES.

a sentence with the word cŏmprŏbāvit, being a dichorce. Had he finished it otherwise, he says, it might have been animo satis, auribus non satis. We may be equally mortified in finding Quintilian condemning the inharmoniousness of many letters with which our language abounds; particularly the letters F, M, B, D, and Dionysius reprobates the letter S.

Ver. 365. *The sound must seem an echo to the sense:*] Lord Roscommon says,

"The sound is still a *comment* to the sense."

They are both well expressed, although so differently; for Lord R. is shewing how the sense is assisted by the sound; Mr. P. how the sound is assisted by the sense.

Ver. 366. *Soft is the strain*] See examples in Clarke's Homer. Iliad i. v. 430; ii. v. 102; iii. v. 357; vi. v. 510; vii. v. 157; viii. v. 210, 551; xi. v. 687, 697, 766; and many others. The judicious Heyne, in his Virgil, thinks this beauty of style, as it is called, very fantastical, and not intended by either Homer or Virgil, so often as hath been imagined.

These lines are usually cited as fine examples of adapting the sound to the sense. But that Pope has failed in this endeavour has been clearly demonstrated by the Rambler. "The verse intended to represent the whisper of the vernal breeze must surely be confessed not much to excel in softness or volubility; and the smooth stream runs with a perpetual clash of jarring consonants. The noise and turbulence of the torrent, is indeed, distinctly imagined; for it requires very little skill to make our language rough. But in the lines which mention the effort of Ajax, there is no particular heaviness or delay. The swiftness of Camilla, is rather contrasted than exemplified. Why the verse should be lengthened to express speed, will not easily be discovered. In the dactyls, used for that purpose by the ancients, two short syllables were pronounced with such rapidity, as to be equal only to one long; they therefore naturally exhibit the act of passing through a long space in a short time. But the Alex-

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 366. *Soft is the strain, &c.*]

"Tum si laeta canunt," &c. Vida, Poet, l. iii. ver. 403.

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;

NOTES.

andrine, by its pause in the midst, is a tardy and stately measure; and the word *unbending*, one of the most sluggish and slow which our language affords, cannot much accelerate its motion." Aaron Hill, long before this was published by the Rambler, wrote a letter to Pope, pointing out the many instances in which he had failed to accommodate the sound to the sense, in this famous passage. This rule of making the sound an echo to the sense, as well as alliteration, has been carried to a ridiculous extreme by several late writers. It is worth observing, that it is treated of at length, and recommended by Tasso, page 168 of his Discorsi del Poema Eroico.

Ver. 374. *Hear how Timotheus, &c.*] See Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music; an Ode by Mr. Dryden. P.

"Some of the lines (says Dr. Johnson) are without correspondent rhymes; a defect which the enthusiasm of the writer might hinder him from perceiving."

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 368. *But when loud surges, &c.*]
"Tum longe sale saxa sonant," &c. Vida, Poet. l. iii. v. 388.
Ver. 370. *When Ajax strives, &c.*]
"Atque ideo si quid geritur molimine magno," &c.
Vida, ib. 417.
Ver. 372. *Not so when swift Camilla, &c.*]
"At mora si fuerit damno, properare jubebo," &c.
Vida, ib. 420.

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!
The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shews great pride, or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:

NOTES.

Ver. 391. *Fools admire, but men of sense approve:*] "This prudish sentence has probably made as many formal coxcombs in literature, as Lord Chesterfield's opinion on the vulgarity of laughter, has among men of high breeding. As a general maxim, it has no foundation whatever in truth.

"Proneness to admiration is a quality rather of temper, than of understanding; and if it often attends light minds, it is also inseparable from that warmth of imagination which is requisite for the strong perception of what is excellent in art or nature. Innumerable instances might be produced of the rapturous admiration with which men of genius have been struck at the view of great performances. It is enough here to mention the poet's favourite critic, Longinus, who is far from being contented with cool approbation, but gives free scope to the most enraptured praise. Few things indicate a mind more unfavourably constituted for the fine arts, than a slowness in being moved to the admiration of excellence; and it is certainly better that this passion should at first be excited by objects rather inadequate, than that it should not be excited at all." These are the words of a sensible observer on this essay, Dr. Aikin, in Letters to his Son.

"What I dislike is, the pedantry of appealing to speculative principles in opposition to the decisions of taste; and what I

As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize. 395

NOTES.

despise is, the ridiculous vanity of attempting to demonstrate, by argument, that men ought to admire, when experience proves that no one does or can admire; and, on the other hand, that men are in the wrong to be pleased, when experience proves that it is impossible to avoid it. In a word, of all kind of literary affectation, that which is most disgusting is, the affectation of judging in matters of taste by rule, and not by feeling; and this appears to me the fundamental defect of the work to which I have before alluded: I mean, the Elements of Criticism. Lord Kaimes was no less remarkable for delicacy of taste than acuteness of understanding; and he evidently seems to have thought it much below the dignity of a critic to embrace any opinion, even in a mere matter of taste, which was not supported by some rule. Where the rule was not already established, therefore, he was obliged to have recourse to his invention, which did not always supply him with such as were of the most satisfactory kind; and he seems, through the whole of his elaborate work, to entertain much too high an idea of the importance of those rules; for he seems to consider them as founded in reason, and as laws by which taste ought to be regulated; whereas they are properly founded in taste, and the most judicious and best established rules are really nothing more than the different principles by which experience shews that the decisions of taste are governed." Essays Philosophical and Literary.

The turn and manner of many passages in our author are much like Dryden's prologues; and particularly the famous prologue and epilogue to All for Love.

Ver. 394. *our own despise;*] If any proof was wanting how little the Paradise Lost was read and attended to, at this time, our author's total silence on the subject would be sufficient to shew it. That an Essay on Criticism could be written, without a single mention of Milton, appears truly strange and incredible; if we did not know that our author seems to have had no idea

Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Tho' each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the Town;

NOTES.

of any merit superior to that of Dryden! and had no relish for an author, who,

" Omnes exstinxit stellas, exortus uti ætherius sol."
Lucret.

Ver. 395. *The Ancients only,*] A very sensible Frenchman, says, " En un mot, touchez comme Euripide, etonnez comme Sophocle, peignez comme Homere, et composez d'apres vous. Ces maitres n'ont point eu de regles; ils n'en ont eté que plus grands; et ils n'ont acquis le droit de commander, que parce qu'ils n'ont jamais obei. Il en est tout autrement en literature qu'en politique; le talent qui a besoin de subir des loix, n'en donnera jamais."

Ver. 402. *Which from the first, &c.*] Genius is the same in all ages; but its fruits are various; and more or less excellent as they are checked or matured by the influence of government or religion upon them. Hence in some parts of literature the Ancients excel; in others, the Moderns; just as those accidental circumstances occurred. W.

Ver. 403. *Enlights*] An improper word for *enlightens.*

Ver. 408. *Some ne'er*] There is very little poetical expression from this line to ver. 450. It is only mere prose, fringed with rhyme. Good sense in a very prosaic style. Reasoning, not poetry.

They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with Quality.
A constant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The Vulgar thus through Imitation err;
As oft the Learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit,
Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right.

NOTES.

Ver. 420. *let a Lord*] "You ought not to write verses (said George the Second, who had little taste, to Lord Hervey), 'tis beneath your rank; leave such work to little Mr. Pope; it is his trade." But this Lord Hervey wrote some that were above the level of those described here by our author.

Ver. 425. *by being singular;*] Of which truth there cannot be a stronger example than the learned commentator on our author; "Who (to use his own excellent words on the character of Bayle) struck into the province of paradox, as an exercise for the restless vigour of his mind."

A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once School-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read;
Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scottists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.

NOTES.

Ver. 444. *Scotists*] So denominated from Johannes Duns Scotus. Erasmus tells us, an eminent Scotist assured him, that it was impossible to understand one single proposition of this famous Duns, unless you had his whole metaphysics by heart. This hero of incomprehensible fame suffered a miserable reverse at Oxford in the time of Henry VIII. That grave antiquary, Mr. Antony Wood (in the Vindication of himself and his writings from the reproaches of the Bishop of Salisbury), sadly laments the *deformation*, as he calls it, of that University by the King's Commissioners; and even records the blasphemous speeches of one of them, in his own words—"We have set Duns in Boccardo, with all his blind glossers, fast nailed up upon posts in all common houses of easement." Upon which our venerable antiquary thus exclaims: "If so be, the commissioners had such disrespect for that most famous author J. Duns, who was so much admired by our predecessors, and so difficult to be understood, that the Doctors of those times, namely, Dr. William Roper, Dr. John Keynton, Dr. William Mowse, &c. professed, that, in twenty-eight years' study, they could not understand him rightly, what then had they for others of inferior note?"—What indeed! But they, If so be, that most famous J. Duns was so difficult to be understood (for that this is

If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 447. Between this and Ver. 452.

The rhyming clowns that gladded Shakspeare's age,
No more with crambo entertain the stage.
Who now in anagrams their patron praise,
Or sing their mistress in acrostic lays?
Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore!
Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
And authors thought their reputation safe,
Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

NOTES.

a most theologic proof of his great worth, is past all doubt), I should conceive our good old Antiquary to be a little mistaken. And that the nailing up his Proteus of the Schools was done by the commissioners in honour of the most famous Duns: There being no other way of catching the sense of so slippery and dodging an author, who had eluded the pursuit of three of their most renowned doctors in full cry after him, for eight-and-twenty years together. And this boccardo in which he was confined, seemed very fit for the purpose; it being observed, that men are never more serious and thoughtful than in that place of retirement. Scribl.

Ver. 444. *Thomists*] From Thomas Aquinas, a truly great genius, who, in those blind ages, was the same in theology, that our Friar Bacon was in natural philosophy; less happy than our countryman in this, that he soon became surrounded with a number of dark glossers, who never left him till they had extinguished the radiance of that light, which had pierced through the thickest night of Monkery, the thirteenth century, when the Waldenses were suppressed, and Wickliffe not yet risen. W.

Ver. 444. *Thomists*] The Summa summæ, &c. of Thomas Aquinas, is a treatise well deserving a most attentive perusal, and contains an admirable view of Aristotle's Ethics.

Aquinas did not understand Greek; what he knew of Aris-

Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

NOTES.

totle he got from Averroes, an Arabian, whom the Spanish Jews first translated into Hebrew, and from Hebrew into Latin.

Ver. 445. *Amidst their kindred cobwebs*] Were common sense disposed to credit any of the Monkish miracles of the dark and blind ages of the church, it would certainly be one of the seventh century recorded by honest Bale. "In the sixth general council (says he) holden at Constantinople, Anno Dom. 680, contra Monothelitas, where the Latin Mass was first approved, and the Latin ministers deprived of their lawfull wives, spiders' webbs, in wonderfull copye, were seen falling down from above, upon the heads of the people, to the marvelous astonishment of many."—The justest emblem and prototype of School Metaphysics, the divinity of Scotists and Thomists, which afterward fell, in wonderfull copye on the heads of the people, in support of Transubstantiation, to the marvelous astonishment of many, as it continues to do to this day. W.

This is very forced and far-fetched.

Ver. 445. *Duck-lane.*] A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield. P.

Ver. 448. *Oft, leaving what is natural*] Ita comparatum est humanum ingenium, ut optimarum rerum satietate defatigetur. Unde fit, artes, necessitatis vi quadam crescere, aut decrescere semper, et ad summum fastigium evectas, ibi non diu posse consistere. Thus music, deserting simple and pathetic expression, is taken up with tricks of execution, and a sort of slight of hand. Thus Borromini, to be new and original, has, as Mr. Walpole expresses it, twisted and curled architecture, by inverting the volutes of the Ionic order. L'ennui du Beau, amene le gout du Singulier. This will happen in every country, every art, and every age.

Ver. 450. *And authors think their reputation safe,*
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.]

This is an admirable satire on those called Authors in fashion; the men who get the laugh on their side. He shews, on how pi-

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;

NOTES.

tiful a basis their reputation stands, the changeling disposition of fools to laugh, who are always carried away with the last joke. W.

Another forced interpretation!

Ver. 451. *As long as fools*] "Mirabile est (says Tully, De Oratore, lib. iii.) quum plurimum in faciendo inter doctum et rudem, quam non multum differant in judicando."

Horace and Milton declare against general approbation, and wish for fit audience though few. And Tully relates, in his Brutus, the story of Antimachus, who, when his numerous auditors all gradually left him, except Plato, said, I still continue reading my work; Plato, enim mihi unus instar est omnium. The noble confidence and strength of mind in Milton, is not in any circumstance more visible and more admirable, than his writing a poem in a style and manner that he was sure would not be relished or regarded by his corrupt contemporaries.

He was different in this respect from Bernardo Tasso, the father of his beloved Torquato, who, to satisfy the vulgar taste and current opinions of his country, new-modelled his epic poem Amadigi, to make it more wild and romantic, and less suited to the rules of Aristotle.

Ver. 452. *side or mind,*] Are two vulgar words, unworthy of our author.

Ver. 458. *Pride, Malice,*] "Many persons of high quality (says Voltaire) protected Pradon against Racine; Duke Zoilus, Le Comte Bavius, Marquis Mœvius."

Ver. 459. *shapes of Parsons, Critics,*] The Parson alluded to was Jeremy Collier; the Critic was the Duke of Buckingham; the first of whom very powerfully attacked the profligacy, and

But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known,
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.

NOTES.

the latter the irregularity and bombast, of some of Dryden's plays. The attacks were much more than merry jests.

Ver. 463. *Milbourn*] The Rev. Mr. Luke Milbourn. Dennis served Mr. Pope in the same office. But these men are of all times, and rise up on all occasions. Sir Walter Raleigh had Alexander Ross; Chillingworth had Cheynel; Milton a first Edwards; and Locke a second; neither of them related to the third Edwards of Lincoln's-Inn. They were divines of parts and learning; this a critic without one or the other. Yet (as Mr. Pope says of Luke Milbourn) the fairest of all critics; for having written against the Editor's remarks on Shakspeare, he did him justice in printing, at the same time, some of his own. W.

But all impartial critics allow the remarks to have been decisive and judicious; and his Canons of Criticism remain unrefuted and unanswerable.

Ver. 465. *Zoilus again*] In the fifth book of Vitruvius is an account of Zoilus's coming to the court of Ptolemy at Alexandria, and presenting to him his virulent and brutal censures of Homer, and begging to be rewarded for his work; instead of which, it is said, the king ordered him to be crucified, or, as some said, stoned alive. His person is minutely described in the 11th book of Ælian's various History.

Ver. 468. *For envied Wit, like Sol eclips'd*, &c.] This similitude implies a fact too often verified; and of which we need not seek abroad for examples. It is this, that frequently, those very authors, who have at first done all they could to obscure and depress a rising genius, have at length been reduced to borrow

When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.

NOTES.

from him, imitate his manner, and reflect what they could of his splendour; merely to keep themselves in some little credit. Nor hath the poet been less artful, to insinuate also what is sometimes the cause. A youthful genius, like the sun rising towards the meridian, displays too strong and powerful beams for the dirty temper of inferior writers, which occasions their gathering, condensing, and blackening. But as he descends from the meridian (the time when the sun gives its gilding to the surrounding clouds) his rays grow milder, his heat more benign, and then

"————ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day." W.

All the latter part of this note is in the true manner of our Commentator's extorting meanings never meant, and allusions incongruous and unnatural.

Ver. 474. *Be thou the first true merit to befriend;*
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.]

When Thomson published his Winter, 1726, it lay a long time neglected, till Mr. Spence made honourable mention of it in his Essay on the Odyssey; which becoming a popular book, made the poem universally known. Thomson always acknowledged the use of this recommendation; and from this circumstance an intimacy commenced between the critic and the poet, which lasted till the lamented death of the latter, who was of a most amiable and benevolent temper. I have before me a letter of Mr. Spence to Pitt, earnestly begging him to subscribe to the quarto edition of Thomson's Seasons, and mentioning a design which Thomson had formed of writing a descriptive poem on Blenheim; a subject that would have shone in his hands. It was some time after publication, before the Odes of Gray were relished and admired. They were even burlesqued by two men of wit and genius, who, however, once owned to me, that they repented of the attempt. The Hecyra of Terence, the Misanthrope of Moliere, the Phædra

Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.

NOTES.

of Racine, the Way of the World of Congreve, the Silent Woman of Ben Jonson, were ill received on their first exhibitions. Out of a hundred comedies written by Menander, eight only obtained the prize; and only five of Euripides out of the seventy tragedies he wrote. Our author seems to be eminently fortunate, who never, from his early youth, published a piece that did not meet with immediate approbation, except, perhaps, the first Epistle of the Essay on Man, which Mallet, not knowing the author, told him he thought it a mean performance. The confusion and shame of Mallet may be easily imagined, when Pope informed him that he was the author.

Ver. 476. *Short is the date,*] Dr. Beattie has a good commentary on these words:

"All living languages are liable to change. The Greek and Latin, though composed of more durable materials than ours, were subject to perpetual vicissitude, till they ceased to be spoken. The former is, with reason, believed to have been more stationary than any other; and indeed, a very particular attention was paid to the preservation of it; yet, between Spenser and Pope, Hooker and Sherlock, Raleigh and Smollet, a difference of dialect is not more perceptible, than between Homer and Apollonius, Xenophon and Plutarch, Aristotle and Antoninus. In the Roman authors, the change of language is still more remarkable. How different, in this respect, is Ennius from Virgil, Lucilius from Horace, Cato from Columella, and even Catullus from Ovid! The Laws of the Twelve Tables, though studied by every Roman of condition, were not perfectly understood, even by antiquarians, in the time of Cicero, when they were not quite four hundred years old. Cicero himself, as well as Lucretius, made several improvements in the Latin tongue: Virgil introduced some new words; and Horace asserts his right to the same privilege; and, from his remarks upon it, appears to have considered the immutability of living language as an impossible thing. It were vain then to flatter ourselves with the hope of permanency to any of the modern tongues of Europe; which, being more ungrammatical than the Latin and Greek, are exposed to more dangerous, because less discernible, innovations. Our want of tenses and cases makes a multitude of auxiliary verbs necessary; and to

No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright Idea of the master's mind,

NOTES.

these the unlearned are not attentive, because they look upon them as the least important parts of language; and hence they come to be omitted or misapplied in conversation, and afterward in writing. Besides, the spirit of commerce, manufacture, and naval enterprise, so honourable to modern Europe, and to Great Britain in particular, and the free circulation of arts, sciences, and opinions, owing, in part, to the use of printing, and to our improvements in navigation, must render the modern tongues, and especially the English, more variable than the Greek or Latin."

Ver. 482. *failing language*] "In England (says an ingenious Italian) the Translation of the Bible is the standard of their language; in Italy the standard is, the Decamerone of Boccacio. Those tales have been so highly applauded, and so universally read, that they seem to have overwhelmed his other works, which are seldom spoken of. It is only within a few years that the Teseide of Boccacio was known, or talked of, even among professed critics, though this epic poem was frequently quoted by Tasso in his Discorsi del Poema Eroico. Voltaire calls the languages of modern Europe, Enfans bossus et boiteaux d'un grand homme de belle taille, meaning Latin."

Ver. 484. *So when the faithful pencil, &c.*] This similitude from painting, in which our author discovers (as he always does on that subject) real science, has still a more peculiar beauty, as at the same time that it confesses the just superiority of ancient writings, it insinuates one advantage the modern have above them, which is this; that in these latter, our more intimate acquaintance with the occasion of writing, and with the manners described, lets us into those living and striking graces which may be well compared to that perfection of imitation given only by the pencil.

Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand:
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

NOTES.

While the ravages of time, amongst the monuments of former ages, have left us but the gross substance of ancient wit; so much only of the form and fashion of bodies as may be expressed in brass or marble. W.

The same may be said of this passage, as of that which relates to verse 468, above mentioned.

Ver. 494. *Unhappy Wit,*] "Ceux qui manient le plomb et le mercure (says Voltaire with his usual pleasantry), sont sujets a des coliques dangereuses, et a des tremblemens de nerfs très fâcheux. Ceux qui se servent de plumes et d'encre, sont attaqués d'une vermine, qu'il faut continuellement sécouer."

Ver. 507. —— *by knaves undone!*] By which the poet would

If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Though triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill Author is as bad a Friend.

NOTES.

insinuate, a common but shameful truth, That men in power, if they got into it by illiberal arts, generally left Wit and Science to starve. W.

Ver. 508. *If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,*] The inconveniences that attend wit are well enumerated in this excellent passage. "Poets, who imagine they are known and admired, are frequently mortified, and humbled. Boileau going one day to receive his pension, and the treasurer reading these words in his order; "the pension we have granted to Boileau, on account of the satisfaction his works have given us," asked him of what kind were his works; "Of masonry (replied the poet), I am a builder." Racine always reckoned the praises of the ignorant among the chief sources of chagrin; and used to relate, that an old magistrate, who had never been at a play, was carried, one day, to his Andromaque. This magistrate was very attentive to the tragedy, to which was added the Plaideurs; and going out of the theatre, he said to the author, "I am extremely pleased, Sir, with your Andromaque: I am only amazed that it ends so gaily;" j'avois d'abord eu quelque envie de pleurer, mais la vue des petits chiens m'a fait rire.

Ver. 519. *each ill Author*] This might be expected. But how mortifying, that geniuses of a higher rank should malign and harass each other. What shall we say of the disgraceful dissensions betwixt Sophocles and Euripides; Plato and Aristotle;

To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost.
Good-nature and good sense must ever join;
To err, is human, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;

NOTES.

Bossuet and Fenelon; Boileau and Quinault; Racine and Moliere; Tasso and the La Crusca Academicians; Corneille, Scudery, and Cardinal Richlieu; Bayle and Le Clerc; Voltaire and Crebillon; Bentley and Boyle; Clarke and Atterbury; Locke and Stillingfleet; and many others! Mr. Harte related to me, that being with Mr. Pope when he received the news of Swift's death, Harte said to him, he thought it a fortunate circumstance for their friendship, that they had lived so distant from each other; Pope resented the reflection, but yet, said Harte, I am convinced it was true.

Ver. 526. *But if in noble minds some dregs remain, &c.*] So far as to what ought to be the true critic's principal study and employment. But if the sour critical humour abounds, and must therefore needs have vent, he directs to its proper object; and shews [from ver. 525 to 556] how it may be innocently and usefully pointed. This is very observable; our author had made spleen and disdain the characteristics of the false critic, and yet here supposes them inherent in the true. But it is done with judgment, and a knowledge of Nature. For as bitterness and astringency in unripe fruits of the best kind are the foundation and capacity of that high spirit, race, and flavour, which we find in them when perfectly concocted by the warmth and influence of the sun, and which, without those qualities, would gain no more by that influence than only a mellow insipidity; so spleen and disdain in the true critic, when improved by long study and experience, ripen into an exactness of judgment and an elegance of taste: although, in the false critic, lying remote from the influence of good letters, they remain in all their first offensive harshness and acerbity. The poet therefore shews how, after the exaltation of these qualities into their state of perfection, the

Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile Obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But Dulness with Obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as Impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
When love was all an easy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ:
Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit:
The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's play,
And not a Mask went unimprov'd away:
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;

NOTES.

very dregs (which, though precipitated, may possibly, on some occasions, rise and ferment even in a noble mind) may be usefully employed; that is to say, in branding obscenity and impiety. W.

I have preserved this remark, to justify the censure I have presumed to pass on Warburton's manner of criticising.

Ver. 545. — *bold Socinus*] "This author (says Dr. Jortin) seems to have had two particular antipathies; one to grammatical and verbal criticism, the other to false doctrine and heresy. To the first we may ascribe his treating Bentley, Burman, Kuster, and Wasse, with a contempt which recoiled upon himself. To the second, we will impute his pious zeal against those divines of King William's time, whom he supposed to be infected with the Infidel, or the Socinian, or the Latitudinarian spirit, and not so orthodox as himself, and his friends Swift, Bolingbroke, &c.

Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights
dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;

NOTES.

Thus he laid about him, and censured men, of whose literary, or of whose theological merits or defects, he was no more a judge than his footman, John Searle. He says,

'The following licence of a foreign reign,
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation.'

"In the third of these lines he had Burnet in view, and his History of the Reformation; and in the fourth, Kennet; who was accused of having said, in a funeral sermon on some nobleman, that converted sinners, if they were men of parts, repented more speedily and effectually than dull rascals. If his witty friend Swift had consulted the rules of prosody, he would not have begun an epigram with,

Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis;

and have made a false quantity in the first word. But writing Latin, either prose or verse, was not his talent, any more than making sermons. As to the knowledge which he is said to have acquired of the learned languages,——Cras credo, hodie nihil."

Ver. 547. The author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a National Reflection, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any people whatever. P.

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

III.

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to shew,
For 'tis but half a Judge's task, to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too.
Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a Critique on the last.

NOTES.

Ver. 559. *jaundic'd*] Borrowed from an old comedy.

Ver. 560. *Learn then, &c.*] We enter now on the third part, the *Morals* of the critic; included in candour, modesty, and good-breeding. This third and last part is in two divisions. In the first of which [from ver. 559 to 631] our author inculcates these morals by precept: in the second [from ver. 630 to the end] by example. His first precept [from ver. 561 to 566] recommends candour, for its use to the critic, and to the writer criticised. W.

Ver. 570. *your errors past,*] These few following words of Quintilian (whom Pope himself has, with propriety, so frequently quoted) contain almost every thing that can be said on the subject of correcting and emendation. "Hujus autem operis est, adjicere, detrahere, mutare. Sed facilius in his simpliciusque judicium, quæ replenda, vel dejicienda sunt; premere vero tumentia, humilia extollere, luxuriantia astringere, inordinata digerere, soluta componere, exultantia coercere, duplicis operæ." Suffer me to add another passage of equal taste and utility; "Et ipsa emendatio habet finem; sunt enim qui ad omnia scripta,

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without Good-Breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence:
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

NOTES.

tanquam vitiosa redeunt; et quasi nihil fas sit rectum esse quod primum est, melius existiment quidquid est aliud; idque faciunt quoties librum in manus resumpserint; similes medicis, etiam integra secantibus. Accidit itaque ut cicatricosa sint, et exanguia, et cura pejora. Sit aliquando quod placeat; aut certe quod sufficiat: ut plus poliat lima, non exterat." Quintil. lib. 10. These cautions and restrictions, in the business of emendation, are excellent indeed.

Ver. 580. *With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,*
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.]

Our poet practised this excellent precept in his conduct towards Wycherley, whose pieces he corrected with equal freedom and judgment. But Wycherley, who had a bad heart, and an insufferable share of vanity, and who was one of the professed wits of the last age, was soon disgusted at this candour and ingenuity of Pope; insomuch, that he came to an open and ungenerous rupture with him.

Ver. 582. *Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;*] The freedom and unreservedness with which Boileau and Racine communicated their works to each other, is hardly to be paralleled; of which many amiable instances appear in their letters lately published by a son of the latter; particularly in the following: "J'ai trouvé que la Trompette et les Sourds etoient trop joués, et qu'il ne falloit point trop appuyer sur votre incommodité, moins

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

NOTES.

encore chercher de l'esprit sur ce sujet." Boileau communicated to his friend the first sketch of his Ode on the taking Namur. It is entertaining to contemplate a rude draught by such a master; and is no less pleasing to observe the temper with which he receives the objections of Racine. "J'ai deja retouché à tout cela; mais je ne veux point l'achever que je n'aie reçu vos remarques, qui surément m'éclaireront encore l'esprit." The same volume informs us of a curious anecdote, that Boileau generally made the second verse of a couplet before the first; that he declared it was one of the grand secrets of poetry to give, by this means, a greater energy and meaning to his verses; that he advised Racine to follow the same method, and said on this occasion, "I have taught him to rhyme with difficulty."

Ver. 584. *'Twere well might Critics, &c.*] The poet having thus recommended, in his general rules of conduct for the Judgment, these three critical virtues to the Heart; shews next [from ver. 583 to 631] upon what three sorts of writers these virtues, together with the advice conveyed under them, would be thrown away; and, which is worse, be repaid with obloquy and scorn. These are, the false Critic, the dull Man of Quality, and the bad Poet; each of which species of incorrigible writers he hath very exactly painted. But having drawn the last of them at full length, and being always attentive to the two main branches of his subject, which are, of writing and judging well, he reassumes the character of the bad Critic (whom he had touched upon before) to contrast him with the other; and makes the characteristic common to both, to be a never-ceasing repetition of their own impertinence.

The Poet—still runs on in a raging vein, &c. ver. 606, &c.
The Critic—with his own tongue still edifies his ears, 614, &c. W.

Ver. 586. *And stares, tremendous, &c.*] This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: for as to the mention made

Fear most to tax an Honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;
Such, without wit, are Poets when they please,
As without learning they can take Degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satires,
And flattery to fulsome Dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,

NOTES.

of him in ver. 270, he took it as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this abuse of his person. P.

Ver. 593. *fulsome Dedicators,*] "To see a discourse on the ten predicaments (says Warburton pleasantly) addressed to a leader of armies, or a system of casuistry to a minister of state, always appeared to me a high absurdity." Might we not say the same of addressing a discourse on fatalism and free-will to the worthy, but illiterate, Mr. Allen of Bath?

Ver. 597. *be vain:*] This was a favourite maxim and practice of Addison, as it is related by Swift; he never contradicted a self-sufficient affected coxcomb.

Ver. 604. *impenitently bold,*] *Bold* is but a poor epithet in this place.

Still run on Poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezing of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence.
Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the Poet's friend,
Nay shew'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:

NOTES.

Ver. 607. *squeezing of the brain,*] It has been suggested that he alludes to Wycherley, who had quarrelled with him for correcting his rough and harsh verses, and for saying, he had better put his thoughts into prose, like Rochfoucault's maxims.

Ver. 619. *Garth did not write, &c.*] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten. P.

Ver. 622. *No place so sacred*] This stroke of satire is literally taken from Boileau.

"Gardez vous d'imiter ce rimeur furieux,
Qui de ses vains écrits lecteur harmonieux
Aborde en récitant quiconque le salue,
Et poursuit de ses vers les passans dans le ruë,

Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 623. Between this and ver. 624.

In vain you shrug and sweat and strive to fly:
These know no Manners but of poetry.
They'll stop a hungry chaplain in his grace,
To treat of unities of time and place.

NOTES.

Il n'est Temple si saint, des Anges respecté,
Qui soit contre sa muse un lieu du sûreté."

Which lines allude to the impertinence of a French poet called Du Perrier, who finding Boileau one day at church, insisted upon repeating to him an ode, during the elevation of the host; and desired his opinion, whether or not it was in the manner of Malherbe. Without this anecdote the pleasantry of the satire would be overlooked. It may here be occasionally observed, how many beauties in this species of writing are lost, for want of knowing the facts to which they allude. The following passage may be produced as a proof. Boileau, in his excellent epistle to his gardener, at Auteuil, says,

"Mon maître, dirois-tu, passe pour un Docteur,
Et parle quelquefois mieux qu'un Prédicateur."

It seems our author and Racine returned one day, in high spirits, from Versailles, with two honest citizens of Paris. As their conversation was full of gaiety and humour, the two citizens were greatly delighted; and one of them at parting, stopped Boileau with this compliment, "I have travelled with Doctors of the Sorbonne, and even with the religious; but I never heard so many fine things said before; en verite vous parlez cent fais mieux qu'un Predicateur."

It is but justice to add, that the fourteen succeeding verses in the poem before us, containing the character of a True Critic, are superior to any thing in Boileau's Art of Poetry; from which, however, Pope has borrowed many observations.

And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe;

NOTES.

Ver. 631. *But where's the man, &c.*] The poet, by his manner of asking after this character, and telling us, when he had described it, that such once were critics, does not encourage us to search for it amongst modern writers. And indeed the discovery of him, if it could be made, would be but an invidious affair. However, I will venture to name the piece of criticism in which all these marks may be found. It is entitled, Q. Hor. Fl. Ars Poetica, et ejusd. Ep. ad Aug. with an English commentary and notes. W.

This commentary is founded on the idea that Horace writes, in his Art of Poetry, with systematic order, and the strictest method. An idea to which several capable critics will not accede, and which is directly contrary to Pope's own opinion. But it may be added, that Dr. Hurd was not the first who entertained this idea. A French writer, M. de Brueys, gave a paraphrase on this epistle of Horace, in 1683, totally grounded on this supposition. If my partiality to my lamented friend Mr. Colman does not mislead me, I should think this account of the matter the most judicious of any yet published. He conceives that the elder Piso had written or meditated a poetical work, probably a tragedy; and had communicated his piece, in confidence, to Horace; but Horace, either disapproving of the work, or doubting of the poetical faculties of the elder Piso, or both, wished to dissuade him from all thoughts of publication. With this view he wrote his epistle, addressing it with a courtliness and delicacy, perfectly agreeable to his acknowledged character, indifferently to the whole family, the father and his two sons. Epistle to the Pisos, with Notes by George Colman, 4to. 1783, p. 6.

Who to a friend his faults can freely shew,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 646 and 649 I have found the following lines, since suppressed by the author:

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
Whose first discovery's not exceeded yet.
Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star,
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.
He, when all Nature was subdu'd before,
Like his great Pupil, sigh'd and long'd for more:
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
Poets, &c. W.

NOTES.

Ver. 642. *with reason on his side? &c.*] Not only on his side, but in actual employment. The critic makes but a mean figure, who, when he has found out the beauties of his author, contents himself with shewing them to the world in only empty exclamations. His office is to explain their nature, shew from whence they arise, and what effects they produce; or, in the better and fuller expression of the poet,

"To teach the world with reason to admire." W.

Ver. 645. *The mighty Stagyrite*] A noble and just character of the first and the best of critics! and sufficient to repress the fashionable and nauseous petulance of several impertinent moderns, who have attempted to discredit this great and useful writer. Whoever surveys the variety and perfection of his productions, all delivered in the chastest style, in the clearest order,

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.

NOTES.

and the most pregnant brevity, is amazed at the immensity of his genius. His logic, however at present neglected for those rudiments and verbose systems which took their rise from Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, is a mighty effort of the mind; in which are discovered the principal sources of the art of reasoning, and the dependences of one thought on another; and where, by the different combinations he hath made of all the forms the understanding can assume in reasoning, which he hath traced for it, he hath so closely confined it, that it cannot depart from them, without arguing inconsequentially. His Physics contain many useful observations, particularly his History of Animals, which Buffon highly praises; to assist him in which, Alexander gave orders, that creatures of different climates and countries should, at a great expense, be brought to him, to pass under his inspection. His Morals are, perhaps, the purest system of antiquity. His Politics are a most valuable monument of the civil wisdom of the ancients; as they preserve to us the description of several governments, and particularly of Crete and Carthage, that otherwise would have been unknown. But of all his compositions, his Rhetoric and Poetics are most excellent. No writer has shewn a greater penetration into the recesses of the human heart, than this philosopher, in the second book of his Rhetoric; where he treats of the different manners and passions that distinguish each different age and condition of man; and from whence Horace plainly took his famous description, in the Art of Poetry (ver. 157). La Bruyere, La Rochefoucault, and Montaigne himself, are not to be compared to him in this respect. No succeeding writer on eloquence, not even Tully, has added any thing new or important on this subject. His Poetics, which, I suppose, are here by Pope chiefly referred to, seem to have been written for the use of that prince, with whose education Aristotle was honoured, to give him a just taste in reading Homer and the tragedians; to judge properly of which, was then thought no unnecessary accomplishment in the character of a prince. To attempt to understand poetry without having diligently digested this treatise, would be as absurd and impossible, as to pretend to a skill in geometry, without having studied Euclid. The fourteenth, fifteenth, and

Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

NOTES.

sixteenth chapters, wherein he has pointed out the properest methods of exciting terror and pity, convince us, that he was intimately acquainted with those objects which most forcibly affect the heart. The prime excellence of this precious treatise is the scholastic precision, and philosophical closeness, with which the subject is handled, without any address to the passions or imagination. It is to be lamented, that the part of the Poetics in which he had given precepts for comedy, did not likewise descend to posterity.

Ver. 652. *Who conquer'd*] By conquering nature, our poet certainly meant, was a perfect master of all natural philosophy, as far as it was then understood; in his own manuscript lines quoted above he uses the expression in the very same sense;

He, when all nature was subdu'd before.

Ver. 665. *See Dionysius*] Of Halicarnassus. P.

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

NOTES.

Ver. 665. *See Dionysius*] These prosaic lines, this spiritless eulogy, are much below the merit of the critic whom they are intended to celebrate. Pope seems here rather to have considered Dionysius as the author only of reflections concerning Homer; and to have, in some measure, overlooked, or at least not to have sufficiently insisted on, his most excellent book ΠΕΡΙ ΣΥΝΘΗΣΕΩΣ ΟΝΟΜΑΤΩΝ, in which he has unfolded all the secret arts that render composition harmonious. One part of this discourse, I mean from the beginning of the twenty-first to the end of the twenty-fourth section, is, perhaps, one of the most useful pieces of criticism extant. He there discusses the three different species of composition; which he divides into the Nervous and Austere, the Smooth and Florid, and the Middle, which partakes of the nature of the two others. As examples of the first species, he mentions Antimachus and Empedocles in heroics, Pindar in lyric, Æschylus in tragic poetry, and Thucydides in history. As examples of the second, he produces Hesiod as a writer in heroics; Sappho, Anacreon, and Simonides, in lyric; Euripides only among tragic writers; among the historians, Ephorus and Theopompus; and Isocrates among the rhetoricians; all these, says he, have used words that are ΛΕΙΑ, καὶ ΜΑΛΑΚΑ, καὶ ΠΑΡΘΕΝΩΠΑ. The writers which he alleges as instances of the third species, who have happily blended the two other species of composition, and who are the most complete models of style, are Homer in epic poetry; Stesichorus and Alcæus in lyric; in tragic, Sophocles; in history, Herodotus: in eloquence, Demosthenes; in philosophy, Democritus, Plato, and Aristotle. Numberless are the passages which Quintilian has borrowed from this writer; who has lately been brought forward, and perhaps will be more read by being so often referred to, by the learned Lord Monboddo. The treatise, De Structura, was admirably well published by Mr. Upton, the editor also of Aristotle's Poetics, printed at Cambridge, under the inspection of Dr. Hare, in the year 1706, and also of Extracts from Ælian, Polyænus, and Herodotus, and of Ascham's Schoolmaster. Let me indulge myself by adding, that his son, Mr. John Upton, prebendary of Rochester, was also a man of taste and ability, author of Observations on Shakspeare, of a most ac-

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd :

NOTES.

curate edition of Arrian's Epictetus, and of the best edition of Spenser's Fairy Queen, ever given to the public. This amiable and learned man was unjustly and uncandidly depreciated by Dr. Warburton, but, as a full equivalent, was honoured with the constant friendship and regard of the excellent author of Hermes.

Ver. 666. *And call new*] Racine, in one of his letters, says, accidentally, and without any affectation, that he had that day read over, in Greek, the whole of Dionysius's treatise De Structura Orationis. I believe few modern poets could, with truth, have said the same thing. But he, as well as Boileau, was an excellent Greek scholar, which cannot be said of any of their successors in France, not even their celebrated Voltaire.

Ver. 667. *Petronius please,*] This dissolute and effeminate writer little deserved a place among good critics, for only two or three pages on the subject of criticism. His fragment on the Civil War is far below Lucan, whom he endeavoured to blame and to excel. Sir George Wheeler, esteemed an accurate traveller, informs us, that he saw at Trau, in the hands of a Doctor Statelius, a fragment of Petronius, in which the account of the Supper of Trimalcion was entire. Yet this fragment has been judged to be spurious.

Ver. 669. *In grave Quintilian's copious work,*] To commend Quintilian barely for his method, and to insist merely on this excellence, is below the merit of one of the most rational and elegant of Roman writers. Considering the nature of Quintilian's subject, he afforded copious matter for a more appropriate and poetical character. No author ever adorned a scientifical treatise with so many beautiful metaphors. Quintilian was found in the bottom of a tower of the monastery of St. Gal, by Poggius; as appears by one of his letters dated 1417, written from Constance, where the council was then sitting. The monastery was about twenty miles from that city. Silius Italicus, and Valerius Flaccus, were found at the same time and place. A history of the manner in which the manuscripts of ancient authors were found, would be an entertaining work to persons of literary curiosity. See Life of Lorenzo di Medici.

Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just:
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

NOTES.

Ver. 675. *Thee, bold Longinus!*] This abrupt address to Longinus is more spirited and striking, and more suitable to the character of the person addressed, than if he had coldly spoken of him in the third person, as it stood in the first edition. The taste and sensibility of Longinus were exquisite; but his observations are too general, and his method too loose. The precision of the true philosophical critic is lost in the declamation of the florid rhetorician. Instead of shewing for what reason a sentiment or image is sublime, and discovering the secret power by which they affect a reader with pleasure, he is ever intent on producing something sublime himself, and strokes of his own eloquence. Instead of pointing out the foundation of the grandeur of Homer's imagery, where he describes the motion of Neptune, the critic is endeavouring to rival the poet, by saying that, "there was not room enough in the whole earth to take such another step." He should have shewn why the speech of Phæton to his son, in a fragment of Euripides, was so lively and picturesque; instead of which he ardently exclaims, "Would not you say, that the soul of the writer ascended the chariot with the driver, and was whirled along in the same flight and danger with the rapid horses"? We have lately seen a just specimen of the genuine method of criticising, in Mr. Harris's accurate Discourse on Poetry, Painting, and Music. I have frequently wondered, that Longinus, who mentions Tully, should have taken no notice of Virgil or Horace. I suppose he thought them only servile copiers of the Greeks. Neither Herodotus nor Thucidydes ever once mention the Romans.

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the same Foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw Learning fall and Rome.

NOTES.

Ver. 685. *From the same Foes,*] "'Twas the fate of Rome to have scarce an intermediate age, or single period of time, between the rise of arts and fall of liberty. No sooner had that nation begun to lose the roughness and barbarity of their manners, and learn of Greece to form their heroes, their orators, and poets, on a right model, than on their unjust attempt upon the liberty of the world, they justly lost their own. With their liberty, they lost not only their force of eloquence, but even their style and language itself. The poets who afterward arose among them, were mere unnatural and forced plants. Their two most finished, who came last, and closed the scene, were plainly such as had seen the days of liberty, and felt the sad effects of its departure."

Shaftesbury proceeds to observe, that when despotism was fully established, not a statue, picture, or medal, not a tolerable piece of architecture, afterward appeared.—And it was, I may add, the opinion of Longinus and Addison, who adopted it from him, that arbitrary governments were pernicious to the fine arts, as well as to the sciences. Modern history, however, has afforded an example to the contrary. Painting, sculpture, and music, have been seen to arrive to a high perfection in Rome, notwithstanding the slavery and superstition that reign there; nay, superstition itself has been highly productive of these fine arts; for with what enthusiasm must a popish painter work for an altar-piece? There have been instances of painters who, before they began to work, have always received the sacrament. Neither Dante, Ariosto, nor Tasso, flourished in free governments; and it seems chimerical to assert, that Milton would never have written his Paradise Lost if he had not seen monarchy destroyed, and the state thrown into disorder. Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Julio Romano, lived in despotic states. The fine arts, in short, are naturally attendant upon power and luxury. But the sciences require unlimited freedom, to raise them to their full vigour and growth.

With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was constru'd to be good;
A second deluge Learning thus o'errun,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 690 and 691, the author omitted these two,

Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
When none but Saints had licence to be proud. P.

NOTES.

In a monarchy, there may be poets, painters, and musicians; but orators, historians, and philosophers, can exist, in their full force, in a well-ordered republic alone.

Ver. 686. *Saw Learning fall*] Literature and the Arts, which flourished to so great a degree about the time of Augustus, gradually felt a decline, from many concurrent causes; from the vast extent of the Roman empire, and its consequent despotism, which crushed every noble effort of the mind; from the military government, which rendered life and property precarious, and therefore destroyed even the necessary arts of agriculture and manufactures; and by the irruption of the barbarous nations, which was occasioned and facilitated by this state of things. About the eleventh century the people of Christendom were sunk in the lowest ignorance and brutality, till the accidental finding Justinian's Pandects, at Amalfi, in Italy, about the year 1130, began to awaken and enlarge the minds of men, by laying before them an art that would give stability and security to all the other arts that support and embellish life. It is a mistake to think, that the arts were destroyed by the irruptions of the northern nations; they had degenerated and decayed before that event.

Ver. 692. *What the Goths begun.*] Leontius Pilatus was the person that restored Greek learning in Italy; Gregoris Tiphernas in France; William Grocyn of New College, Oxford, in England.

The nine Grecians that came first from Constantinople into the West, were, Bessarion, Chrysoloras, Demet, Calchondylas, Gaza, J. Argyropulus, G. Trapezuntius, Mar. Musurus, M. Marullus, J. Lascaris.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame !)

NOTES.

Ver. 693. *At length Erasmus, &c.*] Nothing can be more artful than the application of this example: or more happy than the turn of the compliment. To throw glory quite round the character of this admirable person, he makes it to be (as in fact it really was) by his assistance chiefly, that Leo was enabled to restore letters and the fine arts in his Pontificate. W.

This is not exactly true: others had a share in this great and important work.

"I have been asked, whether I would decide the question, What was the religion of Erasmus? In one respect, I account myself qualified for the undertaking; for I am unprejudiced, and have nothing to bias me. But I think it best to leave the reader to judge for himself, and to make his inferences from the premises. Therefore I shall only observe, that Erasmus, if he had had an absolute power to establish a form of religion in any country, would have been a moderate man, and a Latitudinarian, as to the credenda. He would have proposed few articles of faith, and those with a primitive simplicity. This system, indeed, would have been highly disagreeable to the men, who enjoy no comfort in believing, or in pretending to believe, what they think fit, unless they can vex, harass, and torment, all those who will not submit to their decisions." This is the candid opinion of Dr. Jortin, in his Life of Erasmus, p. 609.

"I am afraid (said Erasmus in one of his epistles), that not having the firmness and spirit of Luther, I should have behaved like St. Peter in the same circumstances."

Ver. 694. *The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame !*] Our author elsewhere lets us know what he esteems to be the glory of the priesthood as well as of a Christian in general, where, comparing himself to Erasmus, he says,

"In Moderation placing all my glory,"

and consequently what he regards as the shame of it. The whole of this character belonged eminently and almost solely to Erasmus: for the other Reformers, such as Luther, Calvin, and their followers, understood so little in what true Christian liberty consisted, that they carried with them, into the reformed churches, that very spirit of persecution, which had driven them from the church of Rome. W.

Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.
But see! each Muse, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,

NOTES.

Ver. 696. *And drove these holy Vandals off the stage.*] In this attack on the established ignorance of the times, Erasmus succeeded so well, as to bring good letters into fashion: to which he gave new splendour, by preparing for the press, correct editions of many of the best ancient writers, both ecclesiastical and profane. But having laughed and shamed his age out of one folly, he had the mortification of seeing it run headlong into another. The Virtuosi of Italy, in a superstitious dread of that monkish barbarity which he had so severely handled, would use no term (for now almost every man was become a Latin writer), not even when they treated of the highest mysteries of religion, which had not been consecrated in the Capitol, and dispensed unto them from the sacred hand of Cicero. Erasmus observed the growth of this classical folly with the greater concern, as he discovered, under all their attention to the language of old Rome, a certain fondness for its religion, in a growing impiety which disposed them to think irreverently of the Christian faith. And he no sooner discovered it than he set upon reforming it; which he did so effectually in the Dialogue, entitled Ciceronianus, that he brought the age back to that just temper, which he had been all his life endeavouring to mark out to it: Purity, but not pedantry, in Letters; and zeal, but not bigotry, in Religion. In a word, by employing his great talents of genius and literature on subjects of general importance; and by opposing the extremes of all parties in their turns; he completed the real character of a true Critic and an honest Man. W.

Ver. 697. *But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,*] History has recorded five ages of the world, in which the human mind has exerted itself in an extraordinary manner; and in which its productions in literature and the fine arts have arrived at a perfection not equalled in other periods.

The First, is the age of Philip and Alexander; about which time flourished Socrates, Plato, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Lysippus, Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles, Thucydides, Xenophon, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Menander, Phile-

Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.

NOTES.

mon. The Second age, which seems not to have been taken sufficient notice of, was that of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, in which appeared Lycophron, Aratus, Nicander, Apollonius Rhodius, Theocritus, Callimachus, Eratosthenes, Philichus, Erasistratus the physician, Timæus the historian, Cleanthes, Diogenes the painter, and Sostrates the architect. This prince, from his love of learning, commanded the Old Testament to be translated into Greek. The Third age, is that of Julius Cæsar, and Augustus; marked with the illustrious names of Laberius, Catullus, Lucretius, Cicero, Livy, Varro, Virgil, Horace, Propertius, Tibullus, Ovid, Phædrus, Vitruvius, Dioscorides. The Fourth age was that of Julius II, and Leo X, which produced Ariosto, Tasso, Fracastorius, Sannazarius, Vida, Bembo, Sadolet, Machiavel, Guiccardin, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian. The Fifth age is that of Louis XIV, in France, and of King William and Queen Anne, in England; in which, or thereabouts, are to be found, Corneille, Moliere, Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine, Bossuet, La Rochefoucault, Paschal, Bourdaloue, Patru, Malbranche, De Retz, La Bruyere, St. Real, Fenelon, Lully, Le Sœur, Poussin, La Brun, Puget, Theodon, Gerradon, Edelinck, Nanteuill, Perrault the architect, Dryden, Tillotson, Temple, Pope, Addison, Garth, Congreve, Rowe, Prior, Lee, Swift, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Clarke, Kneller, Thornhill, Jervas, Purcell, Mead, Friend.

Leo the Tenth little imagined, that by promoting the revival of ancient literature, and by the discovery and diffusion of that manly and liberal knowledge which it contained, and which opened and enlarged the bigoted minds of men, into boldness of thought, and freedom of inquiry on all important subjects, he was gradually undermining the absurdity and the tyranny of the Romish church, and emancipating its wretched devotees from ignorance and superstition. In vain, under such circumstances, was the Complutensian edition of the Bible given. Cardinal Pole, it is said, with great shrewdness, warned Leo of the consequences of thus enlightening Europe.

In Bayle may be seen, the pains he took, and the expenses he incurred, by purchasing curious manuscripts from every country

Then Sculpture, and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida: on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:

NOTES.

where they could be found; and his liberalities to men of genius need not be enlarged upon. One cannot but lament that the charming Ariosto, who was once so favoured and caressed by him, was afterward neglected and forgotten by this Pope, and denied a preferment which he had promised him, which occasioned the severity with which he treated Leo in his Fifth Satire. It is remarkable, that in the bull which this Pope gave to Ariosto, on the printing his Orlando, he speaks of it as a kind of burlesque poem; as describing, Equitum errantium Itinera, ludicro more, longo tamen studio, &c.

Ver. 699. *o'er its ruins spread,*] In the ninth century, it was said, there were more statues than inhabitants, at Rome.

Ver. 703. *With sweeter notes*] I have the best authority, that of the learned, accurate, and ingenious Dr. Burney, for observing that, in the age of Leo the Tenth, music did not keep pace with poetry in advancing towards perfection. Constantio Festa was the best Italian composer during the time of Leo, and Pietro Aron the best Theorist. Palestrina was not born till eight years after the death of Leo. See History of Music, Vol. II. p. 336. In the year 1521, Luther wrote a serious and pressing letter to Leo, exhorting him to retire from the splendour and vanity of the court, to some religious solitude, after the example of St. Bernard. We may easily imagine how much our polite successor of St. Peter was diverted with this remonstrance of Luther. Leo did not receive the sacrament before he died; on which, Sannazarius wrote this distich;

"Sacra sub extrema si forte requiritis hora,
Cur Leo non potuit sumere? vendiderat.

Ver. 705. *Immortal Vida:*] But Vida was by no means the most celebrated poet that adorned the age of Leo the Tenth; and music received not so many improvements, as the other fine arts, at that period. When Vida was advanced to a bishoprick,

Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

NOTES.

he went to pay a visit to his aged parents, who were in very low circumstances; but unhappily found they were just deceased. An action more meritorious than writing his Poetics.

The merits of Vida seem not to have been particularly attended to in England, till Pope had bestowed this commendation upon him; although the Poetics had been correctly published at Oxford, by Basil Kennet, some time before. The Silk-worms of Vida are written with classical purity, and with a just mixture of the styles of Lucretius and Virgil. It was a happy choice to write a poem on Chess; nor is the execution less happy. The various stratagems and manifold intricacies of this ingenious game, so difficult to be described in Latin, are here expressed with the greatest perspicuity and elegance; so that, perhaps, the game might be learned from this description. Amidst many prosaic flatnesses there are many fine strokes in the Christiad; particularly his angels, with respect to their persons and insignia, are drawn with that dignity which we so much admire in Milton; who seems to have had his eye on those passages.

Gravina (Della Ragion. Poet. p. 127.) applauds Vida, for having found out a method to introduce the whole history of our Saviour's life, by putting it into the mouth of St. Joseph and St. John, who relate it to Pilate. But surely this speech, consisting of as many lines as that of Dido to Æneas, was too long to be made on such an occasion, when Christ was brought before the tribunal of Pilate, to be judged and condemned to death. The Poetics are, perhaps, the most perfect of his compositions; they are excellently translated by Pitt. Vida had formed himself upon Virgil, who is therefore his hero; he has too much depreciated Homer, and also Dante. Although his precepts principally regard epic poetry, yet many of them are applicable to every species of composition. This poem has the

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 708. *As next in place to Mantua,*] Alluding to

" Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ."—Virg.

This application is made in Kennet's edition of Vida.

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd. 710

NOTES.

praise of being one of the * first, if not the very first, pieces of criticism, that appeared in Italy, since the revival of learning; for it was finished, as is evident from a short advertisement prefixed to it in the year 1520. It is remarkable, that most of the great poets, about this time, wrote an Art of Poetry. Trissino, a name respected for giving to Europe the first regular epic poem, and for first daring to throw off the bondage of rhyme, published at Vicenza, in the year 1529, Della Poetica, divisioni quattro, several years before his Italia Liberata. We have of Fracastorius, Naugerius, five de poetica dialogus, Venetiis, 1555. Minturnus, De Poeta, libri sex, appeared at Venice 1559. Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, and author of an epic poem, entitled, L'Amadigi, wrote Raggionamento della Poesia, printed at Venice, 1562. And to pay the highest honour to criticism, the great Torquato Tasso himself wrote Discorsi del Poema Eroico, printed at Venice, 1587. These discourses are full of learning and taste. But I must not omit a curious anecdote, which Menage has given us in his Anti-Baillet; namely, that Sperone claimed these discourses as his own; for he thus speaks of them, in one of his Letters to Felice Paciotto; "Laudo voi infinitamente di voler scrivere della poetica; della quale interrogato molto fiate dal Tasso, e rispondendogli io libramente, si come soglio, egli n'a fatto un volume, e mandato al Signior Scipio Gonzago per cosa sua, e non mea: ma io ne chiarirò il mondo."

Hence it appears, that our author was mistaken in saying, line 712, that "Critic-learning flourished most in France." For these critical works here mentioned, by so many capital writers in Italy, far exceed any which the French, at that period of time, had produced. "'Tis hard (said Akenside) to conceive by what means the French acquired this character of superior correctness. We have classic authors in English, older than in any modern language, except the Italian; and Spenser and Sidney wrote with the truest taste, when the French had not one great poet

* Victorius's Latin translation of Aristotle's Poetics, was published at Florence, 1560. Castelvetro's Italian one at Vienna, 1570.

Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France;
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.

NOTES.

they can bear to read. Milton and Chapelain were contemporaries; the Pucelle and Paradise Lost were in hand, perhaps frequently, at the self-same hour. One of them was executed in such a manner, that an Athenian of Menander's age would have turned his eyes from the Minerva of Phidias, or the Venus of Apelles, to obtain more perfect conceptions of beauty from the English Poet; the other, though fostered by the French court for twenty years with the utmost indulgence, does honour to the Leonine, and the Runic poetry. It was too great an attention to French criticism, that hindered our poets, in Charles the Second's time, from comprehending the genius, and acknowledging the authority, of Milton; else, without looking abroad, they might have acquired a manner more correct and perfect, than French authors could or can teach them. In short, unless correctness signify a freedom from little faults, without inquiring after the most essential beauties, it scarce appears on what foundation the French claim to that character is established."

Ver. 714. *And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.*] May I be pardoned for declaring it as my opinion, that Boileau's is the best Art of Poetry * extant. The brevity of his precepts, enlivened by proper imagery, the justness of his metaphors, the harmony of his numbers, as far as Alexandrine lines will admit, the exactness of his method, the perspicacity of his remarks, and the energy of his style, all duly considered, may render this opinion not unreasonable. It is scarcely to be conceived, how much is comprehended in four short cantos. He that has well digested these, cannot be said to be ignorant of any important rule of poetry. The tale of the Physician turning Architect, in the fourth canto, is told with true pleasantry. It is to this work Boileau owes his immortality; which was of the highest utility to this nation, in diffusing a just way of thinking and writing; banishing every species of false wit, and introducing a general taste for the manly simplicity of the ancients, on whose writings

* It was translated into Portuguese verse by Count d'Ericeyra.

But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
" Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well."

NOTES.

this poet had formed his taste. Boileau's chief talent was the didactic. His fancy was not the predominant faculty of his mind. Fontenelle has thus characterized him; " Il étoit grand et excellent versificateur, pourvû cependant que cette louange se renferme dans ses beaux jours, dont la différence avec les autres est bien marquée, et faisoit souvent dire Hélas! et Hola! mais il n'etoit pas grand poëte, si l'on entend par ce mot, comme on le doit, celui qui Fait, qui Invente, qui Cree." It has become fashionable among the late French writers, to decry Boileau; Marmontel, Diderot, D'Alembert, have done it. The chief fault of Boileau seems to be his decrying the great poets of Italy, and particularly Tasso; but M. Maffei informs us, that the elder son of Racine assured him, that his friend Boileau did not understand Italian, and had not read Tasso. The high encomium Tasso gave to Ariosto does him great honour, and shews him to be superior to envy.

Ver. 723. *Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,*
" Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well."

This high panegyric, which was not in the first edition, procured to Pope the acquaintance, and afterward the constant friendship, of the Duke of Buckingham; who, in his essay here alluded to, has followed the method of Boileau, in discoursing on the various species of poetry in their different gradations, to no other purpose than to manifest his own inferiority. The piece is, indeed, of the satiric, rather than of the preceptive kind. The coldness and neglect with which this writer, formed only on the

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood; 726

NOTES.

French critics, speaks of Milton, must be considered as proofs of his want of critical discernment, or of critical courage. I can recollect no performance of Buckingham, that stamps him a true genius. His reputation was owing to his rank. In reading his poems one is apt to exclaim with our author,

"What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! and the sense refines.
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought."

The best part of Buckingham's essay is that, in which he gives a ludicrous account of the plan of modern tragedy. I should add, that his compliment to Pope, prefixed to his poems, contains a pleasing picture of the sedateness and retirement proper to age, after the tumults of public life; and by its moral turn, breathes the spirit if not of a poet, yet of an amiable old man.

Ver. 725. *Such was Roscommon,*] An Essay on Translated Verse seems, at first sight, to be a barren subject; yet Roscommon has decorated it with many precepts of utility and taste, and enlivened it with a tale in imitation of Boileau. It is indisputably better written, in a closer and more vigorous style, than the last-mentioned essay. Roscommon was more learned than Buckingham. He was bred under Bochart, at Caen in Normandy. He had laid a design of forming a society for the refining and fixing the standard of our language; in which project, his intimate friend Dryden was a principal assistant. This was the first attempt of that sort; and, I fear, we shall never see another set on foot in our days; even though Mr. Johnson has lately given us so excellent a Dictionary.

It may be remarked, to the praise of Roscommon, that he was the first critic who had taste and spirit publicly to praise the Paradise Lost; with a noble encomium of which, and a rational recommendation of blank verse, he concludes his performance, though this passage was not in the first edition. Fenton, in his Observations on Waller, has accurately delineated his character. "His imagination might have probably been more fruitful and

To him the Wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.
Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;

NOTES.

sprightly, if his judgment had been less severe; but that severity, delivered in a masculine, clear, succinct style, contributed to make him so eminent in the didactical manner, that no man with justice can affirm, he was ever equalled by any of our own nation, without confessing, at the same time, that he is inferior to none. In some other kinds of writing, his genius seems to have wanted fire to attain the point of perfection; but who can attain it?" Edit. 12mo. p. 136.

Ver. 729.] Several lines were here added to the first edition, concerning Walsh.

Ver. 729. *Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,*] If Pope has here given too magnificent a eulogy to Walsh, it must be attributed to friendship rather than to judgment. Walsh was, in general, a flimsy and frigid writer. The Rambler calls his works, pages of inanity. His three letters to Pope, however, are well written. His remarks on the nature of pastoral poetry, on borrowing from the ancients, and against florid conceits, are worthy perusal. Pope owed much to Walsh; it was he who gave him a very important piece of advice, in his early youth; for he used to tell our author, that there was one way still left open for him, by which he might excel any of his predecessors, which was, by correctness; that though indeed, we had several great poets, we as yet could boast of none that were perfectly correct; and that therefore, he advised him to make this quality his particular study.

Correctness is a vague term, frequently used without meaning and precision. It is perpetually the nauseous cant of the French critics, and of their advocates and pupils, that the English writers are generally incorrect. If correctness implies an absence of petty faults, this perhaps may be granted. If it means, that, because their tragedians have avoided the irregularities of Shakspeare, and have observed a juster economy in their fables, therefore the Athalia, for instance, is preferable to Lear, the notion is groundless and absurd. Though the Henriade should be allowed to be free from any very gross absurdities, yet who will dare to

To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

NOTES.

rank it with the Paradise Lost? Some of their most perfect tragedies abound in faults as contrary to the nature of that species of poetry, and as destructive to its end, as the fools or gravediggers of Shakspeare. That the French may boast some excellent critics, particularly Bossu, Boileau, Fenelon, and Brumoy, cannot be denied; but that these are sufficient to form a taste upon, without having recourse to the genuine fountains of all polite literature, I mean the Grecian writers, no one but a superficial reader can allow.

Ver. 741. *Careless of censure,*] These concluding lines bear a great resemblance to Boileau's conclusion of his Art of Poetry, but are perhaps superior.

"Censeur un peu facheux, mais souvent necessaire;
Plus enclin à blâmer, que scavant à bien faire."

Our author has not, in this piece, followed the examples of the ancients, in addressing their didactic poems to some particular person; as Hesiod to Perses; Lucretius to Memmius; Virgil to Mecænas; Horace to the Pisos; Ovid, his Fasti, to Germanicus; Oppian to Caracalla. In later times, Fracastorius addrest P. Bembo; Vida the Dauphin of France. But neither Boileau in his Art, nor Roscommon nor Buckingham in their Essays, nor Akenside nor Armstrong, have followed this practice.

I conclude these remarks with a remarkable fact. In no polished nation, after criticism has been much studied, and the rules of writing established, has any very extraordinary work appeared. This has visibly been the case in Greece, in Rome, and in France; after Aristotle, Horace, and Boileau, had written their Arts of Poetry. In our own country the rules of the drama, for instance, were never more completely understood than at present; yet what uninteresting, though faultless tragedies, have we lately seen? So much better is our judgment than our execution. How to account for the fact here mentioned, adequately and justly, would be attended with all those difficulties that await discussions relative to the productions of the human mind; and to the delicate and secret causes that influence them. Whether or no, the natural powers be not confined and debilitated by that timidity and caution which is occasioned by a rigid regard to the dictates of art; or whether that philosophical, that geometrical, and systematical spirit so much in vogue, which has spread itself from the sciences even into polite literature, by consulting only reason, has not diminished and destroyed sentiment; and made our poets write from and to the head, rather than the heart; or whether, lastly, when just models, from which the rules have necessarily been drawn, have once appeared, succeeding writers, by vainly and ambitiously striving to surpass those just models, and to shine and surprise, do not become stiff, and forced and affected, in their thoughts and diction.

I am happy to find these opinions confirmed by the learned and judicious Heyne, in his Opuscula, p. 116.

"Et initio quidem ipsa ingenii humani doctrinæque humanæ natura haud facile alium rerum cursum admittit, quam ut doctrinæ auctus ingenii damna sequantur; infringitur ipsa rerum copia ingenii vis ac vigor; subtilitas grammatica, historica ac philosophica, in rebus exquirendis ac diluendis, magnos et audaces animi sensus incidit; luxuriantius ingenium a simplicitate ad cultum et ornatum, hinc ad fucum et lasciviam prolabitur. Est idem animorum et ingeniorum, qui vitæ et reipublicæ, ab austeritate ad elegantiam, ab hac ad luxum et delicias, progressus; quo gradu uti semel rerum vices constitere, ad interitum eas vergere necesse est."

It is not improper to observe what great improvements the Art of Criticism has received since this Essay was written. For without recurring to pieces of earlier date, and nearer the time

in which it was written; namely, the essays in the Spectator and Guardian; Shaftesbury's Advice to an Author; Spence on the Odyssey; Fenton on Waller; Blackwell's Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer: even of late years, we have had the Treatises of Harris; Hurd's Remarks on Horace; Observations on the Fairy Queen; Webb on Poetry and Music; Brown's Dissertation on the same; the Dissertations of Beattie; the Elements of Criticism, of Kaimes; the Lectures of Blair; the Editions of Milton, by Newton and Warton; and of Shakspeare and Spenser, by Malone, Stevens, and Upton; the History of English Poetry; the critical papers of the Rambler, Adventurer, World, and Connoisseur; and The Lives of the Poets, by Johnson; the Biographia Britannica; and the Poetics of Aristotle, translated, and accompanied with judicious notes, by Twining and Pye; and the translation, with notes, of Horace's Art of Poetry, by Hurd and Colman; and the Epistles of Hayley.

THE

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXII.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookseller, you had the good-nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Demons, are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies; let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrusian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the

concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrusians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called Le Comte de Gabalis, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Demons of Earth delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best-conditioned Creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence). The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so Uncensured as You have done. But let its fortune be

what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you, that I am, with the truest esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THIS Lady was also celebrated by Parnell in a poem not published by Pope, as follows, on her leaving London.

"From town fair Arabella flies:
The beaux unpowder'd grieve;
The rivers play before her eyes;
The breezes, softly-breathing, rise;
The spring begins to live.

Her lovers swore, they must expire:
Yet quickly find their ease;
For, as she goes, their flames retire,
Love thrives before a nearer fire,
Esteem by distant rays.

Yet soon the fair-one will return,
When summer quits the plain;
Ye rivers, pour the weeping urn;
Ye breezes, sadly-sighing, mourn;
Ye lovers, burn again.

'Tis constancy enough in love
That nature's fairly shewn:
To search for more, will fruitless prove,
Romances and the turtle-dove,
That virtue boast alone."

If the moderns have excelled the ancients in any species of writing, it seems to be in satire; and particularly in that kind of satire which is conveyed in the form of the epopee, a pleasing vehicle of satire, seldom, if ever, used by the ancients; for we know so little of the Margites of Homer, that it cannot well be produced as an example. As the poet disappears in this way of writing, and does not deliver the intended censure in his own proper person, the satire becomes more delicate, because more oblique. Add to this, that a tale or story more strongly engages and interests the reader, than a series of precepts or reproofs, or even of characters themselves, however lively or natural. An heroi-comic poem may therefore be justly esteemed the most excellent kind of satire. The invention of it is usually ascribed to Alessandro Tassoni; who, in the year 1622, published at Paris a poem composed by him, in a few months of the year 1611, entitled, La Secchia Rapita, or The Rape of the Bucket. To avoid giving offence, it was first printed under the name of Androvini Melisoni. It was afterward reprinted at Venice, corrected with the name of the author, and with some illustrations of Gasparo Salviani. But the learned and curious Crescembini, in his Istoria della Volgar Poesia*, informs us, that it is doubtful whether the invention of the †heroi-comic poem ought to be ascribed to Tassoni, or to Francesco Bracciolini, who wrote Lo Scherno degli Dei, which performance, though it was printed four years after La Secchia, is nevertheless declared, in an epistle prefixed, to have been written many years sooner. The real subject of Tassoni's poem was the war which the inhabitants of Modena declared against those of Bologna, on the refusal of the latter to restore to them some towns, which had been detained ever since the time of the Emperor Frederic II. The author artfully made use of a popular tradition, according to which it was believed, that a certain wooden bucket, which is kept at Modena, in the treasury of the cathedral, came from Bologna, and that it had been forcibly taken away by the Modenese. Crescembini adds, that because Tassoni had severely ridiculed the Bolognese, Bartolomeo Bocchini, to revenge his countrymen, printed, at Venice, 1641, a tragico-heroi-comic poem, entitled, Le Pazzie dei Savi,

* Lib. i. p. 78. In Roma, per il Chracas, 1698.

† E tal poesia puo diffinirsi, e chiamarsi, immitazione d'azione seria fatto con riso. Crescembini, ibid. See Quadrio also.

ovvero, Il Lambertaccio, in which the Modenese are spoken of with much contempt. The Italians have a fine turn for works of humour, in which they abound. They have another poem of this species, called Malmantile Racquistato, written by Lorenzo Lippi, in the year 1676, which Crescembini highly commends, calling it, "Spiritosissimo e leggiadrissimo poema giocoso." It was afterward reprinted at Florence, 1688, with the useful annotations of Puccio Lamoni, a Florentine painter, who was himself no contemptible poet. To these must be added the lively and amusing poem called Ricciardetto. In the Adventurer, No. 133, I formerly endeavoured to shew the superiority of the moderns over the ancients, in all the species of ridicule, and to point out some of the reasons for this supposed superiority. It is a subject that deserves a much longer discussion. Among other reasons given, it is there said, that though democracies may be the nurses of true sublimity, yet monarchy and courts are more productive of politeness. Hence the arts of civility, and the decencies of conversation, as they unite men more closely, and bring them together more frequently, multiply opportunities of observing those incongruities and absurdities of behaviour, on which ridicule is founded. The ancients had more liberty and seriousness; the moderns more luxury and laughter. In a word, our forms of government, the various consequent ranks in society, our commerce, manners, habits, riches, courts, religious controversies, intercourse with women, late age of the world in which we live, and new arts, have opened sources of ridicule unavoidably unknown to the ancients.

The Rape of the Lock is the fourth, and most excellent of the heroi-comic poems. The subject was a quarrel, occasioned by a little piece of gallantry of Lord Petre, who, in a party of pleasure, found means to cut off a favourite lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. On so slight a foundation has he raised this beautiful superstructure; like a Fairy palace in a desert. Pope was accustomed to say, "what I wrote fastest always pleased most." The first sketch of this exquisite piece, which Addison called Merum Sal, was written in less than a fortnight, in two Cantos only; but it was so universally applauded, that, in the next year, our poet enriched it with the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos; when it was printed, with a Letter to Mrs. Fermor, far superior to any of Voiture. The insertion of the machinery of the Sylphs in proper places, without the least appearance of its being awkwardly stitched in, is one of the happiest efforts of judgment and art. He took the idea of

these invisible beings, so proper to be employed in a poem of this nature, from a little French book, entitled, Le Comte de Gabalis, of which is given the following account, in an entertaining writer. "The Abbé Villars, who came from Thoulouse to Paris, to make his fortune by preaching, is the author of this diverting work. The five dialogues of which it consists, are the result of those gay conversations, in which the Abbé was engaged, with a small circle of men, of fine wit and humour, like himself. When this book first appeared, it was universally read, as innocent and amusing. But at length its consequences were perceived, and reckoned dangerous, at a time when this sort of curiosities began to gain credit. Our devout preacher was denied the chair, and his book forbidden to be read. It was not clear whether the author intended to be ironical, or spoke all seriously. The second volume, which he promised, would have decided the question; but the unfortunate Abbé was soon afterward assassinated by ruffians, on the road to Lyons. The laughers gave out, that the Gnomes and Sylphs, disguised like ruffians, had shot him, as a punishment for revealing the secrets of the Cabala; a crime not to be pardoned by these jealous spirits, as Villars himself has declared in his book."

The motto to the second, when it was enlarged into five cantos, printed in octavo for Lintot, 1714, was from Ovid; as was that to the first:

———"a tonso est hoc nomen adepta capillo."

Both mottos seem to be happily chosen. No writer has equalled Addison in the happy and dextrous application of passages from the classics for his mottos. Such as that prefixed to the fine paper on the Hoop-petticoat, No. 116 of the Tatler;

"Pars minima est ipsa puella sibi."

To the account of the Spectator's Club, No. 2.

———"ast alii sex
Et plures uno conclamant ore"———

To No. 8, On Masquerades;

"At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu:
Cernere nequis eos"——Virg.

To No. 23, On Anonymous Satires;

"Sævit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere possit." Virg.

and many others. The mottos prefixed to the papers in the Rambler and Adventurer, were not so happy. The attempt to translate them was absurd. The one prefixed to Philips's Cyder was elegant.

——— "Honos erit huic quoque pomo?"

Atterbury suggested the interrogation point. Warburton was commended for despising common antagonists, and saying,

"Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem."

But Harrington had said this, in his Oceana, of an adversary. Mr. Walpole, to intimate his high and just opinion of Gray's Ode on Eton College as a first production, wrote on it this line of Lucan;

"Nec licuit populis parvum te Nile videre."

I dare believe the learned and amiable author did not know that Fontenelle had applied the very same line to Newton. A motto to Mr. Gray's few, but exquisite, poems might be, from Lucretius, lib. 4.

"Suavidicis potius quàm multis versibus edam,
Parvus ut est cycni melior canor."——

THE

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

[1] Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.—MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:

NOTES.

[1] It appears by this motto, that the following Poem was written or published at the Lady's request. But there are some farther circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a Gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, Author of the comedy of Sir Solomon Single, and of several translations in Dryden's Miscellanies) originally proposed the subject to him, in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble Families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author sent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch (we learn from one of his letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Cantos only, and it was so printed; first, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos. We shall give the reader the pleasure of seeing in what manner these additions were inserted, so as to seem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Cant. I. ver. 19, &c. P.

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say, what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms, dwell such mighty Rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd the silver sound.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11, 12. It was in the first editions,

And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
And lodge such daring Souls in little Men? P.

Ver. 13, &c. stood thus in the first edition,

Sol through white curtains did his beams display,
And ope'd those eyes which brighter shone than they:
Shock just had given himself the rousing shake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
And striking watches the tenth hour resound. P.

NOTES.

Ver. 10. *Could make a gentle Belle*] "The characters introduced in this poem were Mr. Caryl, just before mentioned; Belinda was Mrs. Arabella Fermor; the Baron was Lord Petre, of small stature, who soon after married a great heiress, Mrs. Warmsley, and died leaving a posthumous son; Thalestris was Mrs. Morly; Sir Plume was her brother, Sir George Brown, of Berkshire." Copied from a MS. in a book presented by R. Lord Burlington, to Mr. William Sherwin.

Ver. 18. *silver sound.*] Boileau, at an entertainment given by

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head,
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau
(That e'en in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow),
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say—
Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!

NOTES.

Segrais, was engaged to read his Lutrin; when he came to this passage in the first canto,

"Les cloches dans les airs de leur voix argentines,"

Chapelle, who was one of the company, and who, as usual, had drank freely, stopt him, and objected strongly to the expression, *silver sounds*. Boileau disregarded his objections and continued to read; but Chapelle again interrupting him; "You are drunk," said Boileau; "I am not so much intoxicated with wine (returned Chapelle) as you are with your own verses." It is a singular circumstance, that Boileau was buried in the very spot on which the Lutrin stood.

Ver. 19. *Belinda still, &c.*] All the verses from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterward. P.

Ver. 20. *Her guardian Sylph*] When Mr. Pope had projected to give The Rape of the Lock its present form of a mock-heroic poem, he was obliged to find it with its machinery. For as the subject of the epic consists of two parts, the metaphysical and the civil; so this mock epic, which is of the satiric kind, and receives its grace from a ludicrous mimicry of the other's pomp and solemnity, was to have the like compounded nature. W.

"It was reserved to Dr. Warburton to say, that the epic consists of two parts, the metaphysical and the civil. It is hard to say what is the metaphysical part of Homer and Virgil.

Ver. 27. *Fairest of mortals,*] These machines are vastly superior to the allegorical personages of Boileau and Garth; not only on account of their novelty, but for the exquisite poetry, and oblique satire, which they have given the poet an oppor-

If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;
Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel pow'rs
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower sky:
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.

NOTES.

tunity to display. The business and petty concerns of a fine lady, receive an air of importance from the notion of their being perpetually overlooked and conducted, by the interposition of celestial agents. The first time these beings were mentioned by any writer in our language was by Sir W. Temple, Essays, 4. p. 255. "I should (says he) as soon fall into the study of the Rosycrusian philosophy, and expect to meet a Nymph or a Sylph for a wife or a mistress." They are also mentioned in a letter of Dryden to Mrs. Thomas, 1699; "Whether Sylph or Nymph I know not; those fine creatures, as your author Count Gabalis assures us, have a mind to be christened, and since you desire a name from me, take that of Corinna, if you please." Sylphs are mentioned, as invisible attendants, and as interested in the affairs of the ladies, in the 101st, 104th, and 195th, of Madame de Sevigné's celebrated Letters; as they are also in the second chapter of Le Sage's Diable Boiteaux. M. De Sevigné says, remarkably enough, letter 90, "If we had a few Sylphs at our command now, one might furnish out a story to divert you with."

Think what an equipage thou hast in Air,
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.

NOTES.

Ver. 47. *As now your own, &c.*] The Poet here forsakes the Rosicrusian system; which, in this part, is too extravagant even for ludicrous Poetry; and gives a beautiful fiction of his own, on the Platonic Theology, of the continuance of the passions in another state, when the mind, before its leaving this, has not been well purged and purified by philosophy; which furnishes an occasion for much useful satire. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 54, 55. "Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos."
Virg. Æneid. vi. P.

The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.
Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Though Honour is the word with Men below.
Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face.
For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace.

NOTES.

Ver. 67. *Know farther yet;*] Marmontel has, on this idea, framed one of his most popular Tales. I must again and again repeat, that it is on account of the exquisite skill, and humour, and pleasantry, of the use made of the machinery of the Sylphs, that this poem has excelled all the heroi-comic poems in all languages. The Ver-vert of Gresset, in point of delicate satire, is perhaps next to it, but far inferior for the want of such machinery.

Ver. 68. *is by some Sylph embrac'd:*] Here again the Author resumes the Rosicrusian system. But this tenet, peculiar to that wild philosophy, was founded on a principle very unfit to be employed in such a sort of poem, and therefore suppressed, though a less judicious writer would have been tempted to expatiate upon it. W.

Ver. 78. *Though Honour is the word with Men below.*] Parody of Homer. W.

These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets, appear,
And in soft sounds, YOUR GRACE salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart;

NOTES.

Ver. 99. *With varying vanities,*] "The freaks and humours, and spleen and vanity, of women (says Dr. Johnson), as they embroil families in discord, and fill houses with disquiet, do more to obstruct the happiness of life in a year, than the pride, ambition, and discord, of the clergy (as described in the Lutrin), in many centuries." I cannot possibly assent to this observation of Dr. Johnson; who must surely have forgotten, what he must often have read and lamented, the cruelties, the confusions, the murders, the massacres, the rage, and fury, in which Ecclesiastical History, to the disgrace of genuine Christianity, so much abounds. His zeal therefore, and desire to place the Rape of the Lock above the Lutrin, on this account, is ill founded. He might have recollected, that Grotius, in

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.

NOTES.

his Annals, relates that more than one hundred thousand Protestants perished in the Netherlands, by the executioner of Charles V.

Ver. 108. *In the clear mirror*] The language of the Platonis, the writers of the intelligible world of Spirits, &c. P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 101.

"Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
Ense minax ensis, pede pes, et cuspide cuspis," &c. Stat. W.

Ver. 113. *This to disclose, &c.*] There is much pleasantry in the conduct of this scene. The Rosicrusian Doctrine was delivered only to adepts, with the utmost caution, and under the most solemn injunctions of secrecy. It is here communicated to a Woman, and in that way of conveyance, which a Woman most delights to make the subject of her conversation; that is to say, her Dreams. W.

'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardours, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.

NOTES.

Ver. 121. *And now, unveil'd, &c.*] The translation of these verses, containing the description of the toilet, by our Author's friend Dr. Parnell, deserve, for their humour, to be here inserted. P.

" Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in mensa, quæ splendet pyxide densa:
Tum primum lympha se purgat candida Nympha,
Jamque sine menda, cœlestis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
Hæc stupet implorans, ceu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi caute, dicatque Superbia! laute,
Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, pleno laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devota, se pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex ista transpirat Arabia cista;
Testudo hic flectit dum se mea Lesbia pectit;
Atque elephas lente, te pectit Lesbia dente;
Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde;
Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore,
Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens,
Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visus,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu;
Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua Purpura gliscet,
Et geminans bellis splendet mage fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique saluti,
Hic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam,

First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.

NOTES.

Et tibi, vel *Betty* tibi vel nitidissima *Letty!*
Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum."

Some of these Latin lines are exceptionable, and not classical.

Ver. 122. *Each silver Vase*] Parnell accidentally hearing Pope repeat this description of the Toilet, privately turned them into these Monkish Latin verses, and Pope, to whom he immediately communicated them, was astonished at the resemblance, till Parnell undeceived him. Mr. Harte told me, that Dryden had been imposed on by a similar little stratagem. One of his friends translated into Latin verse, printed, and pasted on the bottom of an old hat-box, a translation of that celebrated passage,

"To die is landing on some silent shore," &c.

and that Dryden, on opening the box, was alarmed and amazed.

Ver. 131. *From each she*] Evidently from Addison's Spectator, No. 69; "the single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of a hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the Torrid Zone, and the Tippet from beneath the Pole. The brocade petticoat arises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan."

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

NOTES.

Ver. 145. *The busy Sylphs, &c.*] Ancient Traditions of the Rabbis relate, that several of the fallen Angels became amorous of Women, and particularize some; among the rest Asael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who continuing impenitent, still presides over the women's Toilets. Bereshi Rabbi in Genes. vi. 2. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those;
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 4. *Launch'd on the bosom, &c.*] From hence the poem continues, in the first edition, to ver. 46,

"The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air;"

all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional. P.

In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:

NOTES.

Ver. 25. *With hairy springes*] In allusion to Anacreon's manner. W.

In what ode of Anacreon?

Ver. 28. *with a single hair.*] In allusion to those lines of Hudibras, applied to the same purpose,

"And tho' it be a two foot Trout,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out." W.

The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.
But now secure the painted Vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his Denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dies;
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the nead, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 45. *The Pow'rs gave ear,*] Virg. Æneid. xi. P.

Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.

NOTES.

Ver. 75. *Ye know*] Those who are fond of tracing images and sentiments to their source, may, perhaps, be inclined to think, that the hint of ascribing tasks and offices to such imaginary beings, is taken from the Fairies, and the Ariel of Shakspeare; let the impartial critic determine, which has the superiority of fancy. The employment of Ariel in the Tempest, is said to be

——" To tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do—business in the veins of th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost;
——To dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds,"

And again,

——" In the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vext Bermoothes."

Nor must I omit that exquisite song, in which his favourite and peculiar pastime is expressed.

" Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch where owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sun-set, merrily;
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

With what wildness of imagination, but yet, with what propriety, are the amusements of the fairies pointed out in the Midsummer Night's Dream; amusements proper for none but fairies!

——— " For the third part of a minute, hence:
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds:
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits."———

Some in the fields of purest Ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky.
Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British Throne.

NOTES.

Shakspeare only could have thought of the following gratifications for Titania's lover; and they are fit only to be offered to her lover by a fairy-queen.

" Be kind and courteous to this gentleman,
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries,
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes."

If it should be thought, that Shakspeare has the merit of being the first who assigned proper employments to imaginary persons, in the foregoing lines, yet it must be granted, that by the addition of the most delicate satire to the most lively fancy, Pope, in a following passage (ver. 91), has equalled any thing in Shakspeare, or perhaps in any other author.

Ver. 90. *And guard with Arms*] The Poet was too judicious to desire this should be understood as a compliment. He in-

Our humble province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from Rainbows ere they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;

NOTES.

tended it for a mere piece of raillery; such as he more openly pursues on another occasion; when he says,

"Where's now the Star which lighted Charles to rise?
With that which followed Julius to the skies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
How chanc'd you slept when luckless Sorrel fell?" W.

Ver. 105. *Whether the nymph, &c.*] The disaster, which makes the subject of this poem, being a trifle, taken seriously; it naturally led the Poet into this fine satire on the female estimate of human mischances. W.

Ver. 112. *Zephyretta*] The names of his Sylphs are happily

The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp Vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;

NOTES.

chosen. Castlevetro mentions an odd circumstance, that the names which Boiardo gave to his heroes in his Orlando Inamorato, were only the names of some of the principal tenants and peasants on his estate of Scandiano.

Ver. 118. *the Petticoat:*] It is impossible here not to recollect that matchless piece of raillery and exquisite humour, of Addison, in the 127th Spectator, on this important part of female dress.

Ver. 125. *Shall feel sharp*] Our poet still rises in the delicacy of his satire, where he employs, with the utmost judgment and elegance, all the implements and furniture of the toilet, as instruments of punishment to those spirits, who shall be careless

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 119.—clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax. Ovid. W.

Ver. 121. *about the silver bound,*] In allusion to the shield of Achilles,

"Thus the broad shield complete the Artist crown'd,
With his last hand, and pour'd the Ocean round:
In living Silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the Buckler's verge, and bound the whole." W.

Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or Allum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivel'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

NOTES.

of their charge; of punishment, such as Sylphs alone could undergo.

If Virgil has merited such perpetual commendation for exalting his bees, by the majesty and magnificence of his diction, does not Pope deserve equal praises, for the pomp and lustre of his language, on so trivial a subject?

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen.
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Close by those meads,*] The first edition continues from this line to ver. 24 of this Canto. P.

Ver. 11, 12. Originally in the first edition,

In various talk the cheerful hours they past,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted last. P.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings, in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 24. *And the long labours of the Toilet cease.*] All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added since the first edition, till ver. 105, which connected thus,

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd. P.

NOTES.

Ver. 22. *And wretches hang*] From Congreve.

And party-colour'd troops a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
Let off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.

NOTES.

Ver. 53. *Him Basto follow'd,*] The magnificent and majestic style in which this game of cards is described, artfully and finely heightens the ridicule.

Ver. 65. *Belinda yield;*] It is finely contrived that she should be victorious; as it occasions a change of fortune in the dreadful loss she was speedily to undergo, and gives occasion to the

His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black Tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe!
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken Troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various die;
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

NOTES.

poet to introduce a moral reflection from Virgil, which adds to the pleasantry of the story. In one of the passages where Pope has copied Vida, he has lost the propriety of the original, which arises from the different colours of the men, at Chess.

Thus, when dispers'd, a routed army runs, &c.

" Non aliter, campis legio se buxea utrinque
Composuit, duplici digestis ordine turmis,
Adversisque ambæ fulsere coloribus alæ;
Quam Gallorum acies, Alpino frigore lactea
Corpora, si tendant albis in prælia signis,
Auroræ populos contra, et Phæthonte perustos
Insano Æthiopas, et nigri Memnonis alas."

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the Virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate:
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply.
Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 105. *Sudden the board, &c.*] From hence, the first edition continues to ver. 134. P.

NOTES.

Ver. 105.] It is doubtless as hard to make a coffee-pot shine in poetry, as a plough; yet our author has succeeded in giving elegance to a familiar object, as well as Virgil.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 101.

" Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ;
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; et cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit." Virg.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their sense and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to Mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit Instruments of ill?
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;

NOTES.

Ver. 122. *and think of Scylla's Fate!*] Vide Ovid's Metam. viii. P.

This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T' enclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again),

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 134.] In the first edition it was thus,

As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head. P.

Ver. 147.

First he expands the glitt'ring Forfex wide
T' enclose the Lock; then joins it, to divide:
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever,
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever.

All that is between was added afterward. P.

NOTES.

Ver. 152. *But airy substance*] See Milton, lib. vi. of Satan cut asunder by the Angel Michael. P.

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever! 154
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;

NOTES.

This line is an admirable parody on that passage of Milton, which, perhaps oddly enough, describes Satan wounded:

> " The griding sword, with discontinuous wound,
> Pass'd thro' him; but th' ethereal substance clos'd,
> Not long divisible."

The parodies are some of the most exquisite parts of this poem. That which follows from the " Dum juga montis aper," of Virgil, contains some of the most artful strokes of satire, and the most poignant ridicule imaginable.

The introduction of frequent parodies on serious and solemn passages of Homer and Virgil, give much life and spirit to heroi-comic poetry. " Tu dors, Prelat? tu dors?" in Boileau, is the " Ενδεις Ατρεος υιε" of Homer, and is full of humour. The wife of the barber talks in the language of Dido in her expostulations to her Æneas, at the beginning of the second Canto of the Lutrin. Pope's parodies of Sarpedon in Homer, and of the description of Achilles' sceptre, together with the scales of Jupiter, from Homer, Virgil, and Milton, are judiciously introduced in their several places; are perhaps superior to those Boileau or Garth have used, and are worked up with peculiar pleasantry. The mind of the reader is engaged by novelty, when it so unexpectedly finds a thought or object it had been accustomed to survey in another form, suddenly arrayed in a ridiculous garb. A mixture also of comic and ridiculous images, with such as are serious and important, adds no small beauty to this species of poetry, when real and imaginary distresses are coupled together;

> " Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
> Not scornful virgins who their charms survive," &c.

Which is much superior to a similar passage in the Dispensary. Canto v.

Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!
  Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The Victor cry'd), the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise, shall live!
What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;

NOTES.

Ver. 165. *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time by a woman: full of Court and Party scandal; and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste of the better vulgar. W.

Mrs. Manley, the author of it, was the daughter of Sir Roger Manley, governor of Guernsey, and the author of the first volume of the famous Turkish Spy, published, from his papers, by Dr. Midgley. She was known and admired by all the wits of the times. She wrote three plays; Lucius, the last, 1717, was dedicated to Sir Richard Steele, with whom she had quarrelled some time before. He wrote the prologue to it, and Prior the epilogue. She was also celebrated by Lord Lansdown. She died in the house of Alderman Barber, Swift's friend; and was said to have been the mistress of the Alderman.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 163. 170.

"Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."
Virg. P.

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted Steel?

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 177.

" Ille quoque eversus mons est, &c.
Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?"
Catull. de com. Berenices. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.
For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11. *For, that sad moment, &c.*] All the lines from hence to the 94th verse, that describe the house of Spleen, are not in the first edition; instead of them followed only these,

While her rack'd soul repose and peace requires,
The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.

And continued at the 94th verse of this Canto. P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. "At regina gravi," &c. Virg. Æneid. iv. P.

Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

NOTES.

Ver. 16. *Cave of Spleen.*]

" Thro' me ye pass to Spleen's terrific dome,
Thro' me, to Discontent's eternal home!
Thro' me, to those who sadden'd human life,
By sullen humour or vexatious strife;
And here thro' scenes of endless vapour hurl'd,
Are punish'd in the forms they plagu'd the world;
Justly they feel no joy, who none bestow,
All ye who enter, every hope forego!"

It is thus Mr. Hayley, in allusion to Dante's striking inscription over hell-gate, begins his description of the dwelling of Spleen. She and her attendants are afterward painted with force and spirit in the next 200 verses, and more. His mild and engaging Serena, her prim and sour aunt Penelope, and the good old Squire, are admirable portraits. Whether Pope's Belinda, in losing her lock, or Hayley's Serena, in being prevented going to a masquerade, felt the greater mortification and misfortune, is an arduous point that must be determined by the Ladies.

There Affectation with a sickly mien,
Shews in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs, on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pie talks;

NOTES.

Ver. 41. *Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,*
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.]

The poet, by this comparison, would insinuate, that the temptations of the mortified Recluses in the Church of Rome, and the extatic visions of their female Saints, were as much

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks;*] See Hom. Iliad xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

Ver. 52. *and there a Goose-pie talks;*] Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition. P.

Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe past the Gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game.
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,

NOTES.

the effects of hypochondriac disorders, the Spleen, or, what was then the fashionable word, the *Vapours*, as any of the imaginary transformations he speaks of afterward. W.

Ver. 53. *Men prove with child,*] Van Swieten, in his Commentaries on Boerhaave, relates, that he knew a man who had studied till he fancied his legs to be of glass; his maid bringing wood to his fire, threw it carelessly down; our sage was angry and terrified for his legs of glass; the girl, out of patience with his megrims, gave him a blow with a log on the parts affected; he instantly started up in a rage, and from that moment recovered the use of his glass legs.

Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen.
  The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r.
A wondrous Bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
  Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd
(While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! reply'd),
Was it for this you took such constant care,
The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
For this your Locks in paper durance bound?
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!

Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs
(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane):
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil!
Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!

NOTES.

Ver. 121. *Sir Plume repairs,*] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the Party who took the thing seriously. He was angry that the Poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense; and in truth one could not well blame him. W.

An engraving of Sir Plume, with seven other figures, by Hogarth, was executed on the lid of a gold snuff-box, and presented to one of the parties concerned; the original impression of a print of it was sold, at Mr. Gulston's sale, for thirty-three pounds.

Plague on't! 'tis past a Jest—nay, prithee, pox!
Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew),
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.
For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!

NOTES.

Ver. 141. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;*
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.]

These two lines are additional; and assign the cause of the different operation on the Passions of the two Ladies. The poem went on before without that distinction, as without any Machinery, to the end of the Canto. P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 133. *But by this Lock,*] In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer, II. i. P.

Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd, remain'd
In some lone Isle, or distant Northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares!
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

NOTES.

Ver. 155. *Where the gilt Chariot*] What aggravating circumstances of solitude!

Ver. 163. *The tott'ring China*] The fatal prognostics that preceded the death of Cæsar, in the first Georgic of Virgil, are not imagined with more propriety, or could be more alarming!

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears,
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the Nymph began.
Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 7. *Then grave Clarissa, &c.*] A new Character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the Moral of the Poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer. P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 9. *Say, why are Beauties, &c.*—Homer.

"Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain;
Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield;
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound;
Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?
'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
The first in valour, as the first in place:
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,

Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd Beaus,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to gray;

NOTES.

Ver. 26. *Curl'd or uncurl'd,*] Fontenelle writes a gallant and pleasant letter to a beautiful young lady on discovering *one* gray hair on her head.

IMITATIONS.

Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
Whom those that envy, dare not imitate.
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give."

This passage was the first specimen our author gave of his translation of Homer; and it appeared first in the sixth volume of Dryden's Miscellanies.

Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
What then remains but well our Pow'r to use,
And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding, fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And base and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 37. *To arms, to arms!*] From hence the first edition goes on to the conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem. P.

NOTES.

Ver. 45. *So when bold Homer*] Homer, Il. xx. P.

The ridicule is most artfully heightened by introducing one of the most sublime passages in Homer;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35. *So spoke the Dame,*] It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech,

"So spoke—and all the Heroes applauded." P.

'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clap'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] These four lines added for the reason before mentioned. P.

Added with great dexterity, beauty, and propriety!

NOTES.

"Ἀμφὶ δ' ἐσάλπιγξεν μέγας οὐρανὸς, οὐλυμπός τε,
Ἔδδεισεν δ' ὑπένερθεν ἄναξ ἐνέρων Ἀϊδωνεὺς,
Δείσας δ' ἐκ θρόνου ἆλτο καὶ ἴαχε, μή οἱ ἔπειτα
Γαῖαν ἀναῤῥήξειε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
Οἰκία δὲ θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι φανείη,
Σμερδαλέ', εὐρώεντα, τά τε στυγέουσι θεοί περ."

Well might Longinus exclaim, "Do you see, O my friend, how the earth bursts asunder to its centre, Tartarus itself is laid open and naked, all things mortal and immortal combat together, and share the danger of this tremendous conflict?"

In none of his many imitations has Virgil shewn his inferiority to Homer so much as in this passage;

"Non secus ac si qua penitus vi terra dehiscens
Infernas referet sedes, et regna recludat
Pallida, Dis invisa; superque immane barathrum
Cernatur, trepidentque immisso lumine Manes."
Æneid. viii. v. 243.

For not to mention that what is part of the Action in Homer, is only a simile in Virgil, how tame is superque immane barathrum (even though a magnificent image) to

Δείσας δ' ἐκ θρόνου ἆλτο καὶ ἴαχε——

How or where has terror ever been so strongly painted as by this circumstance of Pluto himself, suddenly leaping from his throne and shrieking aloud?

Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
" O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
" Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Meander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again.

NOTES.

Ver. 55. *Propp'd on their*] Like the heroes in Homer, when they are spectators of a combat.

Ver. 64. *Those eyes*] It was the common cant of all the wits and poets of this time to depreciate and laugh at Italian operas. See what Addison has said of them, Spectator 18. They would have been of a different opinion, if they could have read what Dr. Burney has said on this subject in his history of Music.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the Suitors in the Odyss. perches on a beam of the roof to behold it. P.

Ver. 64. *Those eyes are made so killing*] The words of a song in the Opera of Camilla.

Ver. 65. *Thus on Meander's flow'ry margin lies*]

" Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mœandri concinit albus olor."
Ov. Ep. P.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titilating dust.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 83. *The Gnomes direct,*] These two lines added for the above reason. P.

NOTES.

Ver. 71. *Now Jove, &c.*] Vid. Homer, Il. viii. and Virg. Æn. xii. P.

Ver. 74. *At length the wits*] This parody from Homer and Virgil is admirable. Milton improved on this fine fiction in Paradise Lost, Book iv. v. 997, by saying, "that when the Almighty weighed Satan in such scales, the mounting of his scales denoted ill success;" and also by alluding artfully to the sign of Libra in the heavens.

Ver. 84. *titilating dust.*] Boileau and Garth have also each of them enlivened their pieces with a mock-fight. But Boileau has laid the scene of his action in a neighbouring bookseller's shop; where the combatants encounter each other by chance. This conduct is a little inartificial: but has given the satirist an opportunity of indulging his ruling passion, the exposing bad poets, with which France, at that time, abounded. Swift's Battle of the Books, at the end of the Tale of a Tub, is evidently taken from this battle of Boileau, (Cant. v.) which is excellent in its kind. The fight of the Physicians in the Dispensary, is one of

Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
Boast not my fall (he cry'd), insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.
Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain!
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.

NOTES.

its most shining parts. There is a vast deal of propriety in the weapons Garth has given to his warriors. They are armed, much in character, with caustics, emetics, and cathartics; with buck-thorn, and steel-pills; with syringes, bed-pans, and urinals. The execution is exactly proportioned to the deadliness of such irresistible weapons; and the wounds inflicted, are suitable to the nature of each different instrument said to inflict them.

Ver. 105. *fierce Othello*] Rhymer, with a tasteless insensibility,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 89. *The same, his ancient personage to deck,*] In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, Il. ii. P.

But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?

NOTES.

laughed at the incident of losing the handkerchief, as trifling. Neither he, nor the Spectator, seems to have known, that this incident, so beautifully natural, is in the Italian novel, which Shakspeare copied.

Ver. 109. *obtain'd with guilt,*] We are now arrived at the grand catastrophe of the poem; the invaluable Lock which is so eagerly sought, is irrecoverably lost! And here our poet has made a judicious use of that celebrated fiction of Ariosto; that all things lost on earth, are treasured in the moon. How such a fiction can properly have place in an epic poem, it becomes the defenders of this agreeably extravagant writer to justify; but in a comic poem, it appears with grace and consistency. The whole passage in Ariosto is full of wit and satire; for wit and satire were, perhaps, among the chief and characteristical excellences of this incomparable Italian.

In this repository in the lunar sphere, says the sprightly Italian, were to be found,

"Cio che in somma quà giù perdesti mai,
Là su saltendo ritrovar potrai."

It is very remarkable, that the poet had the boldness to place among these imaginary treasures, the famous deed of Constantine to Pope Silvester; "if (says he) I may be allowed to say this,"

"Questo era il dono (se pero dir lece)
Che Constantino al buon Silvestro fece."

It may be observed in general, to the honour of the poets, both ancient and modern, that they have ever been some of the first, who have detected and opposed the false claims and mischievous usurpations of superstition and slavery. Nor can this be wondered at, since these two are the greatest enemies, not only to all true happiness, but to all true genius.

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There Heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And Beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms, are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtiers' promises, and sick men's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view):
A sudden Star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 131. *The Sylphs behold*] These two lines added for the same reason, to keep in view the machinery of the poem. P.

NOTES.

Ver. 114. *Since all things lost*] Vide Ariosto, Canto xxxiv. P.

Ver. 132. *Through the skies.*] One cannot sufficiently applaud the art of the poet, in constantly keeping in the reader's view, the machinery of the poem, to the very last: even when the Lock is transformed, the Sylphs, who had so carefully guarded it, are

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 128. "Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
Stella micat." Ovid. P.

This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

NOTES.

here once again artfully mentioned, as finally rejoicing in its honourable transformation.

In reading the Lutrin, I have always been struck with the impropriety of so serious a conclusion as Boileau has given to so ludicrous a poem. Piety and Justice are beings rather too awful to have any concern in the celebrated Desk. They appear as much out of place and season, as would the Archbishop of Paris, in his pontifical robes, in a harlequin entertainment.

Ver. 137. *This Partridge soon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfal of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English. W.

Upon the whole, I hope it will not be thought an exaggerated panegyric to say, that the Rape of the Lock is the best Satire extant; that it contains the truest and liveliest picture of modern life; and that the subject is of a more elegant nature, as well as more artfully conducted, than any other heroi-comic poem. Pope here appears in the light of a man of gallantry, and of a thorough knowledge of the world; and indeed he had nothing, in his carriage and deportment, of that affected singularity, which has induced some men of genius to despise, and depart from, the established rules of politeness and civil life. For all poets have not practised the sober and rational advice of Boileau;

"Que les vers ne soient pas votre eternel emploi;
Cultivez vos amis, soyez homme de foi.
C'est peu d'etre agréeable et charmant dans un livre;
Il fait savoir encore et converser, et vivre."

L'Art Poetique, chant. iv.

Our nation can boast also, of having produced some other poems of the burlesque kind, that are excellent; particularly the Splendid Shilling, that admirable copy of the solemn irony of Cervantes, who is the father and unrivalled model of the true mock-heroic; and the Muscipula, written with the purity of Virgil, whom the author so perfectly understood, and with the pleasantry of Lucian; to which I cannot forbear adding, the Scribleriad of Mr. Cambridge, the Machinæ Gesticulantes of Addison, the Hobbinol of Somerville, and the Trivia of Gay; the Battle of the Wigs of Thornton, and the Triumph of Temper of Hayley.

If some of the most candid among the French critics begin to acknowledge, that they have produced nothing in point of sublimity and majesty equal to the Paradise Lost, we may also venture to affirm, that in point of delicacy, elegance, and fine-turned raillery, on which they have so much valued themselves, they have produced nothing equal to the Rape of the Lock. What comes nearest to it, is the pleasing and elegant Ver-vert of Gresset, in which the foibles of the Nuns are touched with so delicate a hand, and such nice ridicule, that it cannot disgust the most religious prude. I dare not even mention La Pucelle of Voltaire, except to lament that such a rich vein of sterling and uncommon wit, should be debased by the gross alloy of so much abominable obscenity.

The learned and ingenious Mr. Cambridge has, in the Preface to his Scribleriad, made a remark so new and so solid, as to deserve examination and attention.

He says, that in first reading the four celebrated mock-heroic poems, he perceived they had all some radical defect. That at last he found, by a diligent perusal of Don Quixote, that propriety was the fundamental excellence of that work. That all the marvellous was reconcilable to probability, as the author leads his hero into that species of absurdity only, which it was natural for an imagination, heated with the continual reading of books of chivalry, to fall into. That the want of attention to this was the fundamental error of those poems. For with what propriety do Churchmen, Physicians, Beaux, and Belles, or Booksellers, in the Lutrin, Dispensary, Rape of the Lock, and Dunciad, address themselves to heathen gods, offer sacrifices, consult oracles, or talk the language of Homer, and of the heroes of antiquity?

This acute observation bears hard on the conduct of more than one of the heroi-comic poems above mentioned.

Nothing is here said of Hudibras; because its unrivalled excellence could not be discussed in a note. It is one of the poems that gives peculiar lustre to our nation and language. One circumstance only I will here mention, that the ancients had no notion of such sort of Poems. The cruel wars between Pompey and Cæsar, and the execrable proscriptions of Augustus, were never treated in a burlesque style, as the horrors of the league in France, and the bloody civil war in England, were described in the Satyre Menippée, and in Hudibras. One of the most accurate Greek scholars, of our time and nation, is of opinion, that the Batracomachia is not by Homer, but a burlesque poem in imitation of his manner, by some ancient poet, who, though he adopted the words and expressions of the Greek Bard, formed his metre according to the pronunciation of his own country. With equal confidence we may pronounce the Margites to have been a forgery, though there are only four lines of it extant, three of which are quoted by Plato and Aristotle; but in these we have a compound verb, with the augment upon the preposition (ηπισταro), which Homer's grammar did not admit. Knight's Analytical Essay on the Greek Alphabet, page 30.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN

UNFORTUNATE LADY*.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she;—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

NOTES.

* See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a Lady designing to retire into a monastery, compared with Mr. Pope's Letters to several Ladies, p. 206, quarto edition. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem. P.

Ver. 1. *What beck'ning ghost,*] Who does not, by this striking abruptness, imagine, with the poet, that he suddenly beholds the phantom of his murdered friend? He might, perhaps, have a passage of Ben Jonson in his head, in an elegy on the Marchioness of Winchester, which opens thus;

> "What gentle ghost besprent with April dew,
> Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?
> And beck'ning wooes me?"——

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull, sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

NOTES.

The cruelties of her relations, the desolation of the family, the being deprived of the rites of sepulture, the circumstance of dying in a country remote from her relations, are all touched with great tenderness and pathos, particularly the four lines from the 51st.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd;

Which lines may remind one of that exquisite stroke in the Philoctetes of Sophocles, who, among other afflicting circumstances, had not near him any ξύντροφον ὄμμα. ver. 171. The true cause of the excellence of this elegy is, that the occasion of it was real; so true is the maxim, that nature is more powerful than fancy; and that we can always feel more than we can imagine; and that the most artful fiction must give way to truth, for this Lady was beloved by Pope. After many and wide inquiries, I have been informed that her name was Wainsbury; and that (which is a singular circumstance) she was as ill-shaped and deformed as our author. Her death was not by a sword, but, what would less bear to be told poetically, she hanged herself. Johnson has too severely censured this elegy, when he says, "that it has drawn much attention by the illaudable singularity, of treating suicide with respect:" and, "that poetry has not often been worse employed, than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl." She seems to have been driven to this desperate act by the violence and cruelty of her uncle and guardian, who forced her to a convent abroad; and to which circumstance Pope alludes in one of his Letters.

Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way),
Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd the mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;

NOTES.

Ver. 59. *What tho' no weeping Loves, &c.*] "This beautiful little Elegy had gained the unanimous admiration of all men of taste; when a critic comes—But hold; to give his observation fair play, let us first analyze the Poem. The Ghost of the injured person appears to excite the Poet to revenge her wrongs. He describes her character—execrates the author of her misfortunes—expatiates on the severity of her fate—the rites of sepulture denied her in a foreign land: then follows,

"What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace," &c.
"Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest," &c.

Can any thing be more naturally pathetic? Yet the Critic tells us, he can give no quarter to this part of the poem, which is eminently, he says, discordant with the subject, and not the language of the heart. But when he tells us, that it is to be ascribed to imitation, copying indiscreetly what has been said by others [Elements of Crit. vol. ii. p. 182], his criticism begins to smell furiously of old John Dennis. Well might our Poet's last wish be, to commit his writings to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic." W.

While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The Ground, now sacred by the relics made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO

MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

The Tragedy of Cato itself, is a glaring instance of the force of party; so sententious and declamatory a drama would never have met with such rapid and amazing success, if every line and sentence had not been particularly tortured, and applied to recent events, and the reigning disputes of the times. The purity and energy of the diction, and the loftiness of the sentiments, copied, in a great measure, from Lucan, Tacitus, and Seneca the philosopher, merit approbation. But I have always thought, that those pompous Roman sentiments are not so difficult to be produced, as is vulgarly imagined; and which, indeed, dazzle only the vulgar. A stroke of nature is, in my opinion, worth a hundred such thoughts, as

"When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station."

Cato is a fine dialogue on liberty, and the love of one's country; but considered as a dramatic performance, nay, as a model of a just tragedy, as some have affectedly represented it, it must be owned to want action and pathos; the two hinges, I presume, on which a just tragedy ought necessarily to turn, and without which it cannot subsist. It wants also character, although that be not so essentially necessary to a tragedy as action. Syphax, indeed, in his interview with Juba, bears some marks of a rough African; the speeches of the rest may be transferred to any of the personages concerned. The simile drawn from Mount Atlas, and the description of the Numidian travellers smothered in the desert, are indeed in character, but sufficiently obvious. How Addison could fall into the false and unnatural custom of ending his three first acts with similes, is amazing in so chaste and correct a writer. The loves of Juba and Marcia, of Portius

and Lucia, are vicious and insipid episodes, debase the dignity and destroy the unity of the fable. Cato was translated into Italian by Salvini; into Latin, and acted by the Jesuits at St. Omer's; imitated in French by De Champs, and a great part of it translated by the Abbé du Bos.

The prologue to Addison's Tragedy of Cato, is superior to any prologue of Dryden; who, notwithstanding, is so justly celebrated for this species of writing. The prologues of Dryden are satirical and facetious: this of Pope is solemn and sublime, as the subject required. Those of Dryden contain general topics of criticism and wit, and may precede any play whatsoever, even tragedy or comedy. This of Pope is particular, and appropriated to the tragedy alone which it was designed to introduce.

PROLOGUE

TO

MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO*.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakness shew,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.

NOTES.

* This Prologue, and the Epilogue which follows, are the most perfect models of this species of writing, both in the serious and the ludicrous way. W.

The former is much the better of the two; for some of Dryden's, of the latter kind, are unequalled.

Ver. 7. *Tyrants no more*] Louis XIV. wished to have pardoned the Cardinal de Rohan, after hearing the Cinna of Corneille.

Ver. 11. *In pitying love,*] Why then did Addison introduce the loves of Juba and Marcia? which Pope said to Mr. Spence, were not in the original plan of the play, but were introduced in compliance with the popular practice of the stage.

Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
He bids your breast with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The Triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

NOTES.

Ver. 20. *But what with pleasure*] This alludes to a famous passage of Seneca, which Mr. Addison afterward used as a motto to his play, when it was printed. W.

Ver. 27. *Ev'n when*] The twenty-seventh, thirtieth, thirty-fourth, thirty-ninth, and forty-fifth lines, are artful allusions to the character and history of Cato himself.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such Plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

NOTES.

Ver. 37. *Britons, attend:*] Spence told me that Pope had written it—"Britons, arise;" but that Addison, frightened at so strong an expression, as promoting insurrection, lowered and weakened it by the word, attend.

Ver. 42. *On French translation,*] He glances obliquely at the Distrest Mother of his old antagonist Philips, taken, evidently, from Racine. Cato's last soliloquy is translated with great purity and elegance by Bland.

It is a little remarkable that the last line of Cato is Pope's; and the last of Eloisa is Addison's.

Ver. 45. *Such Plays alone*] Addison, having finished and laid by, for several years, the first four acts of Cato, applied to Hughes for a fifth; and Dr. Johnson, from entertaining too mean an opinion of Hughes, does not think the application serious. When Hughes brought his supplement, he found the author himself had finished his play. Hughes was very capable of writing this fifth act. The Siege of Damascus is a better tragedy than Cato; though Pope affected to speak slightingly of its author. An audience was packed by Steele on the first night of Cato; and Addison suffered inexpressible uneasiness and solicitude during the representation. Bolingbroke called Booth to his box, and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well, against a perpetual dictator.

Ver. 46. *As Cato's self, &c.*] This alludes to that famous story of his coming into the Theatre, and going out again, related by Martial. W.

EPILOGUE

TO

MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

The Epilogue to Jane Shore is written with that air of gallantry and raillery which, by a strange perversion of taste, the audience expects in all epilogues to the most serious and pathetic pieces. To recommend cukoldom, and palliate adultery, is their usual intent. I wonder Mrs. Oldfield was not suffered to speak it; for it is superior to that which was used on the occasion. In this taste Garrick has written some, that abound in spirit and drollery. Rowe's genius was rather delicate and soft, than strong and pathetic; his compositions soothe us with a tranquil and tender sort of complacency, rather than cleave the heart with pangs of commiseration. His distresses are entirely founded on the passion of love. His diction is extremely elegant and chaste, and his versification highly melodious. His plays are declamations, rather than dialogues; and his characters are general, and undistinguished from each other. Such a furious character as that of Bajazet, is easily drawn; and, let me add, easily acted. There is a want of unity in the fable of Tamerlane. The death's head, dead body, and stage hung in mourning, in the Fair Penitent, are artificial and mechanical methods of affecting an audience. In a word, his plays are musical and pleasing poems; but inactive and unmoving tragedies. This of Jane Shore is, I think, the most interesting and affecting of any he has given us: but probability is sadly violated in it by the neglect of the unity of time. For a person to be supposed to be starved, during the representation of five acts, is a striking instance of the absurdity of this violation.

It is probable that this is become the most popular and pleasing tragedy of all Rowe's works, because it is founded on our own history. I cannot forbear wishing, that our writers would more frequently search for subjects, in the annals of England, which

afford many striking and pathetic events, proper for the stage. We have been too long attached to Grecian and Roman stories. In truth, domestica facta are more interesting, as well as more useful; more interesting, because we all think ourselves concerned in the actions and fates of our countrymen; more useful, because the characters and manners bid the fairest to be true and natural, when they are drawn from models with which we are exactly acquainted. The Turks, the Persians, and Americans, of our poets, are, in reality, distinguished from Englishmen, only by their turbans and feathers; and think and act, as if they were born and educated within the Bills of Mortality. The historical plays of Shakspeare are always grateful to the spectator, who loves to see and hear our own Harrys and Edwards, better than all the Achilleses or Cæsars that ever existed. In the choice of a domestic story, however, much judgment and circumspection must be exerted, to select one of a proper era; neither of too ancient or too modern a date. The manners of times very ancient, we shall be apt to falsify, as those of the Greeks and Romans. And recent events, with which we are thoroughly acquainted, are deprived of the power of impressing solemnity and awe, by their notoriety and familiarity. Age softens and wears away all those disgracing and depreciating circumstances, which attend modern transactions, merely because they are modern. Lucan was much embarrassed by the proximity of the times he treated of.

I take this occasion to observe, that Rowe has taken the fable of his Fair Penitent, from the Fatal Dowry of Massinger and Field. His very spirited translation, which does not seem sufficiently regarded, is perhaps his best work; and one of the best translations in our language, of the only classic, said Addison, not explained for the use of the Dauphin.

EPILOGUE

TO

MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
From her own Sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister-sinner you shall hear,
"How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.

Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.
Well, if our Author in the Wife offends,
He has a Husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a Wife, few here would scruple make,
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country,—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:
There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face;

NOTES.

Ver. 44. *Who ne'er saw*] A sly and oblique stroke on the suicide of Cato; which was one of the reasons, as I have been informed, why this epilogue was not spoken.

Ver. 46. *Edward's Miss*] Sir Thomas More says, she had one accomplishment uncommon in a woman of that time; she could read and write.

To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith, let the modest Matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

Thomson in his Epilogue to Tancred and Sigismunda severely censures the flippancy and gaiety of modern Epilogues, as contrary to those impressions intended to be left on the mind by a well-written tragedy. The last new part Mrs. Oldfield took in tragedy was in Thomson's Sophonisba; and it is recorded that she spoke the following line,

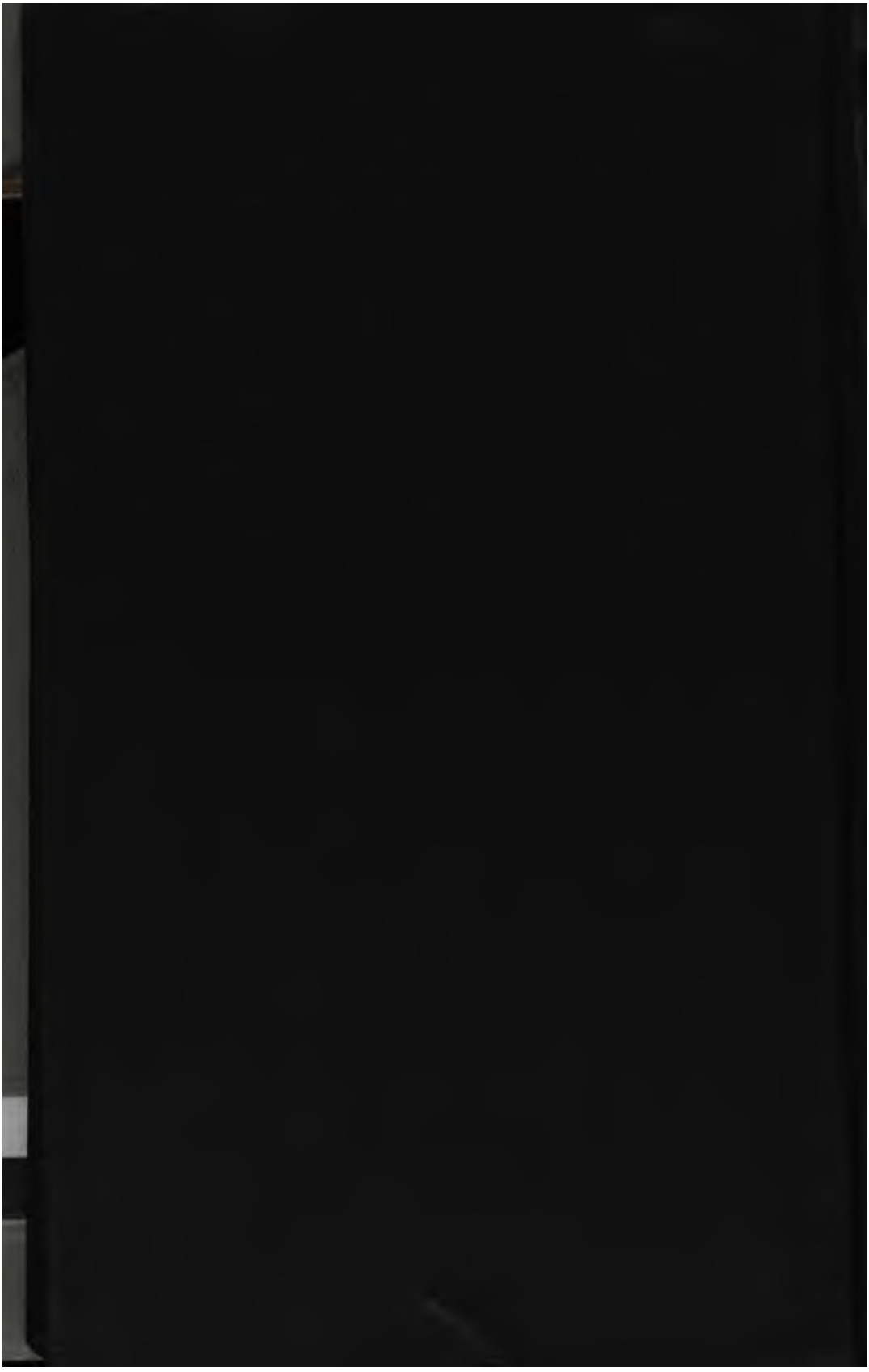
Not one base word of Carthage for thy soul,

in so powerful a manner, that Wilkes, to whom it was addressed, was astonished and confounded. Mrs. Oldfield was admitted to visit in the best families. George II. and Queen Caroline, when Princess of Wales, condescended sometimes to converse with her at their levees. And one day the Princess asked her if she was married to General Churchill: "So it is said, may it please your Highness, but we have not owned it yet." Her Lady Betty Modish, and Lady Townly, have never yet been equalled. She was universally allowed to be well-bred, sensible, witty, and generous. She gave poor Savage an annual pension of fifty pounds. And it is strange that Dr. Johnson seems rather to approve of Savage's having never celebrated his benefactress in any of his poems.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Printed by J. F. Dove, St. John's Square.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

form 410